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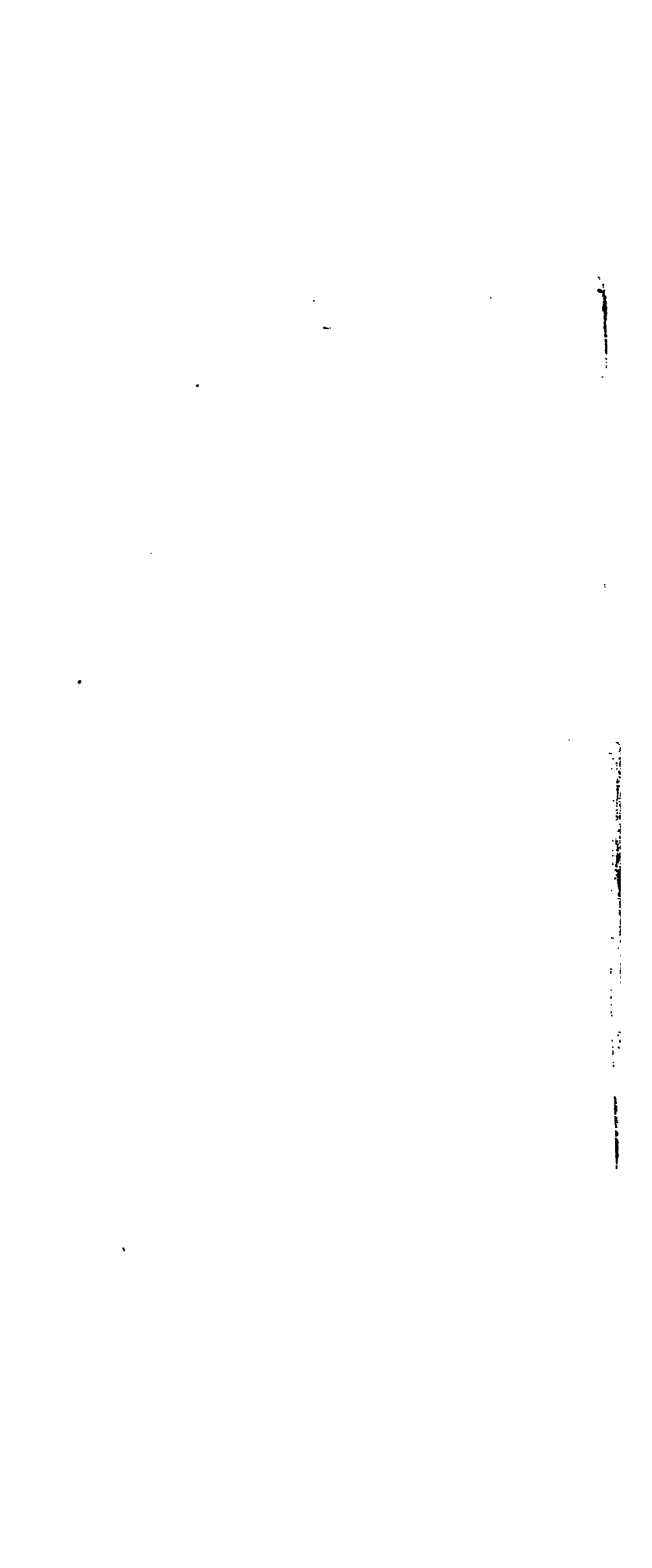
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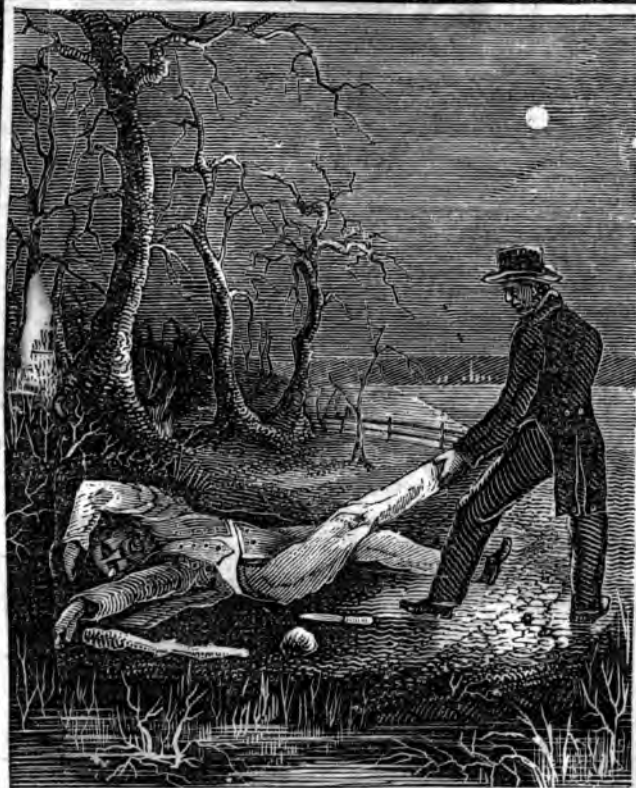
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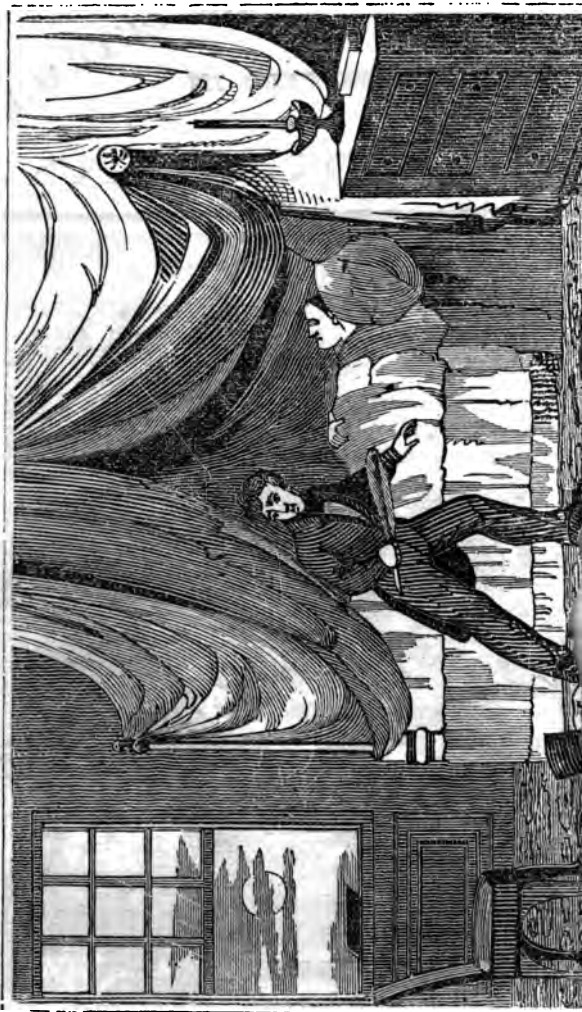


**MURDERS AND DARING OUTRAGES
COMMITTED IN
THIS COUNTRY.**



One that had never done me wrong ;
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone bright and cold ;
Now here said I this man shall die,
And I will have his gold.

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife ;
And then the deed was done ;
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone.—T. Hood



**CONFESSIONS, TRIALS,
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**

OF THE MOST
**COLD BLOODED
MURDERERS,**
WHO HAVE BEEN EXECUTED IN
THIS COUNTRY

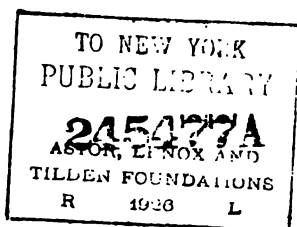
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT DOWN TO THE PRESENT
TIME—COMPILED ENTIRELY FROM THE
MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES ;
CONTAINING ALSO, ACCOUNTS OF VARIOUS OTHER
**DARING OUTRAGES COMMITTED IN THIS
AND OTHER COUNTRIES.**



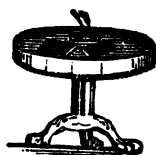
"Look at him—through his dungeon grate,
Freshly and cold the morning light
Comes stealing round him dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight."—*Whittier.*

Embellished with numerous Engravings,
Representing the Scenes of Blood and correct Likenesses
of the Criminals.

HARTFORD:
S. ANDRUS AND SON



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by
GEO. N. THOMSON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.



P R E F A C E .

No one imagines that the surgeon's duty, when called to probe disgusting or painful wounds, is a pleasant one—but nobody denies its necessity and usefulness. To heal and cure the diseases and interruptions of the animal economy, to restore health where even sickness has been exerting its destroying influence, is a profession which deserves all the praise of an enlightened and Christian community—all the support and encouragement, which a civilized community only can accord, because they only can appreciate the motives and the good.

Our publication is to the moral what the surgeon's is to the physical man. Details of horrid and unnatural crime cannot be contemplated with composure; but the avidity manifested by the public mind, for the perusal, argues—however paradoxical it may seem—an universal interest in such recitals. This feeling was implanted by PROVIDENCE in the mind of man for a great and good end—and as far as our imperfect perceptions may attempt to penetrate the veil which conceals His designs, we are justified in supposing that that end is the enforcement and wider utility of EXAMPLE.

Compilations of this description, therefore, when arranged with a proper regard for the great object of deterring from crime by an exhibition of its consequences, may be classed among moral and useful publications. Such the publishers flatter themselves is the claim of the present volume upon the public attention. Without any pretence to elegance of language, or to originality, the main object has been

to present TRUTH : startling and authentic narratives demonstrating what human passions may do, unawed by RELIGION, unrestrained by REASON, and careless of consequences. Its perusal should teach every reader to put a guard upon his passions, to watch his impulses, to train his mind and conduct, to moderate his ambition, to quench lust in its first and feeblest developments, and to guard against avarice. As no man can possibly prophesy what temptation unforeseen trains of circumstances may weave about him, no person should be confident in his virtue, or sure of the moral rectitude of his future course. The simple, earnest, emphatic and comprehensive injunction of Holy Writ, should be every where and at all times present to every person ; " Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall ! "

The contents of the following pages have been collected from the best and most authentic sources. A large portion of the matter is the history of crime in our own country, and should be a powerful lesson to national as well as individual pride. While we vaunt ourselves as a people upon the universal diffusion of intelligence, upon our facilities for the spread of political and practical knowledge, we should, in view of the frightful pictures here held up, ask ourselves if the moral and religious culture of our children and youth is sufficiently cared for ;—if in our conversations with our children we sufficiently impress upon their minds the evil consequences of vice, and insubordinate passions and desires.

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MURDERS & DARING OUTRAGES.

AN INDIAN OUTRAGE:

A NARRATIVE OF THE HEROIC EXPLOIT OF HANNAH
DUSTON.



Heroic Exploit.

On the 15th of March, 1697, a band of about twenty Indians came unexpectedly upon Haverhill, Mass., and as their numbers were small, they made their attack with the swiftness of the whirlwind, and as suddenly disappeared. The house which this party of Indians had singled out as their object of attack belonged to Mr Thomas Duston, in the outskirts of the town. Mr. Dus-

was at work at some distance from his house, but being alarmed by the shouts of the Indians, he arrived there time enough before the arrival of the Indians to make some arrangements for the preservation of his children; but his wife, from severe illness, was unable to rise from her bed. No time was to be lost; as soon as Mr. Duston could direct his children's flight, (seven in number,) the extremes of whose ages were two and seventeen, and the Indians were upon them. With his gun the distressed husband mounted his horse, and rode away in the direction of his children, whom he overtook about forty rods from his house. His first intention was to take up one if possible and escape with it. He had no sooner overtaken them than his resolution was destroyed; for to rescue either to the exclusion of the rest was worse than death itself to him. He therefore faced about and met the enemy, who had closely pursued him; each fired upon the other, and it is almost a miracle that none of the little retreating party were hurt. The Indians did not pursue long, from fear of raising the neighboring English before they could complete their object, and hence this party escaped to a place of safety.

There was living in the house of Mr. Duston a nurse, Mrs. Mary Neff, a widow, whose heroic conduct in sharing the fate of her mistress, when escape was in her power, can but be viewed with admiration. The Indians were now in the undisturbed possession of the house, and having driven the sick woman from her bed, compelled her to sit quietly in the corner of the fireplace, while they completed the pillage of the house. This business being finished, it was set on fire, and Mrs. Duston, who before considered herself unable to walk, was, at the approach of night, obliged to march into the wilderness, and take her bed upon the cold ground. Mrs. Neff, too late, attempted to escape with an infant child; she was intercepted, the child taken from her, and its brains beaten out against an apple tree, while its nurse was compelled to accompany her new and frightful masters also. The captives amounted in all to thirteen, some of whom as *they became* unable to travel were murdered and left

exposed upon the way. Although it was near night when they quitted Haverhill, they travelled, as they judged, twelve miles before encamping, and then kept up with their new masters in a long travel of a hundred and fifty miles, within a few days ensuing.

After journeying awhile, according to their custom, the Indians divided their prisoners. Mrs. Duston, Mrs. Neff, and a boy, named Samuel Leonardson, who had been captured at Worcester, about eighteen months before, fell to the lot of an Indian family, consisting of twelve persons, two men, three women, and seven children. These were very kind to their prisoners, but told them there was one ceremony which they could not avoid, and to which they would be subjected when they should arrive at their place of destination; which was, to run the gauntlet. The place at which this was to be performed was at an Indian village, two hundred and fifty miles from Haverhill. In their meandering course, they arrived at an island in the mouth of Contookook river, about six miles above Concord in New Hampshire. Here one of the Indians resided. It had been determined by the captives before their arrival here, that an effort should be made to free themselves from their wretched captivity, and not only regain their liberty, but something by way of remuneration from those who held them in bondage. Mrs. Duston had resolved, upon the first opportunity that offered any chance of success, to kill her captors and scalp them, and return home with such trophies as would clearly establish her reputation for heroism, as well as insure her a bounty from the public. She therefore communicated her design to Mrs. Neff and the English boy, who readily agreed to it. To the art of killing and scalping she was a stranger; and that there should be no failure in the business, Mrs. Duston instructed the boy, who from his long residence with the Indians had become as one of them, to inquire in what manner it was done. He did so, and one of the Indians showed him, without the origin of the inquiry being mistrusted. It was now March 31; and in the dead of the night following this bloody tragedy was acted. When the Indians were in the most sound sleep, these three

captives arose, and arming themselves with the tomahawks of their masters, allotted the number each should kill; and so truly did they direct their blows, that but one escaped that they designed to kill. This was a woman whom they badly wounded; and one boy for some reason they did not wish to harm, and accordingly he was allowed to escape unhurt. Mrs. Duston killed her master, and Leonardson killed the man who had so freely told him, but one day before, where to deal a deadly blow, and how to take off a scalp.

All was over before the dawn of day, and all things were got ready for leaving this place of blood. All the boats but one were scuttled, to prevent being pursued, and, with what provisions and arms the Indian camp afforded, they embarked on board the other, and slowly and silently took the course of the Merrimack river for their homes, where they all soon after arrived without accident.

The whole of the country was astonished at the relation of the affair, the truth of which was never for a moment doubted. The ten scalps, and the arms of the Indians, were evidences not to be questioned; and the general court gave them fifty pounds as a reward, and numerous gratuities were showered upon them.

Eight other houses were attacked besides Duston's, the owners of which, says the historian, Mr. Myrick, in every case were slain while defending them, and the blood of each stained his own door sill.



SKETCH OF THE TRIAL
OF THE
**BRITISH SOLDIERS OF THE 29th REG'T. OF FOOT,
FOR THE
M U R D E R
of five Citizens of Boston, on Monday evening,
*March 5, 1770***

At the time of this awful catastrophe it is true that the minds of the people were greatly irritated, and that some individuals were abusive in their language towards the military; but whenever examination was carefully made, it appeared that the soldiers were the first to assault, to threaten, and to apply contemptuous epithets to the inhabitants. It might have been prudent and wise in the people to have borne these taunts and this insolence with more patience, waiting for relief until an act of the British government had ordered the troops from the town. They had the spirit and courage, however, defenceless as they were, to return the insolent language of the soldiers, and when threatened and attacked, to stand in their own defence; and, in the several rencounters which took place, were able to repel their assailants.

Every circumstance connected with this wanton and sanguinary event is important to be noticed. The people were provoked beyond endurance; and they can be justly accused only of resisting a fierce and vindictive soldiery at the hazard of life. On the 22d of February, a few boys appeared in one of the streets, bearing some coarse paper paintings with the figures of the importers of British goods. They were met by one R——, who was known to be an informer to the custom house officers against the citizens suspected of attempts to evade the laws. He endeavored to prevail with a countryman, then passing, to destroy the pageantry; but the man declined, and he

attempted himself to mutilate and deface them. This occasioned a collection of people who were in the vicinity of the spot. R—— was very abusive in his language, and charged some of the citizens who had assembled with perjury, and threatened to prosecute them. But they seem to have considered him too insignificant to be noticed. The boys, however, who were quite young, and who had brought the pictures into the street, followed the man to his house, and gave him some opprobrious and reproachful language, which were the only means in their power for his attack. The moment he entered his dwelling he seized a gun: this rather irritated than terrified the lads, and they began to pelt the house with snowballs and stones. He fired from one of the windows, and killed a boy of eleven years of age. A great excitement was produced among the people by this unnecessary and most wanton conduct. The funeral of the lad was attended by an immense concourse of the inhabitants, and he was considered a *martyr* in the cause of liberty.

The soldiers, when they had left their barracks and strolled about the town, frequently carried large clubs, for the purpose, no doubt, of assaulting the people, though with a pretence for their own safety. The citizens were not so imprudent or foolish as to make an attack upon the troops, even when few in numbers, or at a distance from their quarters; for they knew that vengeance would have been executed upon them. On the 2d of March, two of them rudely insulted and assaulted a workman at a ropewalk not far from their barracks: being bravely resisted and beaten off, they soon made another attack in greater numbers, probably ten or twelve. They were again overpowered by the people at the ropewalk; and a third time came, with about fifty of their fellows, to renew the assault. But they were still vanquished, and received some wounds and bruises in the affray which they had thus wantonly provoked. They appeared yet again with large recruits, and threatened vengeance on the defenceless workmen; but the owner or conductor of the ropewalk met them, and prevailed on them to retire without making the meditated assault. Perhaps the more

discreet among them were satisfied of the impropriety of their conduct, or were fearful of the consequences of another attack. On the third, in the afternoon, several of the soldiers, armed with clubs, went again to the ropewalk, and, after much insolent and threatening language, struck some of the workmen.

In consequence of these various quarrels, and of the violent threats of the soldiers that they would be avenged, when, in truth, they had been the rude aggressors, the minds of the citizens were greatly alarmed on the fourth and fifth; and so apprehensive were many of an attack from the military, as threatened, that in some instances they required their children and the female part of their families to remain at home during the evening. In the early part of it several soldiers were seen parading the streets in different parts of the town, armed with heavy clubs, seeking, undoubtedly, for an opportunity to assault, if not to murder, the peaceable inhabitants. Two persons, passing in the vicinity of the barracks, were attacked and beaten, without offering any provocation; but, being thus violently assailed, they stood on their defence, and gave the soldiers some blows in return. Three of the citizens, coming from the south part of the town, were also met by a number of soldiers, and rudely stopped in their walk and threatened with violence. The soldiers, who had made an assault near the spot where the regiment was stationed, on being struck by the citizens whom they attacked, fled to the barracks; but soon again, with many others, sallied forth into the streets, armed with swords and cutlasses, and uttering threats of vengeance and death; pretending that their comrades had been first assaulted, when in truth the several attacks were first made by them on the defenceless citizens. Thus enraged and thirsting for blood, they roamed about till they reached the street in the centre of the town, where the custom-house was situated, guarded by a sentinel, and on the south side of which, near the state-house, a military guard was stationed, under command of Captain Preston. Here and on their way they met different small parties of the inhabitants, who, alarmed by previous threats, and by

the tumults of the evening, were abroad to witness, as was natural, the transactions of which many were apprehensive; or to prevent, if possible, the excesses of an unfeeling soldiery. These also were assaulted, and some of them were too brave and fearless to be attacked without making resistance for self-preservation.

These events increased the alarm and apprehensions of the citizens in this part of the town; a bell near the head of the street was rung, and many thereupon collected at this place. Nor was it strange that some of them were so irritated as to be eager for an attack upon the sentinel, the party of soldiers before mentioned having returned to the barracks. Many of them moved down the street on the north side as far as the spot where he was posted; he was accosted with abusive and insolent epithets, and pelted by some of the young and imprudent persons present with snowballs. And if it were proper to separate this particular affair from the assaults which had been already made by the soldiers, as above related, it must be admitted probable that the first attack, though without design to perpetrate any deadly act, was from the inhabitants. Yet even in this case, which, however, seems not a just view of this murderous transaction, there was much evidence to show that the sentinel was the first to give a blow, though he was assailed by abusive language.

The tumult which ensued induced the sentinel to send a person immediately to the guard-house, who gave information that he had been assaulted, and needed protection. Captain Preston, accompanied by eight armed soldiers, soon went from the guard-house and forced their way through the crowd of citizens to the station of the sentinel. In this rapid and forcible passing of the soldiers, several of the inhabitants were struck by them; but whether with design, it would be difficult to decide. Snowballs, and probably other matter, were again thrown by some of the citizens; and directly the word was audibly given, "Fire; damn you, fire." The soldiers obeyed the rash and fatal command; and eleven of the people, assembled, certainly, without any design to commit ex-

cesses, even if we should allow their collecting was an imprudent act, were slain or wounded on that dreadful evening.

It is difficult to express the mingled emotions of horror and indignation excited by this fatal catastrophe. The intelligent citizens earnestly solicited the lieutenant governor, the same evening, for the immediate removal of the troops from the town. He was greatly agitated on the occasion, apprehensive, probably, of some personal attack or insult from an injured and highly indignant populace: he requested the commanding officer of the troops that the greatest care be taken to keep them within their barracks.* The next day the citizens of Boston assembled, and voted to continue their applications until the British troops should be removed from the town; and with such resolution did they pursue this object, so interesting to the people, that in a few days they prevailed, and all the military were ordered to the castle.

This case was tried at his Majesty's Court of Judicature, Court of Assize, before justices Trowbridge and Oliver, on the second Tuesday of March, in the tenth year of the reign of George the Third, at the town of Boston, county of Suffolk, Mass.

The evidence on both sides was long and tedious. We subjoin the main facts as stated under oath.

Joseph Hiller stated that he was in King street at the time of the firing on the evening of the 5th of March, about fifteen minutes before the soldiers came, and staid there till they came down, and remained there till the firing was over. To use his own words, he says, "I was at the north end of the town when the bells rung. When I came to the middle of the town I was told there was no fire, but a rumpus betwixt the soldiers and the inhabitants. I passed on; the bells still kept ringing. I came to Dock square and was informed much to the same purpose; there were some persons there, who told me it was danger-

* It appeared from the conduct of the lieutenant governor that he had no control over the troops. They were not, in fact, subject to the civil authority.

ous to go up; they seemed to be like people that were afraid to pass, because of the danger; others were going up; I went up; when I got past the alley the street was very clear of people, I hardly saw any body. I came to the town-house, and saw a few lads, but no great number; I have often seen more collected for their diversion. Q. How many people were there? A. From twenty to thirty. I saw the sentry upon the steps of the custom-house door, but I heard him say nothing; but he had his gun waving as if it was to defend himself, or to exasperate the people. I thought to speak to him, but I thought he might insult me, and therefore I declined; I went in order to go away, and met the party coming down; that made me stop, because when they got to the custom-house there was a noise something like what they call cheers, and the people went more to the middle of the street; after the soldiers had passed through them, I went down again; as I passed before them, there were very few people; I passed without the people, and inclined more to the custom-house; the greater part of the soldiers were full to my view; the people that were there were collected in a body at the end of Royal-Exchange lane; they did not go so high as Mr. Stone's house. Q. Where did you stand? A. I was walking right before them. They had their guns rested on their hips; when I passed the last man on the left, the first gun was fired from the right; as I judged, the time might be twenty seconds before the first gun was fired from the time they formed; in a short space there was another, and then very soon another, and then there was a short space of time again before the last guns were fired. A little boy ran along and cried fire! fire! fire! as people generally do when there is a fire; a soldier pointed his gun at him and fired, but did not hit him; he was the last but one on the left. Q. Did the people appear to be passing off after the first gun? A. I did not mind the first gun, I thought it was only powder to scare them; but when the next was fired they were all scattering. After the firing ceased, a little boy came and told us some persons were killed. I saw *them* lie in the street, but I did not imagine it was any

body killed, but that they had been scared and ran away, and left their great coats behind them; I saw nothing like an attack that could produce any such consequences; I went to look at the mulatto man, and heard a noise like the cocking of firelocks, but an officer passed before them and said, 'Do not fire on the inhabitants.' The street was in a manner clear; it was as hush as at twelve o'clock at night. The noise of the cocking seemed to come from the right, and passed on to the left. Q. How many guns were fired? A. Six was the least, and one missed fire."

In the evidence produced by the prisoners we find much to extenuate their conduct on this melancholy occasion. One Andrew —, (a servant of Oliver Wendell,) states that "On the evening of the 5th of March I was at home; I heard the bells ring, and went to the gate, and saw one of my acquaintances, and we ran down to the end of the lane and saw another acquaintance coming up, holding his arm; I asked him what was the matter; he said the soldiers were fighting, had got cutlasses, and were killing every body, and that one of them had struck him on the arm, and almost cut it off; he told me I had best not go down; I said a good club was better than a cutlass, and he had better go down and see if he could not cut some too. I went to the town-house, and saw the sentinel placed at the main guard standing by Mr. Bowe's corner; numbers of boys on the other side of the way were throwing snowballs at them; the sentinals were enraged and swearing at the boys; the boys called them lobsters, bloody backs, and hallooed 'who buys lobsters;' one of my acquaintance came and told me that the soldiers had been fighting, and the people had driven them to Murray's barracks; I saw a number of people coming from thence went down by Jackson's corner into King street; presently I heard three cheers given in King street; and went down to the whipping-post and stood by Waldo's shop, and saw a number of people round the sentinel at the custom-house; there were also a number of people who stood where I did, and were picking up pieces of sea-coal that had been thrown out thereabout, and snowballs, and throwing them over at the sentinel. While I was stand-

ing there, there were two or three boys ran out from among the people, and cried, 'We have got his gun away, and now we will have him;' presently I heard three cheers given by the people at the custom-house; I said to my acquaintance I would run up and see whether the guard would turn out. I went and saw a file of men, with an officer with a laced hat on before them; upon that we all went to go towards him, and when we had got about half way to them, the officer said something to them, and they filed off down the street; upon that I went in the shade towards the guard-house, and followed them down as far Mr. Peck's corner; I saw them pass through the crowd, and plant themselves by the custom-house. As soon as they got there the people gave three cheers. I went to cross over to where the soldiers were, and as soon as I got a glimpse of them, I heard somebody huzza, and say 'Here is old Murray with the riot act,' and they began to pelt snowballs; a man set out and ran, and I followed him as far as Phillips's corner, and then turned back and went through the people until I got to the head of Royal-Exchange lane, right against the soldiers; the first word I heard was a grenadier say to a man by me, 'Damn you, stand back.' Q. How near was he to him? A. He was so near that the grenadier might have run him through if he had stepped one step forward. While I stopped to look at him, a person came to get through betwixt the grenadier and me, and the soldier had like to have pricked him; he turned about and said, 'You damned lobster, bloody back, are you going to stab me?' the soldier said, 'By God, I will;' presently somebody took hold of me by the shoulder, and told me to go home, or I should be hurt; at the same time there were a number of people towards the town-house, who said, 'Come away and let the guard alone, you have nothing at all to do with them.' I turned about and saw the officer standing before the men, and one or two persons engaged in talk with him. A number were jumping on the backs of those that were talking with the officer. to get as near as they could. Upon this I went as close to the officer as I could; one of the persons who was talking with the officer turned

about quick to the people, and said, 'Damn him, he is going to fire;' upon that they gave a shout, and cried out, 'Fire and be damned; who cares for you? you dare not fire,' and began to throw snowballs, and other things, which then flew very thick. Q. Did they hit any of them? A. Yes, I saw two or three of them hit; one struck a grenadier on the hat, and the people who were right before them had sticks; and as the soldiers were pushing with their guns back and forth, they struck their guns, and one hit a grenadier on the fingers. At this time the people up at the town-house called again, 'Come away, come away;' a stout man who stood near me, and right before the grenadiers, as they pushed with their bayonets with the length of their arms kept striking on their guns. The people seemed to be leaving the soldiers, and to turn from them, when there came down a number from Jackson's corner huzzaing, and crying, 'Damn them, they dare not fire; we are not afraid of them;' one of these people, a stout man with a long cordwood stick, threw himself in and made a blow at the officer; I saw the officer try to ward off the stroke; whether he struck him or not I do not know: the stout man then turned round, and struck the grenadier's gun at the captain's right hand, and immediately fell in with his club, and knocked his gun away, and struck him over the head; the blow came either on the soldier's cheek or hat. The stout man held the bayonet with his left hand, and twitched it, and cried 'Kill the dogs, knock them over;' this was the general cry; the people then crowded in, and upon that the grenadier gave a twitch back and relieved his gun, and he up with it and began to pay away on the people. I was then betwixt the officer and the grenadier; I turned to go off, when I heard the word 'Fire;' at the word fire I thought I heard the report of a gun, and upon my hearing the report, I saw the same grenadier swing his gun, and immediately he discharged it." ●

After the case had been fully argued for the crown by Robert Treat Paine and Samuel Quincy, Esqs., and for the prisoners by John Adams, Esq., Mr. Josiah Quincy, and Simpson Salter Blowers, Justices Trowbridge and

Oliver delivered their charge to the jury, who withdrew for about two hours and a half, and then returned to court.

Verdict. William Wemms, James Hartegan, William M'Cauley, Hugh White, William Warren, and John Carroll, NOT GUILTY.

Matthew Killroy and Hugh Montgomery, GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Wemms, Hartegan, M'Cauley, White, Warren and Carroll were immediately discharged; Killroy and Montgomery prayed the *benefit of clergy*, which was allowed them, and thereupon they were each of them burnt in the hand in open court, and discharged.

MURDER

OF

MISS JANE MC CREA.

THIS young lady was the second daughter of James Mc Crea, minister of Lauington, New Jersey, who died before the revolution. After his death, she resided with her brother, Col. John Mc Crea, of Albany, who removed, in 1773, to the neighborhood of Fort Edward. His house was in what is now Northumberland, on the west side of the Hudson, three miles north of Fort Miller Falls. In July or August, 1777, being on a visit to the family of Mrs. Mc Neil, near Fort Edward, at the close of the week she was asked to remain until Monday. On Sunday morning, when the Indians came to the house, she concealed herself in the cellar; but they dragged her out by the hair, and, placing her on a horse, proceeded on the road towards Sandy Hill. They soon met another party of Indians, returning from Argyle, where they had killed the family of Mr. Baines; these Indians disapproved the purpose of taking the captive to the British camp, and one of them struck her with a tomahawk and tore off her scalp. This is the account given by her nephew. The account of Mrs. Mc Neil is, that her lover, anxious for her

safety, employed two Indians, by the promise of a barrel of rum, to bring her to him ; and that, in consequence of their dispute for the right of conducting her, one of them murdered her. Gen. Gates, in his letter to Gen. Burgoyne of Sept. 2, says "she was dressed to receive her promised husband."

Her brother, on hearing of her fate, sent his family the next day to Albany, and repairing to the American camp, buried his sister, with one Lieutenant Van Vechter, three miles south of Fort Edward. She was twenty-three years old, of an amiable and virtuous character, and highly esteemed by all her acquaintance. David Jones, of the British army, a loyalist, who survived her only a few years, died, as was supposed, of grief for her loss. Her nephew, Col. James Mc Crea, lived at Saratoga in 1823.

Under the name of *Lucinda*, Barlow has dwelt upon this murder in a strain that may be imitated, but not surpassed. We select the following from him :—

"One deed shall tell what fame great Albion draws
From those auxiliaries in her barbarous cause ;—
Lucinda's fate. The tale, ye nations, hear ;
Eternal ages, trace it with a tear."

The poet then makes *Lucinda* during a battle wander from her home to watch her lover, whom he calls *Hearthly*. She distinguishes him in the conflict, and when his squadron is routed by the Americans, she proceeds to the contested ground, fancying she had seen him fall at a certain point. But

"He hurries to his tent ; oh, rage ! despair !
No glimpse, no tidings of the frantic fair ;
Save that some carmen, as a-camp they drove,
Had seen her coursing for the western grove.
Faint with fatigue, and choked with burning thirst,
Forth from his friends with bounding leap he burst,
Vaults o'er the palisade, with eyes on flame,
And fills the welkin with *Lucinda's* name."

"The fair one, too, of every aid forlorn,
Had raved and wandered, till officious morn
Awaked the Mohawks from their short repose,

To glean the plunder ere their comrades rose.
The Mohawks met the maid—historian, hold !”—

“ She starts—with eyes upturned, and fleeting breath,
In their raised axes views her instant death.
Her hair, half lost along the shrubs she passed,
Rolls, in loose tangles, round her lovely waist ;
Her kerchief torn betrays the globes of snow,
That heave responsive to her weight of woe.
With calculating pause, and demon grin,
They seize her hands, and through her face divine
Drive the descending axe !—the shriek she sent
Attained her lover's ear ; he thither bent
With all the speed his wearied limbs could yield,
Whirled his keen blade, and stretched upon the field
The yelling fiends, who there disputing stood
Her gory scalp, their horrid prize of blood !
He sank, delirious, on her lifeless clay,
And passed, in starts of sense, the dreadful day.”



WONDERFUL LIFE AND REMARKABLE TRIAL
OF
MARY BATEMAN,
Who was condemned at York, March 11, 1809,
FOR THE
MURDER OF MRS. PERIGO,



MARY BATEMAN was born in a parish adjoining Leeds. She was always a woman who penetrated deeply into prophetic history, and before her marriage attempted to write her own remarks on the book of Daniel and the Revelations. She was an enthusiastic admirer of the visionary dreams of Baron Emanuel Swedenborg, who lived and died near Cold-bath Field, London. After his

death, a set of visionary men, under the name of "The New-Jerusalem," opened several chapels in London, and in other cities in the kingdom, called themselves the people of heaven, and pretended that those who did not believe their doctrine never could be admitted into the third heaven, inhabited only by the celestial angels; the spiritual angels inhabited the second heaven, and a third class of people were to live in the lowest heaven. Swedenborg had been in all three, and conversed with God. He had likewise been in hell, and there saw the miseries of the damned. He declares that what trade a man prefers on earth, he will follow in the world of spirits, and that in that world there is buying, selling and trade, as here.

Such are the tenets of these people. Since this man's death they have published several of his tracts, in which he describes the visionary transactions he saw in the world of spirits. Mary Bateman was very zealous in that cause until others suited her purpose better.

About the year 1793, a new prophet arose, under the name of Richard Brothers, a man who had quitted his majesty's service because he could not take an oath. He called himself "The Nephew of Jesus Christ," and traced his ancestors from the birth of Christ to the present time. He prophesied that the Jews were all to be restored to their own land in the year 1798. His doctrines Mary Bateman for some time adhered to, but yet this would not answer her object, which was to get money.

About the year 1803, a wonderful prophetess, named Joanna Southcote, a second Deborah, arose, which was to be a mighty deliverer in time of need: she was wiser than this last, for she did not wish to meddle with politics. She pretended that she had in her possession, delivered to her by supernatural powers, a certain seal, and that all who favored her principles, having it at the time of their death, and firmly believing, not doubting, would immediately be transferred into the kingdom of heaven. Several persons died in possession of this seal, but none ever returned to reveal the secrets of the spiritual world. However, wonderful to tell, a certain boy dreamed, and made his master acquainted therewith. The boy and his mas-

ter resided in the parish of Bermondsey. Joanna remained invisible, being so sacred as not to be spoken to, until the wonderful dreaming boy had first had a conference with the parties so desirous of the aforesaid magical seal. Several books were published, and their tenets explained to all such as had a curiosity to learn them; and they for a time had a wonderful sect of money-getting people. When the doctrines of these people were received at Leeds, no one was so forward to believe them as Mrs. Bateman. She assented to the truth of all, and immediately caused letters to be forwarded to London for the books and seals, that she might convert all her neighbors.

On the receipt of these letters, the books and visible seals were forwarded to Mrs. Bateman, with instructions how they were to be used, and for what purposes. They were to be applied on all occasions, such as illness of any kind, all disorders of the mind or body, &c.; if death should happen, were to be a certain passport into the kingdom of heaven; with a variety of other virtues, both temporal and spiritual.

Mary Bateman was no sooner in possession of the secret, than she contrived to make it serve her own purpose. The doctrine of Swedenborg would no longer do—nor yet Brothers—they did not produce profit. We do not find she ever attempted at “Animal Magnetism,” “Astrology,” or “Phrenology.”

Mrs. Bateman being now in possession of the famous seal which was to perform miracles, she began to put the same into practice. Her house was situated in the popular town of Leeds, in Yorkshire. Being a woman of some talent, and always having words at command, she gave lectures at stated times, for explaining the above mysteries. After her lectures were over she was visited by a great number of country people that were afflicted with various complaints; girls wanting husbands, out of number, were some of her best customers.

She was in full practice of these deceptions for upwards of two years. She did not fail to give advice in all chronic diseases; in short, she was a complete quack

doctress. Letters were continually passing from her to Joanna Southcote, at Lambeth, near London; and the prophetess had not a more industrious servant. If she had not practised further than this she might have enjoyed her life in comfort to the present time; but all deceptions must end; she began to mix medicines, without judgment in so doing, and administering them on all occasions to such people as stood in need of them.

All her plan, therefore, was to comfort the afflicted, to find out what property they were in possession of, to endeavor to transfer their property to her own advantage, to administer medicines, to give her lectures, and sell the seal, all under the sanctity of religion.

Mrs. Perigo, the deceased, who lived at Bramley, some distance from Leeds, being in a very bad state of health, was recommended to Mrs. Bateman for relief under her complaint. Mrs. Bateman, according to her custom, endeavored to find out her property. She persuaded her that she was bewitched, and that, in order to get rid of that evil, she must take a certain medicine which she would prepare, putting it into a pudding. She was also to have and be in possession of the seal, as she said, where that evil could never enter. The credulous husband and wife believed all this was gospel; they agreed to all she said, and promised faithfully to perform the same; then departed to their own house, on account of the multiplicity of business, and customers at hand waiting for an interview with Mrs. Bateman.

About eighteen months previous to this, Mrs. Fanshaw, a lady that had been married several years and had no child, applied to Mrs. Bateman for her curious charm; she directed her to take a certain medicine she would cause to be mixed up, and Joanna's seal, when she assured her that conception would take place; which happened accordingly, whether by accident, design or faith, we cannot learn; but certain it is that she was delivered of a son and heir, at the appointed time, to the great joy of her husband.

Another curious circumstance occurred at Leeds just

before the unfortunate woman was taken into custody : a lady having lost her son, a child about four years old, had applied to the several parishes in the town and could not receive any intelligence of him anywhere; after three days had elapsed, she applied to Mrs. Bateman concerning him, when after consulting, as she said, an invisible agent, she told her to go home, as her child would be left at the door by another woman before she got there herself; which happened accordingly, for the child was at home before the unhappy mother.

Having given some anecdotes of this extraordinary woman, we proceed to state the particulars of her TRIAL, which commenced at the Castle in the city of York, on Saturday, March 11, 1809. The first witness called was the husband of the deceased; from whose evidence it appeared that when he lived at Bramley, the prisoner kept a house in the town of Leeds, to which a great number of people used to resort. They were of that class of mankind who believe in the existence of wise people, who can *foresee events* and *perform actions* far beyond the reach of human power. When he or his wife went to her house, she had, on most occasions, to consult invisible beings before she could give any answers, from whom she used to receive ocular demonstrations of certain facts that would befall the parties unless they performed certain conditions, according to the tenor of her advice. A great concourse of the most illiterate of the people were her guests, who believed all she said, of whom the witness was one. His wife was so firm in the belief of such an angelic being that she thought it impossible for Mrs. Bateman to do wrong. They had been married upwards of twenty years: during the last three years she had been in a bad state of health, and had applied to different physicians; but all to no purpose; she got nothing better, but rather worse. In the spring of 1806, she complained of a beating in her side, but went about her work as usual; in this state she languished, seeking rest but finding none.

Sarah Head, her niece, was the next witness examined.

She said, that hearing her aunt was ill, she came to see her; when she came she found her aunt indisposed, who told her of this curious woman residing at Leeds, and that by a charm she performed wonderful cures; also that a man, named Butterfield, one day at the market told her that *an evil eye lay on her*; this she thought boded no good. It afterwards appeared that the prisoner, on market days, used to get some people of her sect to inquire after the health of people that resorted thither, and if any complained of illness, they were told that they were either bewitched, or an evil spirit ruled them, and that if they applied to such a person in the town, famous for dispelling this kind of demons, they would certainly be released from their troubles; they would not forget those parts of scripture favorable to their purpose; by this means the innocent country people were deluded. On her return to Leeds she called on the prisoner, related the case of her aunt, and expressed a wish that she would undertake her cure; on which she returned God thanks that she had that in her power that would cure her soul as well as her body, meaning the secret seal. She said, "When you return to your aunt, let her send me some garment she wears next her skin." Her uncle called on the prisoner about a week after the niece had delivered the message. Mrs. Bateman asked him if he had brought the flannel petticoat; he replied he had. She said she must send it to Scarborough by that night's post-coach, to a lady named Blyth, who was a resident in that town, and that he was to call in Leeds on the following week, when there would be a letter to tell him what was to be done. He did not fail to attend according to appointment. When he called she had a letter in her hand, which she said was returned from Miss Blyth of Scarborough; and after reading the said letter to him, she put it in the fire and burnt it: this her uncle was surprised at, believing that the letter was to be given to him. It stated that Mary Bateman was to go over to Mr. Perigo's house the following week (Thursday) and take four *china* notes with her, one of which was to be put in each *of their bed*; and they were to give her four other

guinea notes in return. The first four notes that Mrs. Bateman took were to be left in the bed for four months, for if touched before that time by the deceased, it would kill her—a flash of lightning would happen that would immediately be the cause of her death; that Mrs. Blyth would not take her in hand to perform the cure, unless she would consent to this; and that every other promise must likewise be performed. The prisoner came to Perigo's house at the time appointed. She was received as an angel from heaven, who came forth to deliver her out of her troubles. She took out four guinea notes, for which he gave her four guinea notes in return; she then took out four small bags of silk, and sewed the notes she brought in them; and these bags were put, two by the deceased, and two by the witness, at the four corners of the bed. Prisoner then came away, and said Perigo might call on her when he came to Leeds, as it was likely there would be a letter left for him; she then took her leave and departed.

About a fortnight after, he received a letter by the prisoners foot-boy, which purported to come from Scarborough, and was signed by Miss Blyth. This letter he afterwards burnt, as directed by the prisoner. She wrote thus:

“SIR :

“Enclosed is a letter from Miss Blyth, of Scarborough, which when you have perused let no one read the contents thereof; should any one peruse the same, you and your wife's life will be in danger, and the charm will be broke; if you should not die, you will be plagued with all kinds of evils, which it will not be in my power to prevent.

“We shall likewise know it, as we shall have it explained to Miss Blyth and me. I am yours,

M. BATEMAN.”

After this another letter was received, in which the prisoner promised to come to my uncle's house in a few days, and said they must get two pieces of iron made in the shape of a horse-shoe, to be put behind the door, and remain there eighteen months from the day they were

placed there. They were to be fixed with three nails each, but not to be nailed with a hammer, but with the back of a pair of pincers; which pincers were to be given to Miss Blyth, and by her kept the appointed time. The prisoner accordingly came at the time she fixed on, and again returned home to Leeds. A few days after was appointed, and she and the witness must go and get the nails made, for the shoes must be nailed on by three o'clock that afternoon. The nails were not to be made by their blacksmith, but by one who lived at Staningly, a few miles off.

From Mr. Perigo's examination it appeared they generally received a letter every fortnight, sometimes by the post-boy, and sometimes at her own house, in which case he always paid for double letters. Instead of going into a particular detail of the sums of money she obtained from him, he was asked to state the amount of the whole—and he answered, he believed it was about seventy pounds, in sums of about two, three, and four guineas at a time. The value of the goods Mr. Perigo had given her at different times amounted to fifteen or sixteen pounds at the least; the statement of which he positively swore to. In the middle of April the witness received a letter from Miss Blyth, by the prisoner's boy; which spoke of an illness that would in a few days attack them both; and that she should be obliged to give them some powders and honey, which were to be taken as a remedy, to prevent, if possible, such an alarming evil. She said the cause was some sins they had committed that she was not acquainted with.

"I was much surprised at this letter," said Mr. Perigo, "and began to have suspicion that all was not right; this I communicated to my wife, who seemed astonished that I should in any degree doubt the truth of such an extraordinary and wise woman. My wife desired me still to have faith, as the Lord, by the assistance of Miss Blyth, and the prayers of Mrs. Bateman, would bring all things right; that what she had done had been successful, and she was certain of the good effects that would follow by adhering to this pious and good woman. Thus my

wife, at that time, reasoned me out of my doubts, and we still suffered the business to proceed.

"Therefore, in a few days after, having occasion to go to Leeds, I waited on Mrs. Bateman, who seemed surprised I had not called sooner, as she was afraid I had deferred the matter too long; she must therefore write by post to Miss Blyth that night, and an answer would be returned to me in two days. I said it was a queerish thing that Miss Blyth should have such knowledge, and could foresee such things as were to happen, meaning the illness that was to befall us. Mrs. Bateman desired me not to doubt, but to return home, intimating that I should find my wife ill in bed; which happened accordingly. When I had got home, I asked her what her complaint was; she answered, it was a sick headache. I thought the circumstances all very extraordinary, and I said, 'My dear, we certainly are bewitched; the cunning woman told me, at her house, that I should find you ill.' I therefore prayed to the Lord to remove the evil from my habitation.

"I returned to Leeds on the third day, according to my promise. Mrs. Bateman was waiting for me; she had received a letter from Miss Blyth, which she gave me to read, with an injunction to burn it immediately. The purport of this letter was, that Miss Blyth could see if any thing was wrong, every day, by the planets. She then said, 'I suppose, you are now come for the honey?' and went down into her cellar and brought up a small jar of honey, and put some white powders into it. I said I knew this jar to be my own, and asked her what the white powders were for. She replied, she supposed it was to cure us of the illness that Miss Blyth could foresee, by her view into the planetary system, was to happen, as the disorder, when the Almighty visited us therewith, would be terrible.

"After the honey was mixed, I took the pot home, and we put it at the cellar head. Before this, the deceased had brought some powders back with her when she went down to the prisoner's house, with letters marked on

them as follows: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

"At the time I got the honey pot, the prisoner mentioned the powders to me, and wished us to do every thing according to Miss Blyth's directions, 'otherwise,' said she, 'what you have got will kill you all.'"

Some of the letters from Miss Blyth were now produced in court. The counsel opposed the reading of them; but the judge said, though the letters could not be received in evidence, yet, for the information of the court, they might be read. He then inquired who Miss Blyth was, and why she had not been brought forth. The officer said he had been to Scarborough, but could not find that any such person had resided in that town for several years. The letters were then read as follows:—

LETTER I.

"My dear friends, this is to let you know that you must make up that pudding which I told of in my letter of the 11th of May; and you must put in the powders which I sent from Scarborough to Mary Bateman at Leeds, and which she gave your wife when she was down, marked Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Mind what I say unto you, and do every thing as ordered you, and all will be well; but if you do not it will kill us all. I will come over to Mary Bateman's and send for your wife, and she will take me by the hand and say, 'God bless you that ever I found you out.' It pleased God almighty to send me into the world that I might destroy the works of darkness; I call them works of darkness because they are dark unto you.

PRISCILLA BLYTH."

LETTER II.

From Mrs. Southcote to Miss Blyth.

"Madam:

"By a vision of the night I am informed you have under your protection and care a Mrs. Perigo, at Bramley, who has been in a very bad state of health for several years past. You must insist on it, if she sets a value on *her health*, that she strictly adheres to the exact rules you

have laid down; if she does not it will be revealed to me. You must also insist upon her keeping free from all kinds of sins, as they will merit the displeasure of almighty God. I expect soon to have occasion, with divine permission, to visit your part of England. Rest assured you have my best of wishes for the safety of the family. Adieu."

LETTER III.

From Miss Blyth to Mrs. Bateman.

"My dear friend:

"I have received a packet from London, containing, among other letters, one concerning Mrs. Perigo. It has pleased the Lord to reveal the unfortunate case of this family to our most sacred and august lady the great prophetess and servant of God, under whose power we are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven. Be pleased to charge them to do all things in order, and exactly in time, for if they do not they will incur the displeasure of almighty God, and that which is intended for their good will be the means of their destruction. Be careful to enjoin them to beware of sins of every description, minding the commandment—'Be ye pure, even as I am pure.' Do this, and all will be well. Farewell."

On the 11th of May, the first powder, marked for Monday, was put into the pudding agreeably to the directions, and the remaining powders every succeeding day; they perceived no particular taste, nor any thing but what was right, till Saturday. On that morning witness was going to Leeds. Being charged to see the powders put into the puddings, the deceased called him down from his work for that purpose. He then set out for Leeds, and on his return from thence, about twenty minutes past twelve, found a mouthful of cake, of which both he and his wife partook. It tasted very hot and keen. The powder for that day, marked Saturday, was three or four times the quantity of the preceding days, but they looked alike.

The pudding being done, he ate a mouthful of it, and his wife four or five times as much. He would not

eat more, because he did not like the taste of it; the deceased also complained, but would eat it. A part that remained she carried into the cellar. As she was returning up, he heard something fall from her mouth, and she immediately said "I am sick;" she was indeed very sick. In two minutes after, witness himself was taken as sudden as a gun, and could hardly get to the tub before he threw up.

They both vomited for twenty-four hours, and never had their clothes off all night. The deceased, when she had vomited twice, brought the pot of honey out, and took a tea-spoonful, upon which she vomited worse than before. In that night and next day, she took six or seven tea-spoonfuls of honey, and witness took four. They also drank a quantity of balm tea, and were sick during the whole of the night. A violent heat came up from the witness's stomach, his head was giddy and *stanged* with pain, and every thing appeared green that he looked upon. The deceased complained of similar symptoms. His mouth grew very sore about Sunday night, and hers blackish on Sunday, and got worse and worse, so that she could not open it without putting her hands to it. Her symptoms were daily more aggravated, and on the Sunday after, she died. No doctor was called in until that morning, when Mr. Charley, surgeon and apothecary, of Leeds, was sent for; but she died before he came, so that his visit was countermanded. They did not send for a doctor, in order that every thing might be done agreeably to the directions of the letter. Witness grew rather better on Friday, but was as weak as ever, and continued so for a long time after. His wife had been as well for four months before as ever he had known her.

On the twelfth day of October, witness opened the bed and found the small bags that had been put in, all of which he had believed to contain money or notes. Those that the prisoner told him contained guineas, proved to have nothing in them but half-pence, or pieces of lead; those which she said were half-guineas, turned out to be only farthings, and the seven shilling pieces to be only button tops. Those which should have held

bank notes contained nothing but pieces of newspapers. He cut the seams of the bed quite open, and found all the bags, except the four with guinea notes, which he and his wife had put in the bed in presence of the prisoner.

The prisoner had been at his house about four times, to the best of his knowledge; once when the bags were put in, and again when she sent him to get the nails made with which the horse-shoe was to be nailed on. At the time he bespoke the nails, the prisoner and his wife were left in the house together, to wait for his return; she must have contrived to make his wife go out of the way, and then opened the bed and removed the bags, as he was certain they were there. When he returned, he found the prisoner and his wife by themselves in the house. On the day after the beds were searched, the witness waited on the prisoner at Leeds, but she could not be spoke with at that time; was determined to remain in the town; about two hours after he was at her house, he met the prisoner in the street, nobody being present but themselves and a little boy walking with her. Witness said he had opened the bed, and found nothing but bits of paper, lead, half-pence, farthings, and button tops. The prisoner said he had opened them too soon, but he answered her by saying he thought it was too late. He told her he would call in the morning, and bring three or four men down. She answered, "Don't bring any men to my house, but fix a time to meet me in the morning alone, and you shall be sure to find me." They accordingly agreed to meet on the navigation banks. He informed William Rogers and James Stockdale, two officers from the magistrates at Leeds, of the transactions, and they agreed to walk together on a distant part of the bank, and come up to them when they were talking. In the morning they met according to appointment; she sat down on the bank side, and they had some conversation; but on his telling her that he had brought two men with him, and one of them coming up, she began to complain of being sick, and pretended to be retching. Witness asked her what was the matter, and she answer-

ed, "That bottle you gave me on Saturday night for me and my husband, he has drunk of it, and I have drunk of it, and I think it has poisoned us both." A woman was with her, to whom she then said, "Did not you see him give me a bottle last night?" The woman made no answer, but walked off. Witness denied he ever gave her a bottle. The constables soon after came up and took her into custody. Her house was afterwards searched, and the camp-bed, china, tea-caddy, a piece of cloth, and several other articles, which were among those the witness had given her to send to Miss Blyth, were found.

It was clearly proved that the symptoms manifested by Rebecca Perigo were those produced by corrosive sublimate, and that her death was occasioned by poison. The jury retired, and after consulting a short time, returned a verdict of **GUILTY**. The sentence of the law was then pronounced upon her, which was, "That you be taken from the bar of this court to the prison from whence you came; that you be removed on Saturday next to the usual place of execution, there to be *hanged until you are dead*; that your body then be given to the surgeons for dissection—and the Lord have mercy on your soul." This sentence she heard without any emotion.

After the prisoner was found guilty, she was visited by many of her friends, professors of the same doctrine. She pretended that she had a second sight of that bright angelic being who would convey her soul to eternity and glory. She produced the seal, and wore it near her heart: a child about a year old was sucking at her breast. She was continually in vision trances, and having sights of angelic beings; and would not hold conversation with any one but the followers of Joanna Southcote.

The evening before she was to suffer, the worthy clergyman that attends the prisoners in the castle of York warned her of her unhappy end, exhorting her to confess the crime for which she was to suffer, to make her peace with God, and die in peace with all mankind. She answered him that all this she had taken care for, but assured him she should not die in that way. She likewise

begged him not to trouble her, as she was a woman approved by the Most High. The clergyman could make no impression on her, therefore he left her.

THE EXECUTION.—On Saturday, March 18, at 7 o'clock, preparations were made to execute the sentence of the law. The chapel bell tolled for prayers, but the prisoner would not attend. The service being ended, she was summoned to the press-yard. The child at her breast she gave up without showing any concern : what a dreadful scene !—a mother parting with her child, just as she was going to be launched into eternity.

The prisoner was then conveyed to the place of execution. She ascended the platform, on the castle, with quick and firm steps. She was attended by a minister, and by many people of her own sect, who declared, in presence of many of the spectators of the awful scene, that she would be rescued before the executioner could perform his office,—that her soul would be delivered from the body by supernatural power, or that she would fly off the scaffold in a cloud, or on a *broom*, and be saved by the immediate interposition of Heaven. She denied being guilty of the murder, and died extremely hardened and unrepentant.

After hanging the usual time, her body was delivered to the surgeons.—She made no speech on the scaffold—was dressed in white, and showed no marks either of fear or penitence, but appeared as cheerful and happy as if going to a wedding.—Upwards of twenty thousand spectators were present at the execution.

ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER

OF THE FAMILY OF

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

LOGAN was called a Mingo chief; his father, Shikellimus, whom he succeeded, was chief of the Caugas. Shikellimus was attached in a remarkable degree to the benevolent James Logan, from which circumstance, it is probable, his son bore his name. For magnanimity in war, and greatness of soul in peace, few, if any, in any nation, ever surpassed Logan. He took no part in the French wars which ended in 1760, except that of a peacemaker, and was always considered the friend of the white people, until the year 1774, when his brother and several others of his family were cruelly murdered, the particulars of which follow. In the spring of 1774, some Indians robbed the people upon the Ohio River, who were in that country exploring the lands and preparing for settlements. These land-jobbers were alarmed at these hostile movements of the Indians, as they considered it, and collected themselves at a place called Wheeling Creek, the site on which Wheeling is now built, and learning that there were two Indians on the river a little above, one Capt. Michael Cresap, belonging to the exploring party, proposed to fall upon and kill them. His advice, although opposed at first, was followed, and a party led by Cresap proceeded and killed the two Indians. The same day, it being reported that some Indians were seen below Wheeling upon the river, Cresap and his party immediately went to the place, and at first appeared to show themselves friendly, and suffered the Indians to pass by them unmolested to encamp still lower down at the mouth of Grave Creek. Cresap soon followed, attacked and killed several of them, having one of his own men wounded by the fire of the Indians. Here some of the family of Logan were slain. The circumstance of the affair was

exceedingly aggravating, inasmuch as the whites *pretended no provocation*.

Soon after this, some other monsters in human shape, at whose head were Daniel Gratehouse and one Tomlinson, committed a horrid murder upon a company of Indians about thirty miles above Wheeling. Gratehouse resided at the same place, but upon the opposite side of the river from the Indian encampment. A party of thirty-two men were collected for this object, who secreted themselves, while Gratehouse, under a pretence of friendship, crossed the river and visited them, to ascertain their strength; on counting them he found they were too numerous for his force in an open attack. These Indians having heard of the late murder of their relations, had determined to be avenged of the whites, and Gratehouse did not know the danger he was in, until a squaw advised him of it in a friendly caution "to go home." The sad requital this poor woman met with will presently appear. This abominable fellow invited the Indians to come over the river and drink rum with him; this being a part of his plot to separate them—that they might be the easier destroyed. The opportunity soon offered; a number being collected at a tavern in the white settlement and considerably intoxicated, were fallen upon and all murdered except a little girl. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan, and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the crime.

The remaining Indians on the other side of the river, on hearing the firing, set off two canoes with armed warriors, who, as they approached the shore, were fired upon by the whites, who lay concealed, awaiting their approach. Nothing prevented their taking deadly aim, and many were killed and wounded, and the rest were obliged to return. This affair took place May 24, 1774.

**JOHN AND ROBERT BRICE,
CAPTIVE BOYS OF RENSSELAERVILLE.**



This engraving exhibits a view of the massacre of the family of Johanas Deits, which took place near the Beaver Dam, about twenty miles west of Albany: the particulars of which are recorded in the following narrative.

THE parents of these children had migrated from their native country, Scotland, in the year 1774, and settled in an entire new place, twenty-two miles west of the city of Albany.

At this place a few families had chosen a residence, which was then called Van Rensselaer's Patent, but now Rensselaerville. Here a few log houses were erected by the new comers—the pioneers of a population which has since magnified in wealth and numbers, beyond the most sanguine expectations of these isolated back-woodsmen.

The war of the Revolution had raged with various success, for about four years, when reports of the depredations of marauding parties, composed of Tories and Indians, in and about the precincts of Old Schoharie, reaching the *hitherto* unmolested society of Rensselaer-Patent, which

threw the defenceless inhabitants into fear and perplexities, as yet to them unknown.

At a distance of some eight or nine miles from the home of the boys, at a place called the Beaver Dam, was a Grist Mill, where the inhabitants resorted to get their grinding done. The Beaver Dam was even then, comparatively, an old settled place; but had escaped the vigilance of the ruthless Indians, and Tories, till the affair of which we are about to give an account took place, after which they built a fort and stood on their defence.

Between the little neighborhood of the boys parents, and the first house, on the way to the Beaver Dam, was a deep woods of about six miles distance. This first house was that of Jonannas Deitz, where John Brice, the eldest of the two boys was at work, helping them thresh out their wheat. This family consisted of eight persons, the old man and his wife, his son and his son's wife, with their four children, which were very young. The parents of the boys, who are the subjects of the following story, at a certain time having got out of bread, inquired of Robert, the younger of the two who was then eleven years old, whether he could go to the Beaver Dam for the first time, to mill. To this he replied that he could, and the more easily, as at the same time three other lads, who were older, were going on the same errand, to the same place.

Accordingly, early in the morning, the horse and the grain were got ready, and the lad Robert sat thereon; when a few hours trotting and chatting along brought the little group safely to the place of destination, where they procured the grinding of their grain. But the day, by that time was too far spent for them to reach their homes before dark, on which account they came to the resolution of staying at the miller's house until the next morning. The long woods which must be passed, was the chief reason of this arrangement. Little Robert was, however, an exception to this plan, as he thought he could easily go toward home as far as to the place where his brother was at work.

The miller having placed his bag upon the horse, and

seated him safely on it, he started off alone ; while, as he slowly made his way along the newly made road, he thought of the war, of Indians, and of dreadful things undefined, such as children are capable of, especially when some way from home, and night coming on. Now and then the bounding of a rabbit across the road, or the sudden flutter of a partridge, made him start with fear for a moment, as the woods were darkening with the approach of night.

It was near the commencement of twilight, the last beams of the descending sun were flashing their golden glare among the peaks of the mountains, trembling for a brief moment on the placid face of a western sky, when he had nearly reached the gate, which hung across the road near the house where he intended to have slept that night ; a step or two more and he would have dismounted, in order to swing open this gate to reach the house ; but at that moment a tawny Indian, horribly painted, who had lain hid beside the road, among some old logs, rose suddenly up, and seized the bridle of the horse, without saying a word, or seeming to notice the boy at all. The gate he flung open, leading the horse directly toward the house. But in passing the barn door, what was the boy's terror, in addition to what the Indian had already inspired him with, when he beheld old Mr. Deitz lying there, weltering in his blood. This was not all ; between the barn and house, which stood in a line with each other, he saw, in a similar situation, the wives of old Mr. Deitz, and son, with four small children of the latter, and a servant girl, (eight persons,) all smoking in their newly shed blood ; which had as yet scarcely cooled in the evening air. He now perceived the house to be full of Indians ; hideously painted, busily and silently employed in carrying out its contents—provisions, clothing, &c. In casting his eye around, he beheld, at a little distance from the house, his brother John and Captain Deitz, the son of the old man, tied to a tree, prisoners of war.

The Indians had now nine horses in their possession four had been obtained from the Deitz family, four from his son-in-law, although a tory, and one from the boy

On these they laid their plunder. The work of death and robbery being now accomplished, they hurried away with horses, baggage, prisoners and all, directing their course toward the place where the parents of the two captive brothers lived.

They had gone but a little way from the scene of butchery, when, hearing a crackling noise behind them, the lads looked back, and saw the house, barn, and out-houses all in flames. Four or five miles were now pursued by the Indians, directly along the way that led through the six mile woods, and nearly to the spot where the parents of the boys lived, when they suddenly turned out of the road into the woods, where, after a short time, on account of its being too dark, they encamped for the night.

Here, the first night of their captivity, they slept within a mile of their parents, in the arms of savages, while those parents, unconscious, in their slumbers, that their sons were on their dismal road of captivity, knew it not.

As soon as the gray light announced the morning, the Indians, nimble as the wolf, sprang up from their lair, eat a hearty breakfast of the food they had plundered, and then resumed their flight. Their progress was slow through the woods, occasioned by the bulkiness of their baggage, while they directed their way toward the head waters of the Catskill Creek, sleeping that night somewhere in the neighborhood of what is now called Potter's hollow, a few miles southwest of Oakhill, Green County, N. Y.

From this place they again set off in the morning towards the Schoharie River, and having nearly terminated the second day's journey, in ascending to the height of land, aiming to reach the river above Middleburgh, all at once the Indians appeared to be greatly alarmed. At this particular juncture they had just entered an old field where was a deserted log house, at which it is probable they had intended to have slept that night. But instead of doing so, as the boys had hoped they would, they suddenly put their horses on a gallop, and seemed desirous of reaching the side of the field on their left

hand, the margin of which lay along the base of a steep and heavily timbered mountain.

News, it appeared, had reached the garrison at Schoharie, of the outrage committed not far from the Beaver Dam, and knowing the course the Indians always took in leaving the country, a scouting party in pursuit had intercepted them at this place. They had scarcely commenced their hurry to reach that side of the field, when the report of musketry in the woods below them was heard to speak in vengeful peals, echoing among the caves, and along the broken ranges of the hills of Schoharie, in the brief rattle of successive volleys.

The *cause* of their alarm was now explained to the boys, for the keen eye of the Indians had discovered them before a shot was fired, when on looking that way they saw the woods alive with men, but too far off, as yet, to do much execution.

At the verge of this field, being obstructed in their course both by a fence and the steepness of the mountain, they were compelled to abandon their horses, plunder and all, the three prisoners and eight scalps excepted, and flee into the woods on the side of the ridge, where was offered the *only* hope of escape from the fury of their pursuers; yet even this could not avail them any thing, had it not been so near dark, which now closed in and hid them as a gang of wolves in the fastnesses of the mountain.

If they had not been disturbed in their course, their intention was to have availed themselves of the warriors' path on the Schoharie River, leading to the place called *Brake a bin*, from thence to Harpersfield, and so on to the Susquehannah, the Chemung, Genesee and Niagara.

As soon as it was day, having slept that night without fire, they set forward again, much cast down in their mind, pursuing the range of the mountain till somewhere near *Gilboa*, when they crossed the creek and so passed on through the woods to Harpersfield; from thence to the Charlotte River, coming to the Susquehannah at McDaniel's Mills, since so called, and thence onward down that river to the Ochquago.

Having now lost all their provisions, they were im-

diately exposed to the horrors of hunger, and no way to relieve themselves, as they did not dare to shoot any game, lest their tell-tale guns should report them to their pursuers. Three days and nights they were compelled to subsist on nothing except what the bushes might afford, wintergreens, birch bark, and now and then a few wild berries.

Captain Deitz was a peculiar sufferer, more so than the lads, as suspended from a stick were the scalps of his aged father and mother, his wife, and the four bloody memorials of his babes, adorned with the half grown hair of their infant heads. These were constantly in his view, and often slapt in his face by the poor untutored warrior. What from the pain of a broken heart, and the concomitant sorrows of captivity, Captain Deitz died at Montreal, among his enemies, sinking to the grave as a fair pine, whose towering foliage had beat the bosom of the unconscious earth, when the levelling axe, which had lain at its root, had done its office.

But on the third day, when not far from the mouth of the Unadilla River, which empties into the Susquehannah a little below Sidney bridge, they shot a deer, when they built a fire, sliced in pieces, cooked and devoured the animal. At the mouth of this river the Indians considered themselves out of the region of danger, consequently travelled more at their leisure, stopping frequently several days at a time, to hunt; killing deer, partridges and wild turkeys, so that they suffered no more for provisions during their journey to Canada, by the way of the Chemung and the Genesee.

At such times as they went out to hunt a day, intending to return by night, the Indians always bound Captain Deitz and Robert's brother to a tree, laying them flat on their backs with their legs a little elevated to a limb; in this uneasy posture they were compelled to suffer till their return.

On a certain day, early in the morning, the Indians were observed in close counsel, the meaning of which was soon made known to the prisoners; a separation was about to take place. This measure was occasioned by

the lameness of the Indian who was the owner of Robert Brice, having received a shot when pursued in the field, through the fleshy part of his leg, slightly grazing the bone, which continued to cripple him more and more, till he could not travel as fast as his companions.

The poor boy was now separated from his brother and Captain Deitz, the only persons with whom he could converse about his father and mother, or who could in the least sympathize with, and pity his sufferings, and left behind with his lame master and two other Indians. It was a long time before they reached the Genesee or Indian country, after their separation, having lingered much on account of his master's lameness.

The first intimation that they had arrived within their territory, was the yells which they uttered, and the responses they received from a great distance, which they continued till within sight of each other.

But here commenced a trouble to the poor boy which he had not anticipated; for the Indian children about his size and age immediately fell upon him pell mell with their fists and whips, making themselves immense sport and frolic, to see him jump about and cry. He naturally fled for protection to his master, but obtained none from that quarter; not knowing this to be a custom and a privilege allowed the Indian boys, whenever a prisoner was so unfortunate as to be brought among them. His next resort was to fly as fast as he could to a hut; although full of the ruthless monsters, full grown Indians, all laughing at his trouble, he sprang in among them, trembling, pale and bleeding, when his pursuers desisted. Here they staid some time, when they again set off, he knew not whither, nor where the end would be, but whenever they approached an Indian settlement, the same ominous yells were renewed, when the same sort of persecution again befel him; but as necessity at first had taught him to fly to a hut, so he now had learned from the event to press forward with all his power to the door of the first wigwam which offered to his view, never being repulsed on his entry.

Four times, in passing from one settlement to another,

he experienced this sort of treatment, without the least interference of his master to save him from it; which custom at one time had nearly cost him his life. An Indian lad considerably larger than himself, who ought, even according to *their* notions of dignity of manners, to have known better, knocked him down with a club, but he sprang up, and soon found the accustomed asylum, drenched in blood, which after entering, no one any more at that place attempted to molest him.

At length the three Indians came to a place called the Nine Mile Landing, on Lake Ontario, where was the home of his master. Here they shaved his head and adorned it with feathers, and painted him after their manner, intending to bring him up as an Indian, taking him with them on their fishing and hunting parties, initiating the child as fast as possible into their modes of living.

Several weeks had passed away at this place, when his master, in company with several other Indians, taking him with them, went to Fort Erie, opposite where Buffalo now stands, where, being noticed by a captain of a vessel, a Scotchman, he bantered the Indian for the purchase of the boy. A bargain was struck at fifteen dollars, which redeemed him from a life of perpetual savageism.

From this time he saw his Indian acquaintance no more, going immediately with his new master, the Scotch captain, to Detroit. Having now for the first time since coming from Scotland seen a vessel, and having sailed in one the length of the lake, he supposed that if he should have to continue with his captain a sea-faring life, thinking that it was the ocean on which he was, all opportunity would be forever lost of returning to his parents again, which to accomplish, was the object of all his thoughts both night and day. On this account he contrived a plea to be left at Detroit, to which his master consented. He was placed in the care of one Parks, who was also a Scotchman, till called for by his original owner, who purchased him of the Indian. At this place he remained till the peace of 1783, when, according to the

articles of that peace, the prisoners of both countries were to be sent, each to the nearest place on the frontiers of their respective countries, from whence they might reach their homes.

The news of the peace had reached Detroit, when all was joy and clamor among the captive Americans; and, among the rest, little Robert's heart beat *high* with the expectation of once more being pressed to the bosom of his father and mother, who for a moment had never been out of his mind, from the hour in which the Indian first seized his horse's bridle. But what was the consternation of the poor boy when his master told him he was not included among those who were to go to the states; as that he had purchased him of the Indian during his life, and surely it were better to belong to a white man, one of his own countrymen too, than to be the slave of an Indian forever.

But, however this argument might seem to claim the gratitude of Robert Brice, yet it was not powerful enough to divest him of the one *all absorbing* wish of his heart, a return to his parents. But what should he do? his captain was peremptory, there was no hope; dark clouds of despair began to settle down on the bright prospect which had but an hour before risen to his view—his country, father, *mother*, and long lost home.

But while weeping and musing on the dolefulness of his lot, the thought flashed across his mind, I will run and tell the British commanding officer about it; which he did all bathed in tears, when the general said it should not be so, for the peace articles made no such exceptions. Then you might have seen the little Highlander's countenance brighten; as if he were leaping among the crags and mountains of his own native Scotland, he threw himself among his fellow captives, and was soon launched away on the bosom of the lake that was to waft him toward his home.

The vessel soon moored at Fort Erie, where he had been purchased from the Indian; from this place they sailed down the river to *Fort Slushey*, in a bateau; from thence to *Fort Niagara*, at the upper end of Lake

Ontario. Here, to his great joy, he found his brother, whom he had not seen since they were parted in the woods, near the mouth of the Unadilla River, where they shot the deer. The number of liberated captives, men, women and children, amounted now to about two hundred persons. From Fort Niagara they were sent down to the lower end of the lake, where they embarked on the *St. Lawrence*, running down the *long sues*, a place of great danger, on account of the rapids, and so on to Montreal; from Montreal across the *St. Lawrence* to *Laparara*, thence to *St. Johns* in carts, from *St. Johns* up Lake Champlain to *Skeensborough*, now Whitehall; from thence to *Albany*, a distance from Detroit, the place of starting, of about a thousand miles.

News soon spread over the country that all the prisoners from the Canadas were on their way to the states, and on a certain day about two hundred would arrive at Albany. Among these, the eldest of the two captive brothers was expected to arrive, having frequently heard, by means of the Tories, that he was alive and well at Fort Niagara; but as for the younger one, poor little Robert, there lingered not a hope of his return, or scarcely that perchance he might be yet alive, among the savages, somewhere in the boundless wanderings of the Indian nations.

Early on the morning of that day the mother's heart was *first* awake, when she roused her husband, saying, "Come, let us rise, John, you know he is at Albany by this time if he is yet living. Oh make haste and fetch him." Here she burst into tears; it was a *mother's* soul in its longings for her son. He sprang from the bed, for the father's heart was not a whit behind in the holy passion, though he kept more within bounds; yet a tear or so was often seen to tremble on the withered cheek of the hardy Scotchman. He took a hasty breakfast, while the mother's eye followed him as he mounted his horse, and trotted out of her sight towards Albany.

The distance was soon measured, while the musings of *hope* and *fear* filled up the time. Somewhere in the *Colony*, in the city of Albany, was situated the house, where the glad company of liberated captives were to

make their halt. At this house old Mr. Brice expected to find his son John.

Having come within sight of the inn, he perceived a great crowd of soldiers, citizens, women and children, running this way and that; some with tears trickling down their cheeks, and others laughing for joy. He soon came among them, almost fearing to make the inquiry for *his* son.

He alighted and fastened his horse; when, coming in contact with a person whom he knew from his dress was one of those who had returned from Canada, he made the inquiry, as his heart rose to his mouth in spite of his manliness, "De ye ken is there one John Brice, a mere lad, wha has come alang wie ye from Canada?" "Oh yes," answered the man, "two of them, brothers; one is a little fellow. Here, come along with me." He followed all in a tremor, musing in his mind, "My God, can it be that *both* my children are here!" "There they are," said the man, "are they the lads you wanted?" "Yes," he shouted, when the three were folded together in the ardent grasp of father and sons. "O ye pure things, ha ye come again; yer mither's heart wie brake o' gladness, wha she sees ye coming wie *me*."

He now started for home, putting the boys on the horse, while he walked by their side, talking all the way of their sufferings among the Indians.

It was late in the evening when they came within the precincts of the well remembered little neighborhood, which the boys had left three years before. All was fresh in their memory as if but an hour had elapsed. They pointed out in the dark of the evening, as they went along, who lived there and there, when they left it, one for the mill and the other to work for old Mr. Deitz. Not a soul of the neighborhood had laid down to sleep, but all had assembled at the house of John's parents, to await his coming. So eager were they to know the worst or best, as it might turn out to be.

At length the neighing of the horses, which had been parted all day, announced the coming of the most wretched or the most fortunate of fathers. They now all ran to

the door, except the mother, who dare not, lest she should be disappointed. She staid back until the sound of voices struck her ear, as the well remembered ones of her children, although now much altered. In an instant she burst beyond them all, crying, as she grasped them in her arms, "O Johnney, O Robert, ha ye come agin to yer pure mither; God on high be thanked for iver and iver, for so great a mercy;" crying all the while as loud as she could roar for joy, while the old neighbors, well known to the boys, gathered around them as they pressed into the door together, asking a thousand questions about their captivity; how they were taken—if they had suffered—and of the Indians; whether they were cruel; scarcely that night suffering themselves to sleep, so great was the joy, not only of the parents, but of all who witnessed ^{it},
~~return.~~ ~~the return of these boys to their parents~~



SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TRIAL OF

WILLIAM FRANKLIN,

WHO WAS CONDEMNED FOR THE MURDER OF

NATHANIEL SEWELL.

lad,
yes

WM. FRANKLIN was once a member of the church in Roxbury, but previous to the commission of the crime we are about to record he was excommunicated.

Nathaniel Sewell was bound to him in the year 1644 as an apprentice by the overseers of the poor of Boston. This boy was afflicted with a loathsome disease, and was any thing but agreeable in his person. He was treated by his master most unmercifully, and severely punished for trifling faults.

The boy finally fell sick, and was rather a disadvantage to his master than otherwise, and Franklin determined to return him to those from whom he had received him.

Although the lad was very ill and weak, his master placed him on a horse, and tied him, to carry him a distance six or eight miles. Owing to this treatment, a severe fever set in. His master would not assist him in his illness, though he was unable to sit upright on his horse, not even to a draught of water to quench his thirst, which was now intense. The boy died a short time after he reached his place of destination.

William Franklin was then brought before the Quarter Court on a charge of murder. The facts were proved as above related, but doubts existed whether they inferred

blood guiltiness. It was argued that it did not appear that Franklin had intended to injure, but only to reform his servant, and that the treatment which had caused his death occurred in the pursuit of a lawful purpose; viz. in bringing Sewell before the magistrate; whereas, the act and intention must both be evil to constitute murder.

To this it was answered, that Sewell had been brought to his end by degrees, by a constant course of cruelty, of which this last act was but the consummation. It was said that this act was performed at a time when the boy should have been kept in bed, and not brought violently forth for correction. As for the intention, though it might have been the first intention of Franklin to reform the boy, yet the intention of his ultimate conduct was evil, arising from distemper of passion.

In exemplification of the first position, a case was supposed, as follows: if a man should have a servant sick of the small pox, and should, contrary to the advice of the physician, hale him into the open air, in cold weather, on pretence that there was a natural occasion; the act would be unlawful, and if the servant should die in consequence of such treatment, the master would be guilty of murder.

Another case was supposed to apply to the second position; viz., if a man should, in a sudden passion, kill his child, or dear friend, it would be murder, though his prima intention were to instruct or admonish him. It was, moreover, argued, that, where no intention to hurt appears, as, for example, when a man has an unruly ox, and knows him to be such, but yet does not keep him in, if this ox gores a man to death, the owner is guilty of murder, and must suffer the penalty. Here, keeping the ox is a lawful act; but for suffering an evil to happen which he might reasonably be expected to prevent, the man was adjudged a murderer, by the Holy Scriptures. Again, in Exodus, chap. xxi., 12, if a master smite his servant with a rod, which is a lawful action, and the servant die of the blow, (as was the case with Sewell,) he was to die for it. On the like authority, if a man strike another with his hand, or with any weapon that may

cause death, and the person stricken die of the blow, the striker is a murderer; from whence it appears, that, be the means what they may, if they be applied, voluntarily, to an evil intent, it is murder. To support this conclusion, a case was cited of a woman who had given a man a potion to procure his love, whereof he died, and she was, therefore, adjudged guilty of murder.

This course of reasoning would hardly be thought conclusive at the present day, though it seemed very forcible to the members of the Quarter Court, who apparently forgot that the Jewish code had been superseded by divine authority, and had given place to a more merciful dispensation. They found him guilty, and sentenced him to death; referring his case, however, to the magistrates, "who might, if they saw cause, allow him a second trial for his life at the next Quarter Court." Yet the same persons held a meeting before the sitting of the said court, and agreed to send their sentence to governor John Endecott, who signed it, though there were some who disapproved the proceeding.

The church of Roxbury, who, it will be remembered, had excommunicated Franklin a month before, now that he was to die, agreed to have mercy on his soul. They therefore procured permission for him to be brought to Roxbury, intending to receive him again into their communion, if they found him penitent. Immediately after his condemnation, he judged himself, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence; but soon after, with a very natural inconsistency, he retracted this admission, justifying himself, and criminating the witnesses. To the day of his execution, he declared his belief, that God would never lay the death of the boy to his charge, and expressed a strong assurance of salvation. On the scaffold, his firmness was somewhat shaken, and he expressed a fear that his heart was hardened, since he could not see his guilt in the same light that others did.

It seems to us that though the Quarter Court argued from wrong premises, they arrived at a proper conclusion, and that William Franklin suffered justly.

ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL
OF
JASON FAIRBANKS,
WHO WAS EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF
MISS ELIZABETH FALES.

JASON FAIRBANKS was a native of Dedham in Massachusetts. His parents were not wealthy, but Jason being of a weak constitution, and his health so poor, his parents determined upon sending him to school, hoping he might acquire a means of support, which would be very suited to his constitution than farming; and the place accordingly sent to a school in Wrentham, but his constitutional infirmities prevented him from prosecuting his studies, and he was compelled to return again to his parents. He was most of the time after this unable to perform any labor, and his life previous to the fatal deed which cost him his life, does not present any incidents which would be interesting or important enough to relate. At the time he was arraigned for the murder of Miss Fales he was about twenty-two years of age.

He was tried before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, at Dedham on the 6th of August, 1801.

The jury presented, that Jason Fairbanks did on the eighteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and one, assault Elizabeth Fales with a knife; and gave her a mortal wound in the throat, two inches deep: that he gave her another mortal wound in the back, four inches deep: that he gave her four mortal wounds in her back, each four inches deep: another mortal wound in her left side, three inches deep: six mortal wounds on her left

arm: two mortal wounds on her right arm, and one mortal wound on her left thumb: of all of which wounds the said Elizabeth Fales instantly died. To this indictment the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

The first witness examined was Dr. Nathaniel Ames. His testimony was as follows.

On the eighteenth of May he went to the place where the dead body of Elizabeth Fales was found. The wind-pipe was cut through, and the wounds on her breast were deep, as were those on the left arm. Those on the right arm were mere scratches. That on her side was deep, and the ball of her left thumb was cut almost off. The witness did not think she could have survived these wounds, and was of opinion that the immediate cause of her death was, that the blood had flowed from the gash in her neck into her vitals. The wound in her back he did not see at the time, but afterwards examined it, and ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ a small one. He believed she might have inflicted it on herself, and thought it might have been given with a knife. This was proved in court.

~~Truel~~ Fales, the uncle of the deceased, said, that he lived in the same house with her. At about three o'clock, on the eighteenth of May, he saw Jason Fairbanks, standing by the house, with a bloody knife in his hand. His throat was cut across, and he had several stabs in his body. The witness took him by the hand, and held him till his son came, whom he desired to hold him till some other person should arrive. Going to Mr. Mason's pasture, he saw his niece lying on the ground, nearly on her face, with her arms over her head. Her father came up, laid his hand on her head and exclaimed, "O Betsey!" when she turned on her side. The witness then asked her if she knew what hurt her, and she assented, by signs. Her father asked if she wanted water, and in the same manner she signified that she did. A greatcoat, belonging to the prisoner, was lying near her, which her father desired the witness to put under her head, while he went for water. The witness took her shawl, which was lying on the ground, and tied it round her neck to see if she could swallow, which she could not. She breathed

but faintly. There was little blood near her, so little that the witness thought she did not lose enough to cause her death. She was dressed in a short, loose calico gown, and a green skirt; her shoes were off. Her mother came to the spot just before she died, which was about half an hour from the time Samuel Fales first saw her. There was a pocketbook near her, containing receipts and other papers, purporting to have been given to Jason Fairbanks. When the witness first saw the prisoner, a froth was issuing from the wound in his neck, and he held him, thinking he was insane, and might do some mischief. The prisoner's information induced him to go to Mr. Mason's pasture. The witness was not permitted to say what the prisoner had told him.

In the course of the trial, Samuel Fales was called again, and said, that when he first saw the deceased, her head was lying near a rough sharp stone, and that the bushes about her were six or seven feet high. A little distance from the place, the trees and bushes were very thick. Between where she was lying and the place where Mr. Fales had been at work, was the clearest part of the pasture, and he thought he might have seen her if he had looked in that direction. She was on a rising ground.

Dr. Jonathan Wild bore witness, that the wound on the neck of the deceased was in a circular form, round her neck, and appeared to have been cut with one stroke. One wound on her left arm, near the wrist, was severe, and would have disabled her from resisting with that arm. The wound in the neck was mortal.

John Endicott described the wound as the other witnesses had done.

The Attorney General now produced the clothes worn by the deceased at the time she was found murdered, and the holes in them corresponded with the wounds described. *Rebecca Fales* and *Lydia Whiting* swore, that they had taken them off, when she was laid out.

Eunice Lewis testified that the deceased was of the middling size, and that she had always thought that the prisoner and she were friends. She first saw Elizabeth

Fales, after the murder, dead, in the pasture. She verified the evidence touching the wounds. When she assisted to lay out the deceased, she took several trifles from her pockets, but no knife, or other sharp instrument.

Doctor Abijah Draper, describing the wounds, stated that the one on her hand appeared to have been made with teeth, two of which had pierced the skin, so as nearly to meet. He did not examine them.

The knife taken from Fairbanks was then exhibited to *Ephraim Handy*, who swore it was his, and that he had lent it to the prisoner, in the morning of the day of the murder. Fairbanks borrowed it to make a pen, as he said, and the witness commonly used it for the same purpose. The point was broken off at the time. He saw the prisoner again, between twelve and one o'clock, at his father's house, when he was calm and cheerful; nothing strange appeared in his conduct. Witness heard him ask his brother for his pocketbook. When Handy saw his knife again, it was in the hands of Dr. Ames. He did not know that any intimacy existed between Fairbanks and Elizabeth Fales, though he had lived in the prisoner's father's house almost a year.

Sarah Fales, the mother of the murdered girl, deposed, that after the murder she first saw Jason Fairbanks, at about three o'clock, coming into the yard of her house, with a bloody knife in his hand, which he gave to her. She gave the knife to her other daughter, and asked Fairbanks what horrid thing he had been doing. Elizabeth Fales had gone from home between twelve and one o'clock to borrow a book at Mr. Guild's. There was nothing singular in her conduct; she had been washing, and was gay and cheerful. She had attended church the day before. Mrs. Fales never knew that her daughter was attached to the prisoner. When she saw her again, it was in Mason's pasture, mortally wounded, as before described. She did not know that Elizabeth carried any sharp instrument with her.

Polly Fales, sister of Elizabeth, testified that she had been, in company with the deceased, a week before the murder, to the house of the prisoner's father, and that

Jason let them in. She left her sister alone with the prisoner about an hour. Jason had attended her sister and others home from church the day before her death. The witness was not aware of any attachment between them, and did not believe there was any on the part of her sister. Fairbanks was not particularly attentive to the deceased.

Herman Mann had found some pieces of paper about the body of Elizabeth Fales, after her death. When joined, these fragments appeared to be the certificate of a publication of banns, between the prisoner and the deceased. It was signed with the name of the town clerk, but not in his hand-writing.

Susannah Davis swore that she had written this certificate, at the request of Jason Fairbanks. He made this request the day before the murder, saying, that he had forgotten the form of such certificates. Miss Davis asked whose name she should insert, and he replied, "Any of the Dedham girls;" whereupon she said she would put in Elizabeth Fales. Fairbanks assented, and the witness inserted the name accordingly, and affixed the signature of the town clerk. On receiving it, he exclaimed, "Ah! Betsey Fales, that will do!" Miss Davis took the certificate back, and was about to burn it, but Fairbanks prevented her, and put it in his pocket. He promised her, however, that no one should see it.

This witness further stated, that Fairbanks asked for the certificate in a jocular manner, and she did not believe at the time that he meant anything serious. She had frequently seen Fairbanks and the deceased together, and believed them reciprocally attached.

Doctor Benjamin Turner had seen the body at the grave, and confirmed the testimony touching the marks of teeth on the hand.

Sarah Guild swore that Elizabeth Fales came to the house where she lived, on the day of her death, between twelve and one, and staid more than an hour. She said she came to borrow a book, and refused to stay longer. She said she had been working hard, but was cheerful,

and as she was going away, stopped some minutes at the door to play with a child.

Eliza Guild testified to the same effect, and added, that, in the spring, she heard Jason Fairbanks say he should not live till the election. A person present told him that he must take Elizabeth Fales to a ball, to which he replied, "I am not sure of it. I am sure I shall not live till election."

Hannah Farrington lived a quarter of a mile from the place where the body was found. On the day, and at the time of the murder, she heard a voice, which she knew to be that of Elizabeth Fales, cry, "O dear! O dear!" It appeared to come from the woods, between the house and the place where the body was found. On hearing it, the witness said to her sister that it was Elizabeth Fales, laughing, and that she would soon be there. She heard the voice two or three times, within fifteen minutes, and it appeared like that of a person in distress. The witness had always thought Miss Fales and Fairbanks very fond of each other, and had often seen them together. She said that Fairbanks had been sick, and was always weakly. During the last spring he had been confined to the house, and spat blood. Beside, his right arm was entirely stiff at the elbow, and he could not use it. He had spent most of his time at home, but had lately been at an academy in Wrentham.

Hannah Farrington had always seen the prisoner and the deceased walk home together, and they always seemed to desire the company of each other. She had not doubted that they were *courting*.

Prudence Farrington agreed with the last witness, in all points. Fairbanks and Miss Fales had often met at her house, it appeared to her, by appointment.

William Mason met the prisoner on the eighteenth of May, between twelve and one, who asked him where he had been. There was some small talk between them, and Fairbanks demeaned himself as usual.

Isaac Whiting had conversed with the prisoner the December before. Fairbanks told the witness that he found some difficulty in addressing Miss Fales, as her

friends were opposed to it. At another time he told Whiting, that he must sacrifice her character by violating her chastity; but added, that he "sometimes thought it too bad." He frequently told this witness he thought he should never marry her, because the families were at variance. Once Whiting had heard him say, that some one had informed him that Miss Fales had been addressed by another person, and if that was the case, he would have nothing more to do with her. He had said to Whiting that he did not think he should ever enter her father's house again, but if he should, the difficulty could be settled in a few minutes. Whiting then understood that the difficulty was removed, and saw them together often. The Saturday before her death, Fairbanks spoke as if he expected to see her soon, and his conversation was light and jocular. This witness also confirmed the account of the prisoner's debility.

Abner Whiting testified, that being once in Mr. Bates' shop with Fairbanks, he saw Mrs. Fales going by. This was two or three years before. Fairbanks cursed and swore, and said he would have satisfaction of Mrs. Fales. He would not explain his meaning; but Bates said, that one evening he went home with Miss Fales, and the door was shut against him. Fairbanks replied, "Well, you know something about it;" and then repeated that he would have satisfaction. The witness again saw the prisoner, in the same place. They went out together, and saw Miss Fales coming towards them, on which Whiting asked Fairbanks if he had obtained satisfaction yet. He answered that he had not, and that he had no such intention. He added, "Betsey is a nice girl, but d—n it, for all that, I don't know what to do. I don't know but I must be the death of her."

The next time the witness saw Fairbanks, he (*Whiting*) was standing in the door of Bates' shop. Fairbanks was coming toward the shop with another young man, a stranger to Whiting. A young woman, whom Whiting believed to be Miss Fales, was approaching at the same time. He heard some person, apparently Fairbanks, ex-

claim, "D—n you, I must have you in the bushes." He went toward them and listened, but could hear no more.

At another time, Whiting was in Mr. Daniel's shop, and saw Fairbanks and another young man; and at the same time Miss Fales, approaching. One of them exclaimed, "D—n you, I will be the death of you." In this case, also, the prisoner's companion was unknown to the witness.

Whiting stated all this to have occurred a long time before, perhaps two or three years. He said he had told his wife what he heard, but she answered "that he had been to the shop, and did not know what he did hear." He had also, he said, informed Joshua Fales of the threats of Fairbanks.

Joshua Fales positively denied ever having had such a communication from Abner Whiting. He said that misfortune and law had some years before unsettled his intellects, for a time, but he knew nothing against his character, with respect to truth, or any thing else.

The wife of Abner Whiting was not permitted to testify, with regard to the communications sworn to have been made to her.

William Draper had known Abner Whiting to be "troubled in mind," several years before. He had appeared before a court as a witness, and was fearful of having said something amiss. His father took him home in consequence. Draper had also been told by Whiting in one of the conversations alleged to have taken place at Bates' shop. In a conversation which took place relative to the death of Miss Fales, Draper thought he behaved much in the same manner as when troubled in mind. He appeared to be intoxicated, and afterward did not remember what he had said. He also told Draper "he did not know but he had said something wrong before the Grand Jury," and feared that he might be blamed for it.

Nehemiah Fales, the afflicted parent of the deceased, testified that, two or three years before her death, she had received the attentions of a Mr. Sprague, who went to New York and was married. He thought that this had

affected her much, but was not aware that she had been attached to Fairbanks. He had never forbidden the prisoner his house. The rest of his evidence only went to confirm points proved before.

Reuben Farrington stated, that the Sunday evening before the death of Miss Fales, he walked home from church with her, Fairbanks, and others. Fairbanks stopped at the witness' house, while Miss Fales proceeded homeward. The prisoner asked him home to supper, and on the way told him, that he was about to meet Miss Fales, in order to settle the matter. He said he would either violate her chastity, or carry her to Wrentham and marry her, for he had waited long enough, to the injury of his health. Farrington laughed at him. The next morning Fairbanks came to his house, but said nothing more of the matter. He came again at ten o'clock, and Farrington asked him to assist in planting beans, but he excused himself, saying he was too weak. He said he was coming to Farrington's house at election, as Miss Fales had invited him. Much more idle conversation passed, by no means important to relate. Farrington thought he jested, having often heard him discourse in the same jocular manner.

Farrington was of opinion that the prisoner and the deceased were very intimate, and strongly attached. He thought that Fairbanks was liked by the family of Miss Fales. She had often met Fairbanks at Farrington's house, as often as two or three times a week, and they sometimes tarried till eleven or twelve o'clock. He thought they would "have gone through fire and water for the sake of being together." Their meetings did not appear accidental, but the result of previous assignation.

Bular Guild swore, that about two months before the murder, in a conversation with Fairbanks, the latter observed that "Mrs. Fales and Mrs. Waite had been talking about him, but he had thought of a better way—there were other ways to come up with people, besides talking about them." He said the physician had told him he might live many years; but he did not himself think he

should live three months. He said, "if he thought he should live seven, he should not care."

Several witnesses testified that the demeanor of the deceased, on the day previous to her death, was gay and cheerful.

Doctor Ames being again called, testified that he saw Fairbanks several times after the murder, before he was committed to prison. The wound on his windpipe had not penetrated the cavity, and the doctor told him he need not be afraid, for it would not kill him. He exclaimed, "O my heart! O my heart!" Speaking of the wounds in his breast, he said he had run the knife in to the haft, but this Dr. Ames did not believe. Fairbanks wished that he might not live, as his life was a burden to him. The witness described the prisoner's right arm as small, and stiff at the elbow, but believed he might raise any thing from the ground with it, by stooping.

Doctor Charles Kitteridge stated that the wounds of the prisoner were very dangerous. One, in the abdomen, began to mortify, and the mortification was arrested with great difficulty. It brought on a tetanus, or locked jaw, that lasted seven or eight days.

The witness had also examined the wounds of the deceased; and as there was some contradiction which which thumb was wounded, satisfied himself that it was the left. He said he did not see the wound in the back.

Lydia Whiting and *Catherine Everett* both swore positively that Dr. Kitteridge *did* see the said wound, and that on seeing it, he said it was the strongest evidence against Fairbanks. The doctor was again called, and swore as positively to the contrary. The others stated that the examination took place after the jury were called out of the chamber. *Reuben Farrington*, who was a witness on this occasion, went with the jury, and did not see the doctor, who afterwards told him that he was sorry he had not seen the wound. *Ebenezer Fairbanks, Jr.* the brother of Jason, deposed that he was in the room with Dr. Kitteridge and his brother, while the jury were examining the wound, and the doctor did not leave the room.

Eunice Lewis then swore that Doctor Kitteridge had examined the wound, and that she was not mistaken.

Edward Fisk swore that Doctor Kitteridge had told him that he had not examined the wound in question.

Sukey Fairbanks, the prisoner's niece, testified to the existence of an attachment between Jason Fairbanks and the deceased, and that Elizabeth and Polly Fales had visited her father's house on the eighth of May. She said that the lovers had been left together, and that at her departure Miss Fales had affectionately kissed Jason's hand. Again, when she came with Polly Fales, the witness and Polly went to bed and left her with Jason. About daylight Miss Fales came to bed, and told the witness that she had something important to communicate, but dared not, lest Polly should overhear them.

The witness further testified, that the prisoner was sickly and weak. On one occasion, he had been unable to force a little boy to school. He had once scuffled with the witness, who had been able to hold him very easily; and he was so fatigued with the exertion, that he did not get over it for several hours. In the forenoon of the day on which Elizabeth Fales was murdered he had copied music, for his brother, and was in good health and spirits. When he left the house, he informed her that he was going to see Elizabeth Fales.

Ebenezer Fairbanks, Jr. testified to the continued ill health of his brother, and that he was unable to dress himself. He lent the prisoner the knife he had on the morning of the murder, to be used as a penknife. He had been used to tease Jason, for which reason he was not in his confidence. He knew that Jason, on the morning of the murder, had about him the pocketbook already mentioned. He had conversed with Mr. Fales since his daughter's death, who told him, that he knew that something was the matter with the deceased, but never suspected that it had any reference to the prisoner.

Mary Fairbanks, the wife of Ebenezer Jr. testified in substance as her husband had done, touching the health of the prisoner.

John Guild had once seen Jason Fairbanks scuffle with

a young man named Ryan, two years before, and thought him full a match for Ryan. He knew little respecting the prisoner's health.

Joseph Ellis had seen Jason Fairbanks scuffle with an active young man, named Calvin Fairbanks, and get the better of him.

Abner Atherton had scuffled with the prisoner, who got the better of him and put him on the floor. This happened the preceding September.

Mrs. Abigail Gay testified that she had witnessed the scuffle between Atherton and the prisoner, and that they were both so much intoxicated at the time, that she thought she could have managed either of them.

What has been given contains the substance of the evidence. There were more witnesses, who testified to things immaterial. We have not given the whole particular testimony of each, excepting in cases where there was contradiction, conceiving it to be unnecessary. We presume to offer no opinion on the credibility of the witnesses, except that of Abner Whiting, who, it appears, hesitated, and contradicted himself on the stand, probably in consequence of mental derangement. We think that no importance should attach to his testimony.

After a deliberation which lasted ten hours, the jury found the prisoner GUILTY; and he received sentence of death, and was remanded to the county jail in Dedham.

The evidence against him was, it seems, though strong, entirely of a circumstantial character, and there were many who did not participate in the popular indignation, or believe Jason Fairbanks guilty. Of these, five or six concerted a plan of escape, which was carried into execution on the night of the seventeenth of August. The community at large were highly indignant at this interference with the course of law; and most of the inhabitants of Dedham signed a paper, agreeing to give an account of themselves and the inmates of their houses, to have their premises searched, and to omit no exertion to apprehend the fugitive and his accomplices. A reward of five hundred dollars was offered by the Executive for his

apprehension, which was soon increased by subscriptions, principally in Boston, to a thousand.

Fairbanks, and Henry Dukeham, the accomplice in his escape and partner of his flight, in the meanwhile, took the road to Canada. They were pursued by three inhabitants of villages near Boston. At Milford they first obtained information respecting the fugitives, and then pursued their route to Connecticut River. They came up with Fairbanks and Dukeham, on the twenty-third of August, at Skeenborough on Lake Champlain, and made them prisoners. Previous to this, Dukeham had hired a boat to carry Fairbanks to St. John's in Canada. At the time his pursuers overtook him, Fairbanks was ready to embark, and was only waiting for his breakfast.

Dukeham and Fairbanks had travelled leisurely, though they were well mounted, not expecting to be pursued. When taken, Fairbanks expressed his surprise, and said that if he had expected to be followed his captors should have ridden some hundreds of miles farther. He had manifested much indifference during his trial, nor was his courage shaken by his detection.

On the twenty-ninth of August, Fairbanks and Dukeham were committed to Boston jail. On the same day, the Governor, with the advice of the council, signed a warrant for the execution of Fairbanks on the tenth of September, and he was executed accordingly. He died with the greatest firmness, denying his guilt to the last.

There is, to this day, doubt in the minds of many, respecting the guilt of Fairbanks. For the murder of Elizabeth Fales there appears to have been no adequate motive, yet it seems almost impossible that she could have given herself the wounds of which she died.



ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF
ANNA AYER,
AT GOFFSTOWN, NEW-HAMPSHIRE, BY
DANIEL DAVIS FARMER.

THIS man, previous to the commital of the murder for which he was executed, was a respectable farmer of Goffstown, New Hampshire, and by his economy and industry was enabled to support an aged mother, wife, and four children, and was considered a good citizen and useful member of society.

He became intimately acquainted with Anna Ayer, who lived in that vicinity. She was a woman possessing a loose character, and it appeared that they had criminal intercourse. A quarrel arose between them in the year 1820, and in January following she made oath that he was the father of a child of which she was about to become the mother. For this he resolved to murder her, and assigned as a reason that he should thereby destroy all certain evidence of his guilt. He vowed in the presence of a neighbor that if he saw Anna Ayer alone he would kill her, and he was not slow to execute the deed, which he did in the most deliberate and barbarous manner.

On the 4th of April he purchased rum, and carried it to her house, intending to make her intoxicated, for the purpose that she might be less able to defend herself in this situation. He carried with him a club and seemed to act in the most deliberate manner throughout the whole transaction.

Anna Ayer had with her her child, a girl thirteen or fourteen years old, and, knowing that the infant would probably alarm the neighborhood while he was wreaking his vengeance on the mother, he determined to murder her also. To this double murder he intended to add the crime of arson; and by burning the house and the bodies of the slain, to remove all evidence of his iniquity. He expected that in this way his almost unequalled wickedness would remain undiscovered, and that he should escape with impunity. It was otherwise ordered; the eye of Omniscience was on him; and the hand of Providence was visible in the means by which he was brought to justice.

He reached the house of the widow Ayer, at about nine in the evening, and knocked for admittance. The child remonstrated against letting him in; nevertheless, Mrs. Ayer rose and opened the door. Farmer produced his bottle, and at his invitation the widow drank three times. He then asked her to go out with him, and she complied; but if his object was to kill her out of doors, his heart failed him, for in about ten minutes they returned. He put his club down by the chimney, seated himself, and they began to converse on indifferent subjects.

Suddenly, Farmer snatched his club, and said, "Mrs. Ayer, I'll kill you first, and then you may kill me." With that, he struck the woman on the head as she was rising from her chair, and she fell to the floor. The child screamed and ran toward the door, but before she reached it, Farmer overtook and struck her down, senseless. He gave both mother and daughter so many blows that he believed them dead, and then set about burning the house. At this moment the child recovered her senses, and saw that the murderer was burning pieces of cloth, and scattering coals over the floor. Mrs. Ayer was lying close to the bed, and the fire was all about the room, some of it very near her, and two of the chairs were in the fire-place.

The girl had the courage and presence of mind, in this dreadful situation, to lie still and counterfeit death, till the

assassin went away. She then crawled to the door, and drove a nail over the latch with an axe. She found no water wherewith to quench the coals, as Farmer had taken the precaution to throw it away, but managed to put them out with a pot of beer. This done, she raised her mother, assisted her into bed, and then got in herself.

In the morning, when the neighbors were apprized of the outrage, and visited the house, they found outside the door a large stone, with clotted hair and blood adhering to it. On comparison, the hair proved to be that of Anna Ayer, the younger. There was blood on the threshold, and the door was stained with the same dark red color. The floor was burnt through in two places, and there were other marks of fire about the room. The widow Ayer still survived, but was in a partial lethargy. She had a deep wound on the right side of her head, and the hair was doubled into it, by the weapon which had given the blow. A small iron shovel lay on the floor, bloody, and much bent. The tongs, likewise, bore the marks of murder, and were broken. The club which Farmer had used was found behind the door, broken, as with repeated blows; and also a mitten, which proved to have belonged to the murderer.

On the arrival of a physician, he examined the wounds of the deceased, and thought that the one on the head had been made by two different blows. The skull was broken, and the *dura mater*, which plainly appeared, was wounded. There was another wound over the eye. The doctor was of opinion that the injury was mortal, and told Mrs. Ayer so. She told him, that "if it were God's will, she hoped she should not die by the hands of that man." She lingered eight days, manifesting not the most forgiving temper, and frequently venting imprecations on Farmer, whom, she said, she hoped she should live to see hanged. To those who conversed with her, she gave an account of the proceedings of the night of the fourth of April, much the same with that we have related.

Farmer, after his crime, did not fly; but remained about his usual places of resort till he was apprehended, when he confessed his guilt to more than one. His gene-

ral confessions were not received in evidence at his trial; but witnesses were allowed to testify that he had acknowledged the mitten found in the widow Ayer's house was his.

On the ninth of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, Daniel Davis Farmer was arraigned before the Superior Court of Judicature at Amherst, for wilful murder, to which indictment he pleaded not guilty.

All the facts above recounted were proved by a number of witnesses; the principal of whom was Anna Ayer, the daughter of the deceased.

The counsel for the prisoner contended that the deed amounted only to manslaughter, as there was no evidence of malice prepense, excepting the testimony of one witness, who himself thought that the threat uttered by the prisoner was not serious, and had, beside, contradicted himself. The general character of the witness Anna Ayer had been impeached by two witnesses; and she had not been brought up in a school where she would have been likely to have learned the virtue of moral obligations. There was strong evidence of the good character of the prisoner, previous to the transaction for which he was now called to account. There was a strong existing excitement against him. It was not clear that the deceased died of wounds inflicted by his hand; especially as she had not been treated in the most skilful manner, and the surgeon might, in fact, be chargeable with her blood. The confessions of the prisoner ought to have no weight against him, having been made by advice of unauthorized persons, and with the hope of thereby assuring lenity. Furthermore, it was argued, the excessive enormity of the prisoner's offence ought to be received as a proof that it was not perpetrated deliberately.

These were the grounds of the defence, but they could not avail against a mass of direct and indirect evidence. After a deliberation of one hour, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced.

Farmer, after his sentence, evinced a sincere contrition for his crime, and met his fate in a becoming manner.

SKETCH OF THE ADVENTURES OF

SAMUEL GREEN,

Who was executed at Boston for the murder of a Negro, named

BILLY WILLIAMS.

SAMUEL GREEN was born in Strafford, New Hampshire. His parents endeavored to give him such an education as their limited means would allow; but his stubborn and ugly disposition caused all their efforts to be in vain. From his earliest childhood he showed that innate depravity which finally brought him to an untimely end. At the age of seven years he went to live with a Mr. L——, but in a short time he was detected in a theft, for which he received a severe punishment.

He was continually doing wrong, and its punishment as often followed it. On one occasion, having been whipped, he retaliated by destroying some things in the garden, and was again chastised in order to extort confession, but as no one saw him do the mischief, he persisted in denying it. He resolved again to be equal with them, and drowned a dog in the well. Such are a few of the incidents of his life, while he remained with Mr. L——.

He lived with Mr. L—— two years, during which time he continued to conduct in the same flagitious manner. At last, being scourged for stabbing a swine, he eloped, and returned to his parents, who then sent him to another master, a Mr. D——, of Newhampton, where he behaved properly upwards of a year. Here he was sent to school,

but usually played the truant, and was as constantly whipped. One day, he went to a smith's shop to buy a jew's-harp, but not finding the smith at home, he purloined one. Returning home, Mr. D—— whipped him for running away, and on the morrow discovered the theft; for which he whipped our hero again, and sent him to restore his booty, with a promise that unless he returned in due time, he should be flogged once more. Green again transgressed, and his master kept his word. Enraged at this, he escaped to his parents, who made him taste of the rod afresh, and sent him back to his master, who applied the whip to his back once more. For this, the boy determined to take his life!

Mr. D—— had a workshop, the door of which opened outward. Against this the young desperado laid a heavy stick of timber on the inside, and on the top a broad axe, in hopes that when Mr. D—— opened the door, they would fall upon and destroy him. For fear of failure, he prepared the barn door in the same fashion, poisoning a pitchfork on the top, with the points downward. He had a partial success in both instances; for when Mr. D—— opened the shop door, the fall of the timber bruised his shoulder, and at the barn the pitchfork wounded his foot. Green's ingenuity was rewarded with another castigation. Yet he was not to be subdued, and stuck at no villany that might favor his revenge. He destroyed a hogshead of cider; he stole and sold his master's corn, as well as other things; and instead of planting the seeds entrusted to him, he destroyed them. Again he eloped, and again was he brought back. Once, in revenge for a chastisement unusually severe, he fired the house; but the fire was discovered in time, and the dwelling was saved. A larger volume than this would be insufficient to record all his misdoings. In all this wickedness, he was aided and abetted by a lad named A——, who was as bad, or worse, than himself. Nevertheless, Green was a boy of uncommon parts, and Mr. D—— always cherished the vain hope that he might reform.

He then went to live with a new master, with whom he was able to stay but three months, and so returned home,

where he was indulged in everything, for none dared to cross him. His father was too old to chastise him, and the tears of his mother were of no effect. He now became acquainted with a notorious counterfeiter, who gave him instructions in vice, showing him how to break open shops and window shutters. Green was an apt pupil, as will hereafter be seen. His preceptor also gave him counterfeit money to pass, promising him half the profits. In less than a month he had disposed of forty-seven dollars, in the neighborhood of Newhampton. The counterfeiter then promised, that if he would break into a shop, and bring him the goods, he would pay him half their value.

In concert with his comrade A——, Green broke into the said shop, whence they took merchandise to the value of an hundred dollars, which they carried to their instigator, who gave them ten dollars each, for their pains. So little truth is there in the saying, that there is honor among thieves. Green was never suspected of this burglary, but a man named Hart was arrested on suspicion. This man was acquitted for want of evidence, yet lost his character; and thus the guilt of the actual perpetrators was doubled.

Our hero then hired himself to a farmer; but, as he could not forego the society of his friend A——, every Sabbath, instead of attending divine worship, they met at a pond in the neighborhood, where they usually made free with a boat, which they never returned to the place where they found it.

When the owner of the boat found his locks and chains broken, he resolved to watch, and the next Sunday succeeded in laying hands on A——, but Green managed to keep out of his reach. A—— resisted with all his might, but as the honest man had the better of him, Green took up a large pebble, and coming behind the owner of the boat, said that if he did not instantly release A——, he would knock out his brains. The man replied that he would whip them both, and Green instantly knocked him down with a stone; and still dissatisfied, *threw another*, which broke his arm as he lay on the

this he cried murder, and the young
y. For this exploit, they were indicted
assault and battery, but their friend the
d the damage.

ed with his employer four months, after
ed home, and went to school, not with
arn, but that he might do all the mischief
h the assistance of A——, he kept the
ion. Once, these reprobates had liked to
and happy would it have been for the
e happy for themselves, had they been cut
had opportunity to stain their souls with
a darker hue. They were skating on a pond,
fell through the ice together. With great dif-
ficulty extricated himself, and then by the aid of
scued A——.

After, they had another adventure. There was
near the schoolhouse, where the boys used to
one of their sledges was large enough to carry
eight children at once. Once, as Green and his
on were ascending the hill, they met this sledge
ing with great velocity, and full freighted. In
ey threw their own sledge under its runners,
oved no sport for the others. They were over-
t once; one boy had his arm, and another his
oken. It was supposed that this mischief was
al, and the schoolmaster blistered their hands for
his ferule. For this they waylaid him, armed
bs, felled him to the earth, and bound him.
ould have deprived him of his nose, but Green
ot consent. So they beat him, and stripped him
nd tore his clothes to pieces before his face. It
ery cold night, but, notwithstanding, they left
, with his hands tied behind his back.

his feat they did not think themselves safe, and
went to Guilford, where Green had relations.
ey found a recruiting party, and enlisted as
s, for they were not yet tall enough for the
Their former employer, the counterfeiter, told

them that they would have an excellent opportunity to pass bad money, as their uniform would protect them from arrest, even if detected. He gave Green four hundred dollars in counterfeit bills, saying that he might return one hundred in good money, and keep the rest. He afterward gave them nine hundred dollars more.

Shortly after, the party marched to Burlington, and our two rogues were very successful in passing their bad money on the road. Green now began to be intemperate, and was almost constantly in the guard house. He also became a frequenter of a gaming house, where he lost three hundred dollars at play, one half of which was good money. It should be remarked that he was intoxicated when he lost it, so that it seems sobriety is absolutely necessary, even to a rogue.

Shortly after, men were needed on board the Lake Champlain fleet, and Green and his comrade were permitted to enter; but instead of being employed as seamen, as they had expected, they were ordered to do duty as marines. Here they behaved much as usual, but after the loss of the Eagle and Growler, they were set on shore at Burlington and discharged.

They then returned home, with four hundred dollars only, which was all that remained of their original stock. It was all in good money. On their way home they did no harm to any one which may be considered truly wonderful. Green paid the counterfeiter, according to his agreement, and received a thousand dollars more. This man was forty years old, and had passed his whole life in gambling and dishonesty of various kinds.

If Green had a single good feeling, it was love for his mother, though even that does not appear to have been very strong. On his return he gave her a cow.

He now bought handsome clothes, for which he paid counterfeit money; and thinking himself in good business, paid his addresses to a young girl, the daughter of a poor widow. The mother, not liking his character, forbade him the house; but meeting the girl at church, he *enticed her home with him, and kept her concealed three*

and nights. Thus, even in the temple of the Al-
y, his depravity was proved. The bereaved moth-
ide search, found her child, and confined her at
which for some time hindered Green from meeting

a tailor of whom he bought his clothes soon discov-
hat he had been defrauded, and compelled Green to
im good money. He, moreover, reproved him, and
ened to have recourse to law, if he ever should
him again. This was the first time Green had
questioned on this subject, and he forthwith repaired
employer for advice. The counterfeiter counselled
break into the tailor's shop, which he did; and
goods to the value of an hundred dollars, for which
tron gave him twenty-five. Shortly after, he went
amp meeting with A——, and they passed a great
bad bills, though they were usually intoxicated.
st, Green was detected in passing a counterfeit five
bill at a tavern, and was secured, while the land-
vent for an officer. He made way with the bad
by swallowing it, so that on searching him none
ound. The landlord then offered to release him if
ould treat the company, and give him a dollar for
ouble, to which he consented. The bad bill was
d, and he was set at liberty.

many days after this, Green and A—— were en-
to make music a day, for a militia company. In
orning they did well enough, but in the afternoon
were too much intoxicated to perform their agree-
and were, therefore, discharged. As they had been
n advance they did not care for this, but went to a
l, where they played cards with the guests. These
advantage of their situation, and won from them
last copper, so that they were unable to pay their
ing; but the landlord took their word for the pay-
and they sent him the money the next day. In a
time, Green attempted again to pass a bad bill at a
l, but the publican refused to take it, and would
burned it for fear some other should be defrauded.

He was alone in the house, and as he went toward the fire, Green and A—— both swore, that if he destroyed the bill, they would put him into the fire after it. The landlord was a resolute man, and did as he had said; whereupon Green caught a chair and struck him down, and the two rogues laid hands on him, intending to put him in the fire, which they would have done, but for the interference of his wife and servant maid, who subdued the one, while the landlord mastered the other. They were soundly beaten, and turned out of doors, but that night they revenged themselves by burning the publican's fences.

A large bounty being offered to recruits, our rogues enlisted again; but as soon as they had received the advance money, deserted, and went to Compton, where, for a while, they conducted properly, and Green gained the reputation of a steady, sober young man. A company of militia was draughted, and he joined it in the capacity of a musician. At Portsmouth, coming in contact with regulars, he was recognised and taken into custody. After remaining a prisoner three months, he was tried for desertion, by a court martial, and sentenced to hard labor for two years, with a ball and chain attached to his leg. The captain of the militia company, however, assumed to be his guardian, and shortly procured his discharge. He then returned to his mother, attended school, and behaved with due decorum all winter. The March following, he renewed his accustomed business by breaking open a shop, from which he took goods to the value of a hundred and fifty dollars, which he carried to his original tutor in iniquity. As Green now intended to visit Boston, this veteran misdoer instructed him how to cheat at cards, in the use of false keys, and how to pick locks. He also showed him how to make false keys, and gave him all the information that might be useful to a professed thief. Green then repaired to Salem, and hired himself to work in the Danvers iron factory, but gave up this employment in a month.

He then went to Boston, where his clothes were stolen from him. After this he procured a place as a servant,

in a house in Somerset Street, where he used to steal his master's wines from the cellar. 'This gentleman kept a store on India Wharf, and his clerk called every night at the house to leave the key. Discovering this, Green took the key every night, opened the store, and purloined such articles as he thought would not be missed. One day, having a good opportunity, he stole a gold watch, which was soon missed, and he was accused of the theft, which he denied resolutely. The next day constable Reed called with a warrant, and taking Green in private, advised him to confess, as the only means to avoid a residence in the state prison for life. Green steadily denied the theft; and succeeded in convincing Mr. Reed, as well as his master that he was innocent, who directed him to resume his usual avocations. He refused, and was driven from the house.

After these exploits, Green took passage for Bath, where on his arrival he found his comrade A——, and they spent several days together, in dissipation and drunkenness, till an opportunity occurred to commit a new malefaction. Being in a tippling shop, drinking, a pedler came in with a box of jewelry, which he incautiously displayed. A—— proposed to Green to waylay, rob, and murder the pedler, which the latter at first hesitated to do, but was persuaded by A——, who said that "a dead cock never crowed."

About half a mile from the shop the road ran through a swamp by the side of a pond, and by this road the pedler was to pass. The two villians saw him depart late in the afternoon, and hurried to post themselves in his way, each armed with a heavy club. As soon as he appeared, they knocked him down and dragged him into the bushes, where they beat him to death. This crime, Green afterwards declared, weighed heavier on his conscience than any other of his misdeeds, inasmuch as the victim was a steady, sober, hard working man, who had never done him any injury. Having secured his pack and money, amounting to about nine hundred dollars, the miscreants tied some large stones to the corpse and sunk it in the pond. They remained in the woods till dark, when they

hid the trunk, and Green went to visit the girl he had formerly seduced, and presented her with clothes and jewelry, the property of the murdered pedler.



Green murdering the Pedler.

They remained some time in the neighborhood of Bath, drinking and gambling while their money lasted. During this time, they dug a cave in the side of a high hill, where they deposited whatever they could lay hands on. Hence, they made an excursion, and broke open a clothier's mill in Holderness, whence they took a quantity of cloth; at Sanbornton they broke into a shop, and took jewelry and goods to the value of six hundred dollars; and at Haverhill, in New Hampshire, they attempted a burglary on the Coos Bank, but were discovered, and obliged to flee. They then returned to their cave and deposited their stolen goods

The next place that was accursed with the presence of the comrades was Portsmouth, where they sold their plunder, and by associating with abandoned women, and other wicked courses, soon so far dissipated their means that they were obliged to sell their horses to pay their landlord's bill. Here A—— performed another exploit. As he was walking out with Green, he went into the bank to change a bill. While the teller was busied in making change, A—— snatched a bundle of notes, amounting to seven hundred dollars, and escaped undiscovered. A—— would have gone back for more, had not Green dissuaded him. They immediately went to find two gamblers, with whom they played thirty-six hours at a sitting, and lost four hundred dollars. Exasperated with their loss, they accused the black-legs of cheating them, which probably was true, and beat them severely.

Having information that a Mr. L——, of Sanbornton, had a bag of gold in his shop, Green repaired thither and fitted a key to the lock, and then watched the shop from a hiding place, till he saw Mr. L—— close his premises and lock the door. Green then entered in search of the gold, and struck a light. As fortune would have it, Mr. L—— returned, to get something he had forgotten, and raised the hue and cry. Green leaped out of a window, upon a pile of staves which lay beneath, and found himself in the presence of six or seven men, one of whom seized him. Nothing daunted, he took up one of the staves and broke the man's arm, and cleared himself of a second by a blow of his fist, after which he gained the place where he had left his horse, and escaped. Not satisfied with what he had done, in a few days he returned to Mr. L——'s shop, effected an entrance, and carried off goods to the value of two hundred dollars, which he was so hardy as to offer for sale in a shop between Dover and Portsmouth. A neighbor of Mr. L——, who was present, recognised the articles, and, with the assistance of an officer, took our hero into custody, and he was committed to jail in Dover for trial. He was confined in the same apartment with another felon.

Hearing of Green's mischance, A—— visited him,

bringing an augur and a circular saw, with which the prisoners began to work, one boring and the other sawing. However, before they had done much toward escaping they were discovered, and the jailer, who was a blacksmith, secured them more strongly than before, and put them in irons. Green's fellow prisoner could slip his wrists out of the handcuffs, and with a pen-knife managed to liberate himself and Green from all their irons which they threw into the privy. Being provided with clubs, when the jailer came to fetter them again, they threatened to kill the first who should enter, and the officer desisted. The next night A—— came again, and gave them a crowbar, with which they tore up half the planks of the floor. Under the planks they found a second floor of stone, of which they took up a cart load, when they were again discovered, but not till they had secreted their crowbar.

For this attempt their allowance of food was reduced, and they were removed to an upper room, with grated windows. They succeeded in weakening the gratings so that they might be removed with little effort, and were waiting for night to escape, when they were again discovered, and conveyed to the apartment they had first occupied. Moreover, their allowance was still further reduced. The next night, A—— was discovered at the window, in the act of furnishing them with tools, and was obliged to fight his way through those who would have apprehended him. Notwithstanding all this, they once more disencumbered themselves of their irons, and committed them to the privy.

The disappearance of the fetters astonished and irritated the jailer, and he forged a suit of irons with his own hands, which defied all their efforts. Finding the impossibility of escaping by force, they exhibited such a show of sorrow and repentance to the high sheriff, when he visited the prison, that he ordered their irons to be taken off, and a lighter suit were put on.

A new inmate was put into the apartment, and the three, having got rid of their irons, cut through an oak log in the privy, which was eighteen inches square. They

then threw their beds into the vaults, so that they could stand on them to work, and dug a hole through the wall into the jailer's cellar, and escaped through the door at midnight.

They went sixteen miles that night, and hid themselves in the woods near Gilmantown, all the next day. At night they broke into a shop, and stole four hundred dollars' worth of goods. Thus, they had no sooner escaped punishment than they incurred the risk of it again.

They were now advertised, and a reward of an hundred dollars was offered for the apprehension of each, so that travelling was very unsafe for them. One was taken, and the other two parted company. Green took the route to Canada. We now come to an adventure, which may serve to show that this man had courage which might have gained him laurels, had it been exerted in a good cause.

He had to travel over a marsh, on a narrow bridge of logs, which he found guarded, as he had expected. The watch, not knowing that the burglars had separated, had stationed two men at the hither end of the bridge, and four in the bushes, nigh at hand: Green passed these latter unmolested, and advanced to the bridge and saw the two sentinels. At the same time, looking behind him he saw the rest, and immediately took to flight, the whole six following hard after. Though laden with a heavy bundle of stolen goods, and an oaken club, he distanced them all but one, who at last seized him by the skirt of his coat, while the rest were yet thirty yards distant. Green struck him a blow with his cudgel, which brought him to the ground, and recommenced his flight. After running several miles before his pursuers, they lost sight of him. It is rather singular, that in this hard chase, during which he was several times on the point of being taken, he never relinquished his bundle, though by dropping it he might have effected his escape with great ease. He explained the circumstance himself, saying, that he kept his booty "out of spite."

The next day he came to some men making staves,

made him a prisoner. That night they put him into a bed between two of them, intending to carry him to prison the next day. Thinking themselves sure of him, his guardians slept in good earnest, and he again escaped, but with the loss of his bundle.

We cannot dwell at large on any more of his misdemeanors. They are enough to occupy a folio in their recital, and we shall therefore pass them over as briefly as possible.

Arriving at Burlington, Vermont, Green took passage in the steamboat for St. John's. While waiting for the boat, he amused himself with a burglary, in which he was detected, and was provided with lodgings at the public expense. He soon freed himself, and reached Stansted in Canada, without interruption. Here he broke into a shop and stole five hundred dollars, with which he equipped himself and went to St. John's, and thence to Montreal.

His first misdemeanor in this city was forcible entrance into a jeweller's shop, from which he took articles worth seven thousand dollars. He crossed the river in order to make his escape, but before he got far, was surprised by five Frenchmen. He fired a pistol at one and broke his arm, but his second pistol would not go off, and to punish his obstinacy the men beat him severely, after which they tied him hand and foot and carried him to Montreal, where they immediately received five hundred dollars for his apprehension. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

His spirits, which were much depressed, were revived by a visit from his comrade A——, who promised not to forsake him, and to provide him with tools, at the risk of his own life. In the case of these two men, the proverb of "honor among thieves" seems to have been exemplified, and the principle, if it may be called a principle, seems to have been the only obligation they acknowledged. A—— was as good as his word; and Green broke prison, and escaped in the direction of Albany, which he reached, without doing any thing worse than stealing a few *horses* and committing one burglary.

At Albany Green was joined by A——, and they went together to Middleton, Vermont, where they remained some months, in a comparative state of innocence,—their worst offences being drunkenness and gambling. At last, having committed a fraud in swapping a horse, they were compelled to decamp, and shaped their course for home, whither they did not hesitate to go, though they had perpetrated so many crimes in its vicinity. Here they renewed their acquaintance with their early preceptor, the counterfeiter. It might seem, that the great peril Green had lately been in would have been a warning, sufficient to make him abstain at least from capital crimes, but such was not the case. Scarcely had he slipped his neck out of the halter, when he prepared to risk the gibbet again.

The counterfeiter informed the two villains that a French traveller had put up at a neighboring tavern, and they resolved to rob him, near the bridge where Green had been waylaid by six men, as before related. There is a pond here, two miles long, and two high hills, forming altogether a very gloomy landscape. Here they waited, on the top of a hill, for the Frenchman, each armed with a brace of pistols and a knife. When he reached the spot, A—— seized his horse by the bridle, and Green, holding a pistol to his breast, compelled him to dismount. The unfortunate man was much frightened, and fell on his knees, earnestly beseeching them to spare his life. Ruffian as he was, Green would have suffered him to proceed on his journey, but for the expostulations of his comrade, who told him it was no time to hesitate, and bade him despatch the business. Green shot the man dead on the spot, and at the same time A—— shot the horse. The bodies of the brute and his rider they sunk in the pond, and returned to their hiding place with their booty, which amounted to seventeen hundred dollars in cash. They gave the counterfeiter two hundred dollars of this money, for his information.

They next went to Schenectady, where they were robbed, in turn, of all the money they had taken from the murdered Frenchman. Thus, the only result of this

crime, as far as relates to its perpetrators, was adding another shade of blackness to their own souls.

The next place where our adventurers displayed their abilities was the city of New York. After two unsuccessful attempts at burglary they entered a wholesale store; whence they took neither goods nor money; but finding some old checks and blanks in one of the account books, they filled up one of the blanks with the sum of three thousand nine hundred dollars, copying the signature from one of the checks that had been used. They then left the store without disturbing anything. The next day Green got the check cashed, and the companions returned to Albany, where they lived three months, at the rate of a thousand dollars per month. They then went home again, and behaved in such a manner as made the country too hot to hold them. We will now hasten still faster to the conclusion.

At Barre, A—— committed a rape, for which he was committed to jail at Montpelier; whence, by the assistance of Green, he escaped, but from that time Green never heard of him.

Green was next apprehended at Burlington, for a theft committed at Barre. For this offence he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to solitary confinement; but soon escaped, and repaired to Schenectady, stealing a horse by the way.

His next crime was selling a base metal watch for fifty dollars, representing it as gold. He then committed a burglary at Saco, by which he got nothing, and narrowly escaped detection. At Danvers, being at the time very drunk, he broke into a store, and took away thirty dollars, and goods of all descriptions, which he tied up in two shawls. These things he hid under a wharf. For this crime, he was taken, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to thirty days solitary confinement, and four years hard labor in the state prison. On his entrance, his head was shaved, hair, beard, and whiskers, as is the custom. He was then obliged to strip and wash, and to put on a coat of many colors, in place of the one he had thrown off. After this, he was conducted to a dark narrow cell, where

He found a small bed and two blankets. The next morning two negroes brought him bread and water, which was to serve him for breakfast and dinner, and at night they brought more. Thus passed thirty days, when he was taken to the prison yard, and employed in hammering stone.

Here he saw a great many prisoners, some of them with clogs chained to their legs, an appurtenance that he was soon like to have obtained himself, for disobeying the orders of one of the keepers.

He obtained it at last, by an attempt to escape, and wore it for nine months. Moreover, when taken before the warden, he ascertained that that officer was advised of every plot the prisoners had formed to escape; a knowledge he gained from false brethren, who betrayed their companions in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of punishment for themselves.

After having passed three years in prison, he plotted with some other prisoners to break forth; but in order to do this, it was necessary to get rid of the keeper of the arch, in which they were confined. For this purpose one of them attacked him, and bruised him so severely that he was obliged to go to the hospital, and they had leisure to operate. Their plan was, to master the officers, and set every prisoner at liberty. But, just as the conspiracy was about to take effect, the plot was made known to the keepers, by a negro named Billy Williams, and measures were taken to frustrate it.

The prisoners were naturally exasperated against this convict, and when he went to his supper, threw bread and dishes at him. They put poison into his dish, but he ate from another, and so, for a time, escaped his fate. The next morning a prisoner, (the notorious Trask,) asked Green if he would go into the shop where Williams was at work, and beat him, before the keeper could come to his assistance, to which Green assented. They did accordingly, beat the negro with a bar of iron, broke his limbs and ribs, and fractured his skull. This was the closing crime of Green's life. In a week after, Williams

died of his wound; and Green was taken to Boston jail, where, before trial, he made an ineffectual effort to escape.

On his trial, Green denied that Trask was the man who assisted to murder the negro; and affirmed that he did not intend to kill, but merely to beat his victim. We leave our readers to judge what credit should be attached to the asseverations of such a person. He was found guilty, and sentenced to die on a gallows, a fate he had a thousand times merited. Trask, who was arraigned at the same time, was acquitted on the score of insanity.

Green was executed on the twenty-fifth of April, eighteen hundred and twenty-two, at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six years. He behaved firmly, yet decently, at the place of execution, expressing penitence for his crimes. The records of America—we may say, indeed, of the world—do not furnish the name of an individual who crowded so many crimes into so short a life. Nor have we ever seen a more utter perversion of abilities, which, properly directed, might have served and adorned the name of humanity.

Green was about five feet eight inches high; withal, thick-set and muscular. His eyes and hair were dark, and his features were savage and scowling.

He was in appearance such a person as a traveller would not like to meet alone in a lonely place.

JOHN CALAS.

THE murder of Calas, committed at Toulouse, by the hand of justice, on the 9th of March, 1772, is one of the most singular events which can be offered to the attention of the present age, or of posterity. We soon forget the crowds that perish in battle, not only because their lot is the inevitable consequence of war, but because those who die by the fate of arms might have slain their enemies, and have not perished without defending themselves. Where the danger and the advantage are equal, our *astonishment* ceases, and even our pity is weakened; but

If the father of an innocent family is delivered into the hands of error, of passion, or of fanaticism; if the accused has no defence but his virtue; if his judges have nothing to apprehend from his death but the imputation of error; if they can murder him by their sentence with impunity, when the public voice is raised; every one fears for himself; we see that no man can hold his life in any security before a tribunal erected with a view to guard the lives of citizens; and we all unite in demanding vengeance.

In this strange affair, religion, suicide, and parricide have been blended. The questions were, whether a father and mother had strangled their own son to obtain the favor of God? Whether a brother had strangled his brother, or a friend his friend; and whether the judges had the guilt of having broken on the wheel an innocent father, or of having saved a guilty mother, brother and friend?

John Calas, at the age of sixty-eight, had been in the business of a merchant at Toulouse for forty years, and was considered by all those who had lived with him as a good father. He and his wife were Protestants, and so were all his children except one, who had abjured heresy, and to whom he allowed a small annuity. He was so far removed from that absurd fanaticism which breaks all social bonds, that he approved the conversion of his son Louis Calas, and had kept in the house for thirty years a female servant who was a zealous Catholic, and who had brought up all his children.

One of the sons of John Calas, called Mark Anthony, was a man of letters. He was deemed a person of a restless, melancholy, and violent disposition. This young man, not being able to manage or to succeed in mercantile business, for which he was not qualified, and not being admitted as advocate or counsel, because a certificate of his being a Catholic was necessary, resolved to put an end to his life, and communicated his design to one of his friends. He strengthened his resolution by reading every thing that had been written on suicide.

In short, having lost his money one day at play, he was determined by that circumstance to execute his design.

A friend of his, as well as of the family, called Lavoisier arrived from Bordeaux in the evening. He was a youth of the age of nineteen, remarkable for the candor and sweetness of his manners, and the son of a celebrated advocate at Toulouse. He supped, by a kind of accident at the house of Calas. The father, the mother, Mark Anthony, the eldest, and Peter, the second son, were of the company. After supper, they withdrew into a little hall, and Mark Anthony disappeared. When the young Lavoisier had taken his leave, and Peter Calas was accompanying him down stairs, they found Mark Anthony stripped to his shirt, and hanging at the door of the warehouse. His clothes were folded and laid on the counter; his shirt was but a little discomposed; his hair was carefully combed, and his body had neither wounds nor bruises.*

We shall not here repeat the details of what passed on this occasion, given by the advocates; we shall not attempt to describe the grief and despair of the father and mother, whose cries were heard through the neighborhood. Lavoisier and Peter Calas, in a state little short of distraction, ran to bring surgeons and officers of justice.

While they were acquitting themselves of this duty, while the father and mother were sobbing and shedding tears from the bitterest grief, the people of Toulouse crowded round the house. They are superstitious and passionate; each of them would regard as a monster a brother who was not of the same religion with him. It was at Toulouse that solemn thanks were offered up to God for the death of Henry III., and that an engagement was entered into upon oath, to cut the throat of the first person who should speak of acknowledging the title of the great and good Henry IV. That city continues a yearly solemnity, in which, by a procession, and by *fêtes de joie*, they celebrate the day in which, two centuries ago, they massacred four thousand citizens for the mis-

* After the body was carried to the town-house, it had only a scratch on the tip of the nose, and a spot on the breast, occasioned by the inadvertence of those who carried it.

fortune of heresy. Six edicts of council have been issued in vain to forbid these odious festivals. The inhabitants of Toulouse continue to rejoice in them, as those of a better disposition would in the *Games of Flora*.

Some fanatic among the populace exclaimed, that John Calas had hanged his own son. That exclamation being repeated, was unanimously assented to in a moment. It was added by some persons, that the deceased young man was to have made his abjuration the following day, but that his family, assisted by the young Lavaisse, had put him to death out of hatred to the Catholic religion. This was admitted beyond doubt. The whole city was persuaded, that it is a principle of religion among the Protestants, that a father and mother should assassinate their son, when he entertained any thoughts of being converted.

When the minds of men are once set in motion, it is not easy to stop them. It was supposed, that the Protestants of Languedoc had assembled the preceding evening, that they had chosen by a plurality of voices an executioner of their sect; that the choice had fallen on young Lavaisse; that the young man, in four-and-twenty hours, had received the news of his election, and had travelled from Bordeaux to aid John Calas, his wife, and his son Peter, to murder a friend, a son, and a brother.

Sieur David, sheriff of Toulouse, roused by these rumors, and wishing to have the merit of a prompt execution, instituted a process contrary to the rules and laws observed on such occasions. The family of Calas, Lavaisse, and the Catholic servant, were put in irons.

A monitory letter enjoining those who knew any thing of this affair to reveal it, and which was no less iniquitous than the process, was published. They went further,—Mark Anthony Calas died a Calvinist, and if he had put an end to his own life, his body should have been dragged through the streets; but he was buried with the greatest pomp in the church of St. Etienne, though the curate protested against it as the greatest profanation.

There are in Languedoc four fraternities of penitents, the white, the blue, the gray, and the black. These brothers wear a large cowl and a mask of cloth, with two

holes to see through. They had hopes to engage Duke Fitz James, the commandant of the province, to become one of their body, but he refused them. The order of white brothers celebrated a solemn service at the interment of Mark Anthony Calas, as if he had died a martyr. No festival sacred to a real martyr was ever observed with more solemnity; but the pomp of it was terrible; they placed on a magnificent scaffold a skeleton, which they could cause to move, that represented Mark Anthony Calas holding a palm in one hand, and in the other a pen, with which he was to have signed his abjuration of heresy, but which, in effect, wrote the death-warrant of his unhappy father.

There was but one step further to be taken with the poor youth who had put an end to his life, and that was canonization. The people considered him as a saint; some invoked, some prayed at his shrine, others requested miracles, and others related those which he had performed. A monk drew out some of his teeth, in order to be in possession of durable relics. A devotee, who had been deaf, said he had heard the sound of the bells; and a priest, who had received a stroke of an apoplexy, was cured on taking only an emetic. They prepared narratives of these miracles. The author of this account has an attested case of a young man who lost the use of his understanding by remaining whole nights in prayer on the tomb of this new saint, and not obtaining any of the miracles which he implored.

Some of the magistrates were of the fraternity of white penitents. This circumstance insured the death of John Calas.

The minds of men were particularly inclined to his punishment by the approach of that singular festival, in which the inhabitants of Toulouse recognised the massacre of four thousand Huguenots; the year 1762 was their secular year. They prepared throughout the city the apparatus of this solemnity. This fired the imaginations of the people, which were already warmed. They publicly said, that the scaffold on which Calas was to be *broken on the wheel*, would be the greatest ornament of

a festival, and that Providence had prepared this victim a sacrifice to our holy religion. Many persons have heard and attested this kind of discourse. It seems hardly credible at this time, when philosophy has made great a progress, and when a hundred academies are vying to meliorate our manners. Fanaticism, irritated by the success of reason, struggles under it with uncommon rage.

Thirteen judges assembled every day to try that cause. There was no proof of guilt; indeed, there could be none against the family of Calas; but false religion furnished that would serve as such. Six judges insisted long and violently, that John Calas, his son Peter, and young Calvasse, should be broken on the wheel, and that the wife of Calas should be burnt. The other seven, something more moderate, wished to have the affair examined into. This occasioned long and repeated debates. One of the judges, convinced of the innocence of the accused, and even of the impossibility of their having committed the crime, spoke warmly in their favor; he opposed the zeal of humanity to that of cruelty. He became the public advocate of the family of Calas, throughout Toulouse, where the constant clamor of false religion required the blood of those unfortunate persons. Another of the judges, remarkable for his violence, was provoked by their being defended, and used more zeal and industry in inflaming the city against them. In short, this contest grew so warm, that both the judges were obliged to decline their attendance on business, and to retire into the country.

But, unfortunately, the judge most favorable to Calas had the delicacy to persist in his absence; and the other returned to give his voice against persons whom it had not been decent for him to sit in judgment upon. His voice was fatal to the pretended criminal, who was condemned by eight against five; one out of the six judges favorable at the commencement, after long persuasion, being brought over to the more severe and cruel party.

It might be expected, when parricide was the crime

under consideration, or when the father of a family was to be delivered up to a horrible punishment, that the judgment against him should have been unanimous, because the proofs of so extraordinary a crime should be evident to all the world. The least doubt in such a case should make a judge tremble, who was preparing to pronounce a sentence of death. The weakness of our reason, and insufficiency of our laws, are daily perceived. But in what instance can we point out and lament the wretched tenure of human happiness, if not where the preponderance of a single voice condemns a citizen to be broken alive on the wheel? At Athens, a sentence of death could not be pronounced, but by the judgment of a majority of fifty voices. This only proves what we have long known without effect, that the Greeks were wiser and more humane than we are.

It must appear impossible, that John Calas, a man sixty-eight years old, whose legs had long been swollen and feeble, should alone have strangled or hung up a son who was but eight-and-twenty, and who was a youth of uncommon strength. He must have been assisted in the execution of such a design by his wife, by his son Peter, by Lavoisier, and by the servant. They had been together the whole of the evening in which the fatal event took place. But this supposition was as absurd as the former; for how could it be supposed that a servant, who was a zealous Catholic, would suffer Huguenots to assassinate a young man brought up by her, as a punishment for being attached to the religion of that very servant? How could it be supposed, that Lavoisier should come with the utmost expedition from Bordeaux to murder his friend, of whose conversion he was ignorant? Who will imagine, that a tender and affectionate mother should lay violent hands on her own son? And how, even supposing them all agreed, could they put to death by hanging a young man, whose strength was equal to that of all of them, without long and violent struggles; without cries or groans, which would have brought the neighborhood together, and without leaving marks of violence on the *bodies or even the clothes of the combatants?*

It must have been evident, if the crime was committed, that all the persons accused were equally culpable, for it appeared they had been together the whole evening. It was evident, the father alone could not have committed it, and yet the decree of the judges condemned the father alone to perish on the wheel.

The motive of this proceeding was as inconceivable as that the crime should have been committed. The judges who were resolved on the punishment of John Calas, endeavored to persuade the others, that the feeble old man would not be able to sustain the torments inflicted on him; and that under the hands of the executioner he would confess his crime, and that of his accomplices. They were confounded when the old man, dying on the wheel, appealed to God as the witness of his innocence, and prayed that he would pardon his judges.

They were obliged to issue a second decree, which contradicted the first, and by which the mother, her son Peter, young Lavaisse and the servant, were to be enlarged. But being told that the one discredited the other, that they condemned themselves, that all the accused had been together during the whole time in which the murder was supposed to have been committed, they discharged the surviving prisoners, and thereby plainly proved the innocence of the father who had been executed. To preserve some appearance of consistency, they banished Peter Calas. This seems to have been as absurd as the rest of their conduct; for Peter Calas was either guilty or innocent of the death of his brother; if he was guilty, he should have been broken on the wheel as well as his father; if he was innocent, it was wrong to banish him. But the judges, alarmed by the unjust punishment of the old man, and affected by the tender piety with which he died, imagined they might save their honor, by inducing the world to believe they showed mercy to the son; as if this pretended mercy could appear otherwise than an act of prevarication; and they believed that the banishment of this young man, who was poor and friendless, would be a matter of no consequence, and could be but a small

act of injustice, in comparison with that which they had the misfortune of committing.

They began by menacing Peter Calas in his dungeon, by treating him as his father had been treated, in order to induce him to change his religion. This is what the young man has attested upon oath. His words were, "A Dominican came into my dungeon, and said I should undergo the same kind of death with my father, if I did not abjure my religion. This I attest before God. July 23, 1762."

As Peter Calas was leaving Toulouse, he met a zealous abbe, who obliged him to return into the city. He was shut up in a convent of Dominicans, and forced to go through the several ceremonies and duties enjoined by the Catholic religion. This seemed to be an equivalent to the blood of the father, and religion appeared satisfied, when it thought itself amply revenged.

The daughters were taken away from the mother and placed in a convent. This unhappy woman, who had lately pressed in her arms the breathless corpse of her eldest son, while, as it were, sprinkled with the blood of her murdered husband, saw her other son banished, was deprived of her daughters, stripped of her goods, and left alone in the world, without bread, without hope, and sinking under the weight of her miseries. Some persons who had attentively examined the circumstances of this horrible affair, were so struck with their iniquity, that they advised the widow Calas to quit the place, and to demand justice at the very foot of the throne. At the time she was so reduced as to have but few and short intervals from fainting; besides, being a native of England, and brought over to that part of France very young, the very thought of Paris alarmed her. She imagined, that the cruelty and barbarity which influenced the magistrates of Toulouse, must be more dreadful in those who governed the capital. At last, however, the duty of doing justice to the memory of her husband prevailed over her weakness. She arrived at Paris almost expiring under her wretchedness, and was astonished at the reception *she had, and the tenderness with which she was countenanced*

and supported. At Paris reason prevails over fanaticism, though it be extremely powerful; in the province, fanaticism has always prevailed over reason.

Mr. de Beaumont, a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris, immediately undertook her cause, and stated an opinion on it, which was signed by fifteen advocates. Mr. Loiseau, a man no less eloquent than Mr. de Beaumont, wrote a memorial in favor of the family; and Mr. Mariette, advocate of the council, drew up a petition on the principles of law and justice, which struck the minds of all men with conviction.

Those generous defenders of innocence and of the laws, gave up to the widow all the profits arising from the several editions of their memorials, petitions, &c. Paris, and even Europe was moved with compassion, and joined this unfortunate woman in demanding justice. Judgment was given by the public in her favor long before the decree was signed by the council.

Compassion forced its way even to the minister, in spite of the continual torrent of affairs which often exclude it, and against the habit of seeing the unhappy, which has a still greater effect in hardening the heart. The daughters were restored to the mother, and they were seen dressed in crape, and bathed in tears, to draw tears from their judges.

This family had still some enemies; for religion was involved in their case. Several persons who are called in France devotees, said publicly, it was much better that an old Calvinist, admitting that he was innocent, should be broken on the wheel, than that eight counsellors of Languedoc should submit to the indignity of confessing they had been mistaken. It was the cause of the whole magistracy, which consisted of much greater numbers, and persons of greater importance than the family of Calas, which ought to be sacrificed to the honor of magistracy. They did not consider that the honor of a judge, like that of any other man, consisted in repairing the effects of his faults. The people of France do not believe that the pope, assisted by his cardinals, is infallible; it *might be imagined*, that eight judges of Toulouse could

never have been thought so. All disinterested and sensible men said, that the edict at Toulouse would be reprobated throughout Europe, though particular considerations might prevent its being repealed in the council.

On the 7th of March, 1763, the council of state being assembled at Versailles, the ministers assisting, and the chancellor presiding at it, M. De Crosne, master of requests, reported the affair of Calas, with the impartiality of a judge, the precision of a man perfectly informed, and with the simple and real eloquence of a senatorial orator, which alone is suitable to such an assembly. In the gallery a prodigious crowd of persons of all ranks waited with impatience the decisions of the council. In a short time, a message was sent to the king, that it was the unanimous opinion of the council, the parliament of Toulouse should send up the minutes of their proceedings, and the motives of their judgment, which had caused John Calas to be broken alive on the wheel. His majesty approved of the decree of the council.

From the 7th of March to the time in which the definitive judgment was pronounced, two years elapsed; so easy is it for fanaticism to take away the life of an innocent person, and so difficult for reason to obtain justice to his memory. Those long delays it was necessary to bear, because they were occasioned by forms. The less those forms had been observed in the condemnation of Calas, they were to be the more rigorously attended to by the council of state. It took up more than a year to compel the parliament of Toulouse to send the minutes of their proceedings, in order to be examined, and to be reported by the council. M. de Crosne was entrusted with that laborious undertaking. An assembly of near eighty judges reversed the decree of the parliament of Toulouse, and ordered a revival of the whole process.

The king committed the final decision to a tribunal, called *Les Requetes de l'Hotel*. This chamber was composed of masters of requests, who sat on processes between the officers of the court, and on causes which the king referred to their determination. A tribunal could not

have been fixed upon, better instructed in this affair. It consisted of the same magistrates, who had twice given judgment on the preliminary steps to the revision, and who were perfectly acquainted with the merits and forms of this business.

The widow of John Calas, her son, and young Lavoisier, surrendered themselves, and were put in prison; the old Catholic woman, who had been the servant of the family, and who would not quit it at a time when it was supposed she had murdered a child and a brother; this poor creature was brought to Paris from the centre of Languedoc. The court deliberated on the same evidence which had served to condemn John Calas to the wheel, and his son Peter to exile.

It was then a new memorial appeared, drawn up by the eloquent M. de Beaumont, and another by the young Lavoisier, so unjustly included in the criminal procedure by the judges of Toulouse, and whom, to complete their absurdity, they had not acquitted. That young man himself drew up a state of his case, which was deemed worthy to appear with that of M. de Beaumont. He had a double advantage in speaking for himself, and in behalf of a family in whose sufferings he had shared. He might have been set at liberty, if he had only said he would desert the family of Calas, when the father and mother were accused of having assassinated their son. He was menaced with punishment; the rack and death had been held before him; a word would have set him at large; he chose to expose himself to punishment, rather than pronounce that word, which would have been a falsehood. His detail of facts was given with a candor so noble, so simple, and so free from ostentation, that it affected those whom it could not convince, and conferred on him a reputation which he did not seek. His father, an advocate of character, had no share in this work; and he saw himself suddenly rivalled by his son, who had never practised at the bar.

In the mean time, persons of the first consideration resorted in crowds to visit the widow Calas in prison,

where her daughters were shut up with her. They were affected even to tears. Humanity and generosity were lavish of their assistance. What is called charity afforded them none. Charity, which is so often niggardly and insulting, is the virtue of devotees, and the devotees were inimical to the family of Calas.

The day at last arrived, when innocence obtained a full triumph. M. de Baquancourt having reported the procedure, and having stated the minutest circumstances of the affair, all the judges unanimously declared the family innocent; cruelly and wrongfully condemned by the parliament of Toulouse. They did justice to the memory of the father. They permitted the family immediately to commence actions against their judges, in order to be reimbursed their expenses, and obtain damages for their injuries, which the magistrates of Toulouse ought to have offered themselves.

This occasioned an universal joy in Paris people crowded the public squares and walks; they ran to behold a family which had been so cruelly injured, and so ably justified; they cheered the judges as they passed, and loaded them with benedictions. And to render the spectacle still more affecting, it was the 9th of March, the same day of the month on which John Calas perished by the most cruel punishment.

The judges of the court of requests had done complete justice to the family of Calas; and in that they had only done their duty. There is a further duty, that of beneficence, rarely practised by tribunals, who seem to think themselves instituted merely to be equitable. The masters of the court of requests resolved to draw up a petition to his majesty, in the name of their whole body, praying that he would repair, by his bounty, the ruin of the family. The letter, or petition, was written. The king answered it, by ordering thirty-six thousand livres to be paid to the widow, who was to give three thousand to that virtuous woman her servant, who had persisted in defending the truth, by defending her master and his family.

MADAM TIQUET.

THIS lady was the daughter of Monsieur Carlier, a bookseller at Metz, who was so fortunate in trade, that he left behind him a million of French livres, or 50,000*l*. She lost her father when she was but fifteen years old, having none to share with her this great fortune, except a younger brother. Her person was in every respect lovely; she had a fine face, attractive eyes, a majestic look, fine air, tall in stature, and exactly shaped. Her natural qualifications were shining, and they had received all the embellishments which could be derived from education. Thus accomplished, her only fault seemed to be a haughtiness in behavior, and an arrogance in words, which did not become her birth.

Among her numerous admirers was M. Tiquet, counsellor of parliament. He might in all probability have sighed with a train of hopeless lovers, if he had not made use of art in love, as well as in law; he practised on an aunt, who had a great ascendancy over his fair mistress; and by a present of 4000 livres, so effectually persuaded her of his passion, that she was continually speaking to her niece in his praise. Having observed in the young lady herself an extravagant fondness for magnificence and expense, he one day took an opportunity of presenting her with a fine nosegay of flowers, intermixed with diamonds, to the value of 15,000 livres. These dazzled her eyes, and wounded her heart; that is to say, they induced her to prefer M. Tiquet to the rest of her lovers, because she looked on him to be the most rich and generous of them all.

The aunt improved the kind sentiments she entertained for this gentleman; while he, on the other hand, never examined the temper or qualities of his mistress, but believing all things about her were as fair as her person, resolved at all events to marry her, if he could gain her consent. Assiduities like his are seldom continued long, without producing their effect; the lady was not more

inexorable than the rest of her sex ; her aunt's lectures, and M. Tiquet's presents, at length subdued her heart, or, to speak more properly, procured her hand, which, with great seeming tenderness, she gave to M. Tiquet.

The first months of their marriage were full of smiles, and overflowed with joys ; the lady was delighted with her new husband ; M. Tiquet spoke in raptures of his wife, and to crown all, she brought him at one birth a son and a daughter, to be the pledges of their love.

But this marriage, concluded without consideration, little answered the expectations of either of the parties. Madam Tiquet thought of nothing but her husband's riches, and how she might waste them in subserviency to her pleasures. The counsellor was so taken up with the beauty and fortune of his wife, that he made no question of her virtue, which, to his cost, he found afterwards was a point he ought to have considered. The lover thought his mistress rich ; thus far he was right. His mistress thought the same of him ; in this she was wrong. Here lay the source of their misfortunes.

The happy days over, the excessive expenses of Madam Tiquet obliged her husband to endeavor to set some bounds to them, though against his will. The Sieur Mongeorge, captain in the guards, a person who had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, so dazzled the eyes of Madam, that her husband appeared odious ; and she and this officer quickly indulged themselves in the criminal passion they had for each other. The jealousy of her husband, excited by these proceedings, increased in Madam Tiquet the aversion she had conceived for her spouse. A husband who crosses a wife's inclination, and a lover who endeavors only to gratify, must each of them make a great progress in the heart of a woman ; the first in improving her aversion, the other in increasing her affection, and each contributes to the other's purpose, without intending any thing more than to go on in his own road. In the midst of all these disorders, Madam knew how to preserve appearances, and to behave herself in such a manner, that she was well received in the best *companies*, where she expressed herself in conversation in

so lively, and at the same time in so elevated a manner, that no one had the least idea of her foibles.

M. Tiquet was over head and ears in debt, and his debts were increased by the expenses he had incurred by his marriage. He was now exposed to the pursuit of his creditors, who, as is usual in such cases, were for being paid all at once. This circumstance, added to his constantly watching his wife's steps, in order to interrupt her pleasures, raised her hatred to such a pitch, that it turned at last to fury, and she resolved to have him assassinated. She had some knowledge of a vile character, one Augustus Cattelain, who used to attend strangers while they stopped at Paris. To this man she gave a considerable sum of money, and promised him more, in case he would take upon him to be the minister of her vengeance. She gained her husband's porter by the same means. They took their measures wrong, and missed striking the blow aimed at M. Tiquet, as he came home one evening, notwithstanding they had drawn in several persons to way-lay him.

Madam Tiquet still persisted; she gave the porter and Cattelain a further sum of money, to bury in oblivion the past; giving them to understand in the mean time, that it might cost them their lives if they spoke of it. M. Tiquet, who suspected that his porter favored his wife's commerce with the *Sieur de Mongeorge*, discharged him, and took care of the key himself. He kept his door always shut till night, and no one could get in without speaking to him. When he went out in the evening, he carried it in his pocket, and when he went to bed, he put it under his pillow. Monsieur and Madam Tiquet had by this time separate beds and separate apartments, so that they never saw each other but at table.

For three years together they lived in this manner, preserving constantly a sullen silence; their behavior, however, being of such a nature, that these mute senses sometimes conveyed as strong ideas as if there had been a great deal of noise between them. In this space she gave directions to a *valet-de-chambre* of her husband's, to carry him a porringer of broth, which was poisoned.

The fellow suspecting something, made a false step, and threw it down; he afterwards desired leave to quit his service, and as soon as he left the house, he made no secret of the iniquitous affair he had discovered. This irritated the lady so much, that she determined with herself to find out a short remedy, by recurring to her first project. She opened her scheme on this head to her porter, and directed him to find persons who would execute it.

It happened that M. Tiquet went to pay a visit to a neighbor of his, one Madam de Villemur, and staid there pretty late. His servants sitting up for him, heard several pistol-shots in the street before the door; upon which, running out in a hurry, they found their master assassinated, and waltering in his blood. When they came to his assistance he desired that they would carry him back to Madam de Villemur's, which was done; his domestics then went to acquaint their lady. She, pretending great surprise, went immediately to the house where he was, to inquire how he did, but that was all she could do; for he having earnestly desired that she might not enter the room where he was, she was constrained to go back without seeing him, at which she affected some concern. He had received three wounds, but none of them were mortal.

The commissary of that quarter of the town came to see and to examine M. Tiquet, as soon as his wounds were dressed. The first question he asked him was, 'What enemies have you?' The poor gentleman answered, 'I know of none except my wife.' This answer confirmed the suspicions of the world, which, as soon as the affair was known, fell immediately upon her. She did not, however, betray the least signs of guilt; but manifested a constancy scarce to be accounted for. She went next day to the Countess D'Aunoy, where, though all the company observed her, she not only appeared serene, but exercised her wit as much as usual. The countess, wishing to put her to the test, asked her at last if M. Tiquet had not some suspicion of the person who caused him to be assassinated? Madam Tiquet answered, "Alas! he is so unjust as to lay it upon me!" The

Countess Aunoy replied, that the best thing which could be done would be to secure the porter whom he had lately turned away. The conversation lasted on this subject for half an hour, and though all eyes were upon this unhappy woman, she neither by looks nor by words betrayed any confusion, but rather seemed inspired by that resolution which is the effect of innocence. She went home, and appeared there as composed as ever, notwithstanding that she was every day advised to retire, and seek out some place of safety.

These hints were repeated to her, from time to time, to the eighth day, when a Theatine came hastily into her chamber, and addressed her thus:—"Madam, there is no time to be lost; in a few moments you will be apprehended: I have brought you one of the habits of my order; slip it on; get down stairs; there is a sedan waits, which will carry you to a place where there is a post-chaise, in which you may go immediately to Calais, and from thence to England, till we see what turn things will take."

Such measures," replied Madam Tiquet, "are proper for me guilty; innocence is every where secure. These reports are spread by my husband, to prejudice me in the eyes of the world, and to intimidate me so far as to leave my country, that he may get my fortune into his hands; but his skill shall fail him; I am not frightened; I will fall into the hands of the law, for I doubt not but the law will do me justice." She then thanked the Theatine for his civility and kindness, and waited with much seeming tranquillity the issue of the business. She flattered herself she had taken such precautions, that no proof could possibly appear of her having procured the assassination of her husband; and, full of these hopes, she supported her spirits, and acted the heroine to the highest degree of perfection.

The next day Madam de Senonville came to see her, and when she would have gone away, Madam Tiquet detained her; "for," said she, "I shall presently be arrested by the officers of justice, and I would not have them find me alone." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the *Sieur Deffita*, lieutenant-criminel, enter-

ed the room. Madam Tiquet arose, and paid him her compliments with great gravity. "You needed not, sir," said she, "have brought this mighty escort! I never had any intention to fly, and if you had come alone, I should have gone with you wherever you were pleased to carry me." She then desired him to put his seal upon her effects, that her fortune might suffer as little as possible. She next took pains to quiet her son, a boy of eight or nine years old, of whom she was very fond. She gave him money to divert himself with, and to silence his fears put on a pleasantness in her looks which surprised all that were near her.

After taking her leave of Madam de Senonville, she went down stairs with the lieutenant-criminel, and leaped with much alacrity into the coach. As they passed through the street, she saw a lady of her acquaintance, whom she saluted with her usual politeness and affability. She looked sometimes on the guards who accompanied her, but without emotion, and seemed as easy as if she had been going to pay a visit. On coming, however, to the Chatelet, she changed color; but she presently recovered it, and appeared as serene as ever. Augustus Cattelain put himself into the hands of justice, making an open confession, that, three years before, Madam Tiquet had engaged him in a conspiracy to murder her husband, in which also her porter was concerned. It was upon this that she was apprehended; for as to the last assassination, there was no proof against her. Her crime, therefore, was not the actual causing her husband to be assassinated, but for having been concerned in a conspiracy for that purpose, which had not, however, taken effect. For this offence she incurred a capital punishment, and the judges of the Chatelet, on the 3d of June, 1699, passed sentence upon her and upon the porter, by which she was adjudged to have her head cut off, and he to be hanged. This was afterwards confirmed by an arret of parliament. Augustus Cattelain, notwithstanding his being an evidence, was condemned to the galleys for life, a just sentence on so notorious a villain, who questionless made *this discovery*, not from any principle of justice, but with

hopes of saving himself from that violent death which his crimes had long before deserved.

M. Tiquet, being cured of his wounds, went to Versailles, accompanied by his two children, and threw himself at the feet of the king. "Sire," said he, "I implore your mercy for Madam Tiquet; be not more severe than God himself, who doubtless has pardoned her on her repentance. Has your justice been more offended than I? Yet I freely forgive her; and my children lift for their mother their pure and innocent hands to your majesty. The crime she intended has been expiated by the terrors and afflictions she has felt in the deplorable condition she is now in, ready to fall a sacrifice to justice. As her crime, then, is done away, do not, Sire, inflict death for repentance." The king, however, was inexorable; nevertheless, he granted to M. Tiquet all the effects of his wife, which would otherwise have fallen to the crown, that his own and his children's circumstances might be made more easy. The brother of this unhappy woman, who was a captain in the guards, as well as the Sieur Mongeorge, used all their interest to save her. At last his majesty yielded; but the Archbishop of Paris, the famous Cardinal de Noailles, interposed, and told him, that if such a crime escaped with impunity, it would become frequent; that the security of married men's lives depended on the death of Madam Tiquet; since the grand penitentiary's ears were already stunned with the confessions of women, who charged themselves with having attempted their husbands' lives. This remonstrance determined the king, who declared that Madam Tiquet should be made an example.

When she was brought before the lieutenant-criminel, he ordered her sentence to be read, looking all the while steadfastly upon her, that he might perceive what effects it produced. Madam Tiquet heard it without the least emotion or change of color. The lieutenant-criminel exhorted her to confess her crime, and name her accomplices, that she might escape the torture. She refused at first; but, after they had given her the first pot of water, she

reflected that her constancy would be of no use, and therefore she acknowledged all. They asked her if the *Sieur de Mongeorge* had any knowledge of this affair; upon which she cried out, "Alas! if I had communicated the least tittle of it to him, I should have lost his esteem beyond retrieving." The parson of *St. Sulpice* was then admitted to her. She heard with great docility all his instructions. She over and over entreated him to beg pardon of her husband, and assure him, that in death she had for him all that tenderness which had made the first year of their marriage so delightful. There was, perhaps, never seen in *Paris* so great a crowd, as in the streets through which *Madam Tiquet* passed to *Le Greve*. She went in a coach, and the curate of *St. Sulpice* with her; the porter was there before her, and had with him a confessor. At the sight of this amazing multitude, her spirits began to sink; the clergyman who was with her endeavored to console her. Revived and encouraged by his words, she lifted up her hood, and looked upon the spectators with an air at once modest and resolved. She then had an affecting conversation with her porter, who humbly besought her pardon for any share he might have in her death. She told him that he had no reason to ask her pardon, since it was she only that was culpable towards him.

When *Madam Tiquet* was brought to the place where she was to suffer, there fell so great a rain that they were obliged to defer the execution till it was over. She had, during this space, all the apparatus of her punishment in view, and at the same time a mourning coach with six horses, covered with black cloth, which was to carry away her body. When she saw the porter executed, she lamented his destiny so much that she seemed to forget her own. When she was directed to mount the scaffold, she gave her hand to the executioner, that he might help her. When she was on the scaffold, she kissed all the instruments of death, and did every thing with an air as if she had studied her part. She accommodated her hair and her head-dress in a moment, and was instantly on her knees in a posture ready to suffer; but the executioner

was so agitated, that he could hardly perform his office; he missed his blow thrice, and when her head fell from her body, all the spectators set up a loud cry. Though Madam Tiquet was forty-two years old when she suffered, her beauty was not in the least decayed; and, as she died in full health and vigor, her face retained an agreeable air even after her head was struck off.

The Sieur de Mongeorge was at this time at Versailles, where he amused himself by taking long walks in the park. In the evening of that day, when he appeared at court, the king told him, that he was extremely pleased Madam Tiquet had, in her last moments, justified him to the public. As for himself, his majesty said, he had never entertained the least suspicion of him. The Sieur de Mongeorge bowed, thanked the king, and entreated the royal permission to travel for eight months out of the kingdom, that he might be released from those disagreeable objects which every day struck his sight, and renewed his sorrows. The king yielded to his entreaties. Now she was no more, all the world deplored the hapless fate of so accomplished a lady as Madam Tiquet.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE

AND

CONFESSION OF CAROLINO ESTRADAS DE MINA,
*Who was executed at Doylston, June 21, 1832, for Poison-
ing William Chapman.*

CAROLINO ESTRADAS was born in the Island of Cuba, city of Trinidad, on the 20th of December, 1809; his father was Don Franciscode Erastadus, formerly a citizen of Spain, but now residing in the Island of Cuba. In the year 1807, he was nominated General commandant of the four quarters of the Island of Cuba, by the king of Spain.

When Carolino reached his seventh year, he was sent to school, and in the acquisition of the rudiments of education he evinced great industry and diligence. He showed no inclination towards evil, nor did he give his parents any cause of complaint; but on the contrary he was his father's favorite. At the age of fourteen he applied himself with great diligence to the study of chemistry during the term of two years, but at the end of that period he told his father that he had come to the resolution of no longer continuing his chemical studies, as it was a branch towards which he felt no natural inclination. Carolino's father endeavored to shake his resolution, advised him not to abandon his studies, and produced letters from the professor of the University, testifying his satisfaction at his progress, &c., and at last Carolino yielded to his solicitation, but said it was his wish to continue them at Paris. To this he acceded, and shortly after Carolino set sail for Europe. On arriving at Paris he recommenced his studies,

of which act he soon repented. After remaining some time in Paris he returned to Cuba; but previous to starting on that voyage he travelled over the whole of France, visited many provinces, and amused himself greatly for the space of eleven months. He explained to his father that he had returned without acquiring any information, because he had quickly repented of his design to continue his studies. He expressed a desire to follow the life of a soldier. His father procured him the station of a cadet in a battalion, and he began his career in the service of his king. Soon after he succeeded in obtaining, through the influence of his father, from the captain general of Cuba, the post of ensign, and he continued in the service, until his misbehavior (the account of which would be dry and uninteresting to the reader) induced his father to send him to this country. He was supplied with 5,000 dollars in doubloons, a coffer of jewels, fine pearls, diamonds, emeralds, &c., which in all amounted to fifteen thousand dollars; a gold watch which was musical, with two gold chains; and his father told him the watch was inestimable, not for its value, but because it had been his companion from his youth, and that he gave it to him as a keepsake, on condition that he would not part with it for any money. His mother also gave him many valuable jewels, some gold, some silver in bullion, and two thousand dollars in doubloons.

At the dawn of day the brig *Shar William* set sail for Boston with Carolino and his treasures on board, at which place she arrived in twenty-seven days. On arriving the captain accompanied him to a boarding house, where he put up for a few days. On the day after his arrival he took an interpreter into his employ. This man explained the Spanish and English language with great perfection.

Carolino saw there a young lady divinely beautiful and elegant, and he asked his interpreter in what manner he could probably secure her friendship. The interpreter told Carolino, that if they were to pass that night at the village, he would manage to introduce Carolino to the

young lady, and Carolino consented, and accordingly passed the night there. The interpreter went to the house of the young lady, and told that a young Spanish gentleman desired to visit her, and had sent him to ask her permission for him to do so. The young lady consulted with her mother, and the mother and the daughter answered to the interpreter, that he should inform Carolino, that they would receive his visit with great pleasure. The interpreter having informed Carolino of this answer, they went to visit the young lady, who received him with much pleasure, and the interpreter began to speak for Carolino, when the young lady asked if Carolino could not converse in the French language. Carolino said that he spoke it a little, but understood it perfectly and read it fluently; she then answered, that she and her mother both spoke the French language, and wrote and read it fluently.

Carolino then began to explain himself as well as he could in the French tongue, and the young lady, although he could not explain his meaning very well in that tongue, understood him perfectly, and he understood very well whatever she said. Carolino made her a thousand compliments, but she would not receive them, but gave many excuses to him, to which he paid no attention. The interpreter having retired and left him in company with the young lady, he continued his promises to her, but they all seemed to surprise her; she rejected him, by saying she did not think he loved her, and she would not receive the proposals which he was making to her. At this time her mother came into the room, and saluted him with great courtesy, and he, seeing that he was not in favor with the young lady, spoke to the mother and promised her that he would give her daughter many jewels and much money, and make her a present of money and jewels. The lady was surprised and did not answer him by a single word, but he desiring to come off victorious, again told her not to be astonished nor uneasy, that all this could pass in secret and no person be informed of it, *that he had honor and would sooner die than reveal the secret; that on this point she might consult with her*

daughter, and examine deliberately whether he suited her; that he would return for an answer the next evening; that he was a stranger and intended shortly to sail for France, and that all would remain secret without being divulged. The mother of the young lady told him, that she thought he was a man of honor, and requested him to return for an answer the next evening. Carolino withdrew under the engagement to visit them, and taking his interpreter into his coach, he returned to Boston. The next day, he took a great many jewels and thirty doubloons and put them into a small chest, and he took twelve doubloons and put them into a roll of paper, and sent them to the young lady's house, to deliver to her the chest of jewels as a present from him, and the roll of doubloons to her mother. The interpreter went and acted as he had been ordered, and on his return he informed Carolino, that the presents had quite conquered them; that the young lady sent word that she would see him that evening with great pleasure; and that her mother manifested the same wish. He was much rejoiced at the information brought back by the interpreter, and at six o'clock in the evening, he took a coach and went to visit the young lady, who received him with visible joy. Suffice it to say, that he did not leave the house until he had effected the ruin of this damsel.

The keeper of the boarding house at which Carolino resided, informed him that the Portuguese, whom he employed as interpreter, was a dishonest man and would avail himself of the first opportunity to become possessed of some of his inestimable jewels. Carolino, however, did not pay sufficient attention to this advice, for the sequel proved that it was too true, for he discovered one evening, that this man, with two accomplices, was to enter his chamber during the early part of that very evening, and lie concealed beneath the bed until the dead of night; that then they were to assassinate him and throw his body into the sink behind the house. On entering his chamber he unsheathed his two-edged Toledo sword, and at one blow not only cut down all the damask bed curtains, but even cut the bedpost into two pieces. This operation

showed him the murderers under his bed, and, having ordered them to leave the room, they rushed upon him with their daggers drawn, but he, being an experienced swordsman, immediately struck their weapons from their hands, and opening the door told them that they might go in safety—that his revenge was pardon. It is almost useless to say that his politeness was well received, and that the men availed themselves of it without delay.

The reader, perhaps, now wearied with this tale of continued wars, will not be displeased at the turning into a smoother road, and dwelling for an instant upon an event of far more romantic and interesting nature. In one of his evening rambles, Carolino became acquainted with an unfortunate woman, who, having eloped from her parents at Albany, had been deserted by her lover, and had for her subsistence been reduced to that shameful situation into which the perfidy of men so often casts credulous women. On conversing with her, he perceived that the growth of the innate seeds of honor and virtue, although checked for a time, would recommence as soon as it was exposed to the genial rays of the sun of paternal indulgence. He having ascertained that she belonged to one of the most respectable families in Albany, offered his services to conduct her to her father's house and intercede for her pardon. Three days after this interview, Carolino started for New York and thence for Albany, accompanied by this woman, and having arrived there and called upon her father, he succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. The lost child was again received beneath her father's roof, but such were the remorse, the penitence and shame, consequent upon her recollection of the life she had led at Boston, that she refused to partake of any food. Carolino was the only individual who had any influence over her in this particular, and he at last prevailed upon her to take a small quantity of food; but her stomach had, by continued abstinence, become so debilitated that it could retain no substance, however light, until Carolino strengthened it by the outward application of toast soaked in wine. *This organ* having been restored to its proper tone and vigor, by Carolino's treatment, he left the city of Albany

for New York, amidst the thanks and expressions of infinite gratitude of the whole family. He had scarcely been in the latter city three days, when he received a letter from the father of this young lady, telling him that since the moment of his departure she had relapsed into her former resolution, to partake of no food—that she had always since she learned his departure been suffering under a very high fever, and was at times delirious—that she was always calling upon him, and finally that the physicians having, on consultation, come to the opinion that she would live but a very few days, he entreated Carolino to come to Albany, that his poor daughter might see him once more before death closed her eyes. It is needless to say that the first steamboat which started for Albany, bore Carolino in the number of its passengers. Having entered the apartment of the dying lady, as soon as her eyes met him, she leaped from the bed upon the floor, and falling at his feet showered forth her expressions of gratitude. At length, her strength failing, she fell into a deep swoon. While she was in this situation Carolino left the house and started for the village of Catskill, and from that place wrote to the young lady's father, that the compunctions of his conscience had driven him away—that he could not look upon her miserable frame without being stung by remorse at the reflection that he had in part contributed to her ruin—that at the bar of his conscience his subsequent conduct towards her could not excuse his first acquaintance with her. He shortly learned, through the medium of the public prints, that the soul of Miss —— had winged its trembling flight to the throne of her Creator.—Peace be to her soul!

At Catskill there resided a Spanish family, with whom Carolino became acquainted shortly after his arrival at that village. All its members appeared to take great pleasure in his company, and he was much pleased with them, but particularly so with the second daughter. She was a perfect beauty—and he having obtained the consent of the father to marry her if he could gain her heart, made her splendid and costly presents, and at last prevailed upon her to name the happy day, which would see

them united. This day being near at hand, the union was, at Carolino's suggestion, on account of a feigned illness on his part, postponed for a week; then a second postponement for a week took place—then the match was delayed from day to day. But amidst all these repeated procrastinations the seducer effected his object, and the flower that would have bloomed in the genial rays of the morning sun of love, was withered and scorched by its excessive mid-day brightness. She fell—and then Carolino spoke to her father and said, that he repented having engaged to marry—that he was too young, and he added a valuable present to those he had already made, which silenced the father's objections and obtained his acquiescence to the measure. As to the lady herself, she reproached her seducer with vehemence—heaped all opprobrious epithets upon his head—but being tongue-tied by guilt, dared not reveal the secret to any one. But Carolino, not caring for her execrations, started at once for New York. On his arrival he took up his residence in a private family. In a few days Carolino, whilst walking in the street, met a bosom friend who had just arrived from Trinidad de Cuba. They embraced each other with great warmth, to the great surprise and astonishment of all the bystanders. This gentleman (Don Felipe Carmona) had been sent over by Carolino's father with a letter and some valuable presents, with several trunks of wearing apparel, &c. The letter announced his father's promotion to the office of commander in chief of the department of Puerto Principe and Bayamo; warned him against being imprudent, as he was no longer in a Spanish land, where his father's titles could save him from the most richly merited punishment—and concluding by forbidding his marriage in the United States without his previously obtaining the consent of his parents.

Carolino and Felipe were inseparable companions, although of widely different characters and dispositions. The latter was very modest, backward and prudent, while Carolino was gay and inclined to pleasures. The consequence of Felipe's disposition was, that the old lady in whose house they boarded, called him aside one day

and told him that she begged him to intercede with Carolino and endeavor to make him take his meals more regularly at home—that she was well aware that he spent immense sums of money without deriving any benefit therefrom; that she did not dare to advise him personally, but would consider it a favor if he would advise his friend upon that head. Felipe answered that he did not think it worth while giving such advice, for Carolino would not profit by it, but that it would more probably have a better effect if given by a lady whom he respected so much as herself; and she, thinking this was the better plan, resolved to adopt it, and accordingly told Carolino to not fail to return to dinner, because she had provided an unusually splendid one, and wished to communicate something to him immediately after that meal. Carolino promised he would be present, but having gone out he did not return for three days; he then excused himself, saying he had been detained by some of his friends, and promised he would for the future be punctual and regular, and would not absent himself any more as he had done. In this promise he was sincere, because he had caught a glimpse of the old lady's daughter who had just returned from boarding-school, and had instantly formed the design of adding her name to the list of those who had fallen by his artifices. But his friend had immediately perceived the object he had in view, and Felipe, when he saw that Carolino's addresses to the daughter were reaching the point at which they might prove fatal, prevailed upon him, by much entreaty and solicitation, to accompany him to Philadelphia, whither he was called by business of importance. They took leave of the family with regret, and amid invitations on the one side, and promises on the other, to return shortly to New York.

On their way to Philadelphia, in passing through Trenton, they met a friend of Felipe, and at his invitation passed a week at his house. At the end of this time they took passage in a steamboat for Philadelphia, which majestically ploughed its way through the tranquil and smooth waters of the Delaware. On reaching a point of land called "Dunk's Ferry," the vast machine which

impelled the stately bark ceased its revolutions, to receive upon ship-board a lady who was conveyed to its side in a small boat. As soon as she was on board and the little boat had turned its bows towards the ferry, the engine of our vessel again commenced its operation of propelling it towards Philadelphia. At this time Carolino and his friend were pacing the upper deck; the former was habited in pantaloons and vest of black silk, and a cloth sur-tout coat of the same color, richly embroidered with silk cord and braid. Felipe's coat was of blue, trimmed in a style of similar richness and beauty, so that to a stranger's eye they would be taken for brothers.

The lady who had been taken up at Dunk's Ferry advanced towards Carolino and his friend, and asked the former if he and his brother were not natives of France. He replied that they were not Frenchmen, but Spaniards, both of the island of Cuba, but not brothers. After a short conversation in the French language, Felipe told her, that it would perhaps be more convenient to her to speak in the English language, and accordingly, having provided her with a seat, Felipe and the lady conversed in that tongue, Carolino sitting near them, but not understanding what they said. She asked him questions respecting Carolino, and among others, what was his profession. In answer to this, he stated that he had no profession, that he was immensely rich, and lived upon his income. She replied, that she had thought so from the very valuable jewels and finger rings he wore. He said that those which she then saw were far inferior to others of which he had a chest full. She then asked if Carolino had letters of introduction to any persons in Philadelphia. He said that he had, but did not think he would deliver them, because he had burned those which he had received addressed to persons of distinction in New York, because he did not like to be well received on account of the merits of others, but on account of his own. She then asked to be allowed the liberty of looking at the directions of the letters, to see if she knew the persons to whom they were addressed. Felipe having asked Carolino for the letters, he took them out of his pocket-book and gave

them to him, and she, having looked at the superscriptions, said that the gentlemen to whom they were directed were of the most respectable circle in Philadelphia, that she knew them very well, and would, when in the city, show them where they lived. Carolino, having heard this offer, told her, through the medium of his friend, that he did not intend presenting them, and had accepted them merely with a view of not displeasing the persons who had given them to him. She then asked if they had chosen any particular house at which to reside while they were in the city, and on receiving an answer in the negative, said that one of her friends kept a boarding-house, that she usually put up there, and would be very happy to see them lodge at the same house; that every department was managed with the greatest care, and that on the whole they could not fail to be pleased with their quarters. Felipe said that he was much obliged to her, but her intention was to start for Baltimore the next morning, and having asked Carolino whether he accepted the invitation, he said that he thought it probable that he might succeed in overcoming her scruples of delicacy, and had almost resolved to accept her offer. Felipe said that he thought that money would have that effect, because she had repeatedly dropped expression of her admiration of his person, which showed her inclination. On asking her name, she said it was Miss Wilson, that she was not married, and this at once determined Carolino to accept the invitation. When the boat touched the wharf, they took a coach and the three went to the house of the lady, and that very evening Miss Wilson was sacrificed at the shrine of pleasure. The next morning Felipe started for Baltimore. Carolino gave Miss Wilson twelve doubloons and some jewels, as a token of his gratitude; and at night he purchased her some silk frocks and a riding dress of the finest cloth, chosen by herself. During the evening, she came into his room with the hostess, who prevailed upon him to show them all his jewels, and before they left the room, he had given them a pair of pearl earrings and gold bracelets fronted with a cross,

made with four emeralds. And here began the ruin of the unfortunate stranger ; from the moment that he showed his wealth to the accursed women the foundation of his ruin was laid ; from that instant they thought only of the manner in which they could rob Carolino. Miss Wilson endeavored to make him gamble, but her efforts in this quarter were fruitless. She next engaged a servant, who came into his apartment without any ceremony, bringing with her a gold watch and musical snuffbox of extraordinary small size, and masterly workmanship. By signs she conveyed her wish, that he should purchase these for ten dollars. In order to get clear of her, he gave her that amount, and she deposited it on the table, together with the articles, and left the room. Carolino wished to see her, in order to complain to her of the rudeness of her servant ; but he waited a long while in vain, for no Miss Wilson came. At last a corpulent man came into his room, and took him by the arm with great rudeness, and dragged him forward with force and violence. Carolino resisted, but the intruder's strength being greater, he was forced out of the house, bruised and much hurt by the treatment he had undergone. He could not ask why this force was used and why his body was thus torn and dragged. He was taken to an office, and there some other men began to speak to him ; but he did not understand a word of what was said to him, since they spoke in the English language. From that office, the same man led him to the prison and thrust him into it ; he was torn by a thousand sensations of burning shame, and wept bitterly at being thus insultingly degraded, as he could find no reason for this treatment.

Carolino was shortly afterwards summoned before a tribunal and accused of being a robber, of having stolen a watch and musical snuffbox of great value. When he heard this false accusation, he was amazed and thunder-struck, and at once perceived the villany of Miss Wilson's servant, and remembered there was no witness to her actions while in his room, and answered not a word. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Thus Miss Wilson and her friend effected their object of robbing the

unfortunate Carolino, and throwing him into misery. When he was thus disposed of, they began to account to the neighborhood, as well as they were able, for the infamous transaction in which they had been engaged. They spread innumerable false tales and diabolical lies; among others, they told the jailer, that he should watch him with severity, because he was greatly disposed to evil; but the jailer found no such inclination in the prisoner, who, on the contrary, submitted with resignation to the will of Providence.

Carolino remained wrapped in the deepest melancholy, when he saw himself surrounded by the gloomy walls of a prison, and treated like an Algerine captive—far, far away from his father! and this, too, for so shameful a cause! Such reflections as these naturally overcame him with sadness, and he was without a companion to whom he could pour forth his tale of sorrow. A gentle task was assigned him, which he always fulfilled to the satisfaction of the jailers; and during the period of fourteen months which he passed in prison, he was never reprimanded once by the superintendent; for he was not inclined to vice, and would never associate with his fellow prisoners in infringing the rules of the gaol, but on the contrary was the patient laughing-stock of them all, because he could not speak English.

After a confinement of fourteen months, at the request of Carolino, an application was made to the Governor for his pardon, and it having been obtained, he was immediately put at liberty. This occurred on the 19th of May, 1831. After searching a long time he found the house where he had resided before his imprisonment. The person who came to the door informed him that Elizabeth Rinald, the lady who had kept the house at the time he was there, had left the city. Carolino then asked if Miss Wilson lived there; the woman said she knew that no person of that name had resided there since two years; and on Carolino's giving a description of her person, she said he had mistaken the name, that it was not Miss Wilson, but Mrs. Lucretia Chapman; that she resided at a place called Andalusia, about thirteen miles from Phila-

delphia, on the New York turnpike. Carolino thus found himself without money, and not knowing what had become of his trunks. Carolino determined to proceed to Andalusia on foot, and he left the city at four o'clock in the afternoon, and walked until about six in the evening. He was so weak that during the journey he fainted three times. At about half a mile from Andalusia he stopped at a tavern and begged the innkeeper to let him rest in his house, as he was exhausted; but the latter having asked if he had any money, and received an answer in the negative, drove him out of the house. Carolino's application at a little further on was not more successful, and he raised his eyes to heaven to seek for that mercy which existed not among men, and resolved to continue his journey. This want of hospitality was the more sensibly felt from a recollection of the very different custom in his own country. It was now past six o'clock, the sun had sunk behind the western hills; night was rapidly covering the earth with her sable mantle, and the stars were beginning to twinkle in the firmament, when the wearied traveller arrived in front of a large mansion with a sign in front of it. He endeavored to read the sign, but could only decipher the word "Chapman." He knocked at the door, and a little boy came out, and Carolino, having asked to see the master of the house, was told to enter the house and he would see him. On entering, Carolino saw him—but what more struck him was the very woman of whom he was in search, seated at the head of the table. When Miss Wilson, alias Mrs. Chapman, saw that she was recognised, she became very uneasy, but Carolino did not show any surprise, but turned to Mr. Chapman and begged hospitality for the night. This was refused by him, but Mrs. Chapman then said that there was a room in the house which was unoccupied, and that he might have it. Thinking that the gentleman was her father, he thought it prudent to not speak of what had occurred; and after supper, when Mrs. Chapman had ordered all the family to bed and no one remained but herself and Carolino, he then asked what had become of his two *trunks*. To this she answered that she did not know;

for the very day that he had been carried away from the boarding house, she had left the city in great grief, knowing that he had been unjustly punished, and had never returned to it.—But Carolino asked where her friend lived, intending to call on her for his jewels, &c. and determined that if necessary he would have recourse to the law. She declined giving this information, because she feared that if rumor was raised about the trunks she would tell that gentleman who was her husband, that Carolino had had communication with her; that this report would spread, and she would lose her character, and that once gone it could never be regained. She also told him that he might reside there—that he would always be well provided for; but he replied that, although he would not be the first who had assumed the garb of a gardener or servant, to preserve the reputation of a woman, still he could not consent to do it. Mrs. Chapman then explained that he was not to be a menial; and Carolino, after reflecting, said, that in order to save her reputation and not be thought a villain by her, he would remain and say nothing of the trunks. (He also came to the conclusion, from the reflection, that if he were to leave the house he would not find more hospitality in future than he had found in the course of that day.) Mrs. Chapman then said that it was necessary to fabricate some tale to relate to her husband, and that she would make her husband believe it. Accordingly she got pen and ink and was about beginning the tale, when her husband came down, and asked her why she had not provided him with a bed, for he must be fatigued. She called him aside, told him something in his ear, and having brought in a bottle of cider and some biscuits, Mr. Chapman offered me some and then retired. Then Carolino asked her what she had told him, and she said that she had made him believe that Carolino was very rich, and that she was examining him to see if the story was true; that Mr. Chapman had told her it was right, and had sent her to get the biscuits and cider. After conversing much about Carolino's relations, Mrs. Chapman said to him, "I have now a good outline of a

tale; you must not tell any one that you are from Cuba, but, on the contrary, must say that you are Mexican; change your name into that of Espos y Mina;—say that you are son to the Governor of California; that you suffered some misfortune in France; I will induce him to believe it all and to entreat you to remain here; whatever I tell him to night I will write down for you, that you may learn it by heart. Carolino said that it was his intention to go to Bonaparte's the next day, as he had understood a friend of his father resided there, who would furnish him with all the money he wanted, and then he would not have to accept that which she offered. Mrs. Chapman said that she would accompany him, and that during the journey they would have leisure to prepare themselves for what they were to say. He retired to the room assigned to him, and she to her husband's apartment, and there related a well told narrative, which was immediately believed. The next morning, as Carolino was asleep at the usual breakfast hour, the service of that meal was delayed until Carolino came down. After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Chapman retired with Carolino into an adjoining apartment, and the former began to question him in English, which he could not understand; and Mrs. Chapman saying, that she could act as interpreter, did so, and gave the answers which she pleased to her husband's questions; and it was finally agreed that she should accompany Carolino to Bonaparte's. The coach was prepared and driven by a little boy. On arriving at the count's, they learned that the person of whom they were in search was not there, and they started immediately on the return to Mrs. Chapman's. Mr. Chapman, on hearing the details of the visit related by his wife, with all the embellishments which she thought proper to add, came to the conclusion that Carolino should write to his father, and that until an answer was received he would find a home at their house.

During all this time Carolino thought the word "husband" meant "*padre*," (father,) but now, having some doubt on this subject, he looked for it in the dictionary, and saw it meant "*marido*," (husband.) He then asked

Mrs. Chapman which of the two words, padre or esposo, designated the relationship between herself and that gentleman; she replied that the former.

Mr. Chapman told his wife to propose to teach him English, which offer Carolino rejected, because his intention was not to remain in the country. She then went to Mr. Chapman and said that Carolino's answer had been very favorable; that he had promised to stay three years, and at the end of that time to give her six thousand dollars. Mr. Chapman immediately believed this and wrote a letter to Carolino's father, informing him of his son's arrival and resolution to remain at their house; and she also wrote a letter to the same effect, in order to make her husband see that she also desired the stranger to remain with them. Carolino also wrote a letter of the same nature, to be sent with the others to Mexico; and he told Mrs. Chapman to accompany Carolino to the city the next day, to put all these letters in the postoffice. Carolino also wrote a *real letter* to an uncle in Mexico, telling him that when certain *false* letters, which he designated, should arrive, he should burn them; and he related the occasion of these letters being written. The next day, Carolino, Mrs. Chapman, and her son went to the city together. Mrs. Chapman insisted on taking the letters to the Mexican consul's, because this, she said, would be favorable to their design, as her son would tell his father of it, and his confidence would be more blind and implicit. Carolino said he would do this, averse as he was to villany and deceit, because it was necessary in order to shield her reputation; that he would be under the necessity of exercising his ingenuity in order to gull the consul.

Having exchanged his clothes for a suit of inferior quality, he went with Mrs. Chapman and her son to the consul's. This gentleman, having listened attentively to the relation of Carolino's misfortunes, said that he would forward the letters and receive the answers to them for him. Carolino then had occasion to write another *false* letter, and the consul gave him paper, &c. Mrs. Chapman then said that she would return in an hour, as she had some business to attend to, and left the office.

Carolino had thought it would be in character to write a letter in the worst style, as it was more probable that an untutored illiterate man would be robbed of his wealth. This letter having been written, the consul could scarcely read it, as the spelling was not correct, and different words were run into each other, and he took Carolino to be what he passed himself for. Carolino writes a beautiful hand whenever he wishes to, but this is only in writing to his family; as to the language itself, he is well acquainted with many dialects of the Spanish, and can pass himself with that passport alone, as belonging to any circle of society. The consul invited Carolino to dine with him, but Carolino refused to go; but on a repetition of the request, urged with politeness, he accepted the invitation, and having entered the dining room was introduced to the family. At table he behaved in an uncouth manner, and thus completely deceived the consul and his family.

When the dinner was concluded, Carolino, Mrs. Chapman and her son, again set out on their way to Andalusia. The child, as had been expected, related every thing he had seen to his father, whose belief was in all points confirmed. Mrs. Chapman said that the consul's sisters had told her, that Carolino was the son of a very wealthy man, who owned two gold and three silver mines in Mexico. Mr. Chapman had no sooner heard this, than he gave orders that every thing which Carolino wanted should be given him instantly. This was the result of his avarice, which he wished to varnish over with acts of generosity.

The Creator, who, in his infinite wisdom, foresaw that gold would be the cause of many evils to man, concealed that metal deep in the bowels of the earth, and having covered it with ground and rocks, he strewed upon the surface flowers and fruit, and all that was necessary to the comfort of the human family. But the insatiable avarice of man impelled him to tear open the earth, and snatch the hidden treasure from its deepest and most hidden caverns.

It was the avarice of William Chapman that occasioned *his ruin*, as it is more than probable that it was the cove-

tousness of his wife that drove her to murder him. Mrs. Chapman well knew that Carolino had no mines in Mexico, because this fact had originated with herself, and had not been told her by the consul's sister, but she knew equally well that his parents were of princely opulence, and that by her arts she would inveigle him to marry her, and would thus enjoy his wealth.

All the reports of the mines, &c. originated with her, for Carolino could not speak the English language, and he denies that a single person residing in the neighborhood of Mrs. Chapman, can be found to assert that he spoke of them; on the contrary, they all depose that Mrs. Chapman told them; it was under her dictation that he learned the tale of his misfortunes; and at this stage of the case, we see who was the prime mover of all the horrid circumstances which followed.

When Mr. Chapman told his wife to see Carolino properly dressed, she said that she had a nephew in the city, who was a tailor, and would make him all the clothes he would order. Mrs. Chapman accompanied him to the tailor's, who made him a complete suit of clothes, and they returned to Andalusia on the same day. Mrs. Chapman a few days after told her husband that Carolino had received news of the death of his sister, and wanted a mourning suit. But he had not received any such news; but she, as was customary, would compose the falsehoods without consulting him.

This mode of deceiving by telling her husband one thing and Carolino another, she continued for a considerable time without being discovered, as these two could not understand each other.

After a residence of two months at Andalusia, Carolino received a letter from a friend who resided in Cuba, (Juan Vituvila Homero) reproaching him for not having written a single answer to any one of the thirty-four letters he had written, saying that his family had thought he was dead, and had been much rejoiced to learn from a person recently arrived there, that he was in good health; asking him for a number of articles, and particularly for one

pound of arsenic, for the purpose of stuffing animals, and saying that the king had pardoned all those concerned in the rebellion of the four quarters of the island. This letter he exhibited to Mrs. Chapman, in order to get the money requisite to purchase the articles his friend needed, and having obtained it, he went to Philadelphia; he there succeeded in procuring what he sought. As to the arsenic, the first store at which he enquired was in Third street; he wished to buy a pound, but the apothecary said he had not that quantity in his store, but that he could furnish one half of a pound. Carolino purchased it, and went to another store in Sixth street, to complete the quantity ordered, but the owner of that store said that he could only let him have a few (six) ounces. Having taken this, it was mixed with the half pound and left at the residence of Don Marino Castanida, and Carolino returned to Andalusia. Two days after this, Mr. William Chapman fell sick and kept his bed, and when he had been ill about two days, he called Carolino and requested him to intercede with Mr. Cuesta, for the loan of one thousand dollars, that he was much in want of that sum. Carolino said that he could not answer them, but would require some time to reflect upon it. Having retired from the room and told Mrs. Chapman that he was displeased at this, because he was not accustomed to borrow money, she said that this request had proceeded from melancholy, and that in order to satisfy him, it would be well in him to go to the city and bring with him on his return a forged letter, purporting to come from Mr. Cuesta; this letter she said she would herself present. Carolino went to the city, and a letter of the requisite contents was written for him in English, by the brother of a young gentleman in the store, at which he purchased the arsenic. Leaving that store, he called upon his countryman Mariano Castaneda, and having understood that he was shortly to sail for Havana, in the brig Philadelphia, he sent the arsenic by him to his friend at Trinidad. Carolino arrived at Andalusia at eight o'clock in the evening, and gave Mrs. C. the forged letter and some lemons: she immediately took it into Mr. C.'s room and read it to him, and it

gave him great consolation. His health was gradually getting worse, and in three days he breathed his last. A few days after this lamentable incident, Mrs. C. took Carolino into an apartment, and having closed the door, she begged him to reflect that she was an unfortunate widow surrounded with children, while he was the son of wealthy parents, and that when his father's decease would take place, he would be heir to a plantation of immense value, that she knew his father to have a princely wealth, and that when he became possessed of it he might protect her and hers, and finally begged him to marry her. Carolino replied, that he would not marry a *lady* without his parents' consent, much less her, a woman who received gold as the price of adultery; moreover, could he marry a female whose virtue he so well knew how to prize? Mrs. C. was in no wise offended at this language, but endeavored to appease him. During three days she continually beat upon the same track; at one time using flattery, at another tears, &c. This continued supplication of a woman of her age, and with five children, made Carolino believe that she was crazy, and in order to punish her for her folly he resolved to marry her and then act as freely as it pleased him in her presence, and when her punishment would be sufficient, to abandon her and return to Cuba. The next time that she broached the subject, he said that he would marry her if he had any money: on hearing this, she gave one hundred dollars in cash with a service of plate, three gold and four silver watches, with many other jewels, telling him that he might convert them into ready money. The next day he went to the city, sold some of these and deposited the remainder into the hands of a friend; he returned to Andalusia, intending to go to New York on the succeeding morning. When Mrs. C. heard that he was about to go to New York, she requested to accompany him, saying also that the marriage might take place in that city. She, having obtained his promise that as soon as they were married he would start for Cuba, with all the family, offered to give him the title deed of Andalusia estate, that he might sell it, but this he refused to accept, advising

her to leave it in the hands of one of her relatives. She approved of the suggestion, and consented to start for the western part of New York, to see her sister, as soon as the marriage rites were performed. The next morning saw them on their way to New York; the day after they were married and separated, the one going to the west and the other towards Andalusia. As soon as he reached *his home*, he became very attentive to Miss Mary Chapman, and each day was but one scene of enjoyment. His pleasure in this quarter made him forget his crazy wife, who at length returned with her sister. She was particularly careful to communicate the fact of her marriage to no one but her sister, and had enjoined secrecy upon the bishop who had united them.

Carolino told Mrs. C. that he was about to go to Baltimore, to see a friend who would furnish him with money, and that he would sell the old coach and one of the horses; Mrs. C. having no objections, he sold these articles and went to Philadelphia. In walking through one of the fashionable streets, he met Don Rafael de Lara, an intimate acquaintance, who having offered to furnish any sum which Carolino needed, the latter borrowed eight hundred dollars, and gave him a draft at sight on his father for the amount and its interest. He passed a week at Baltimore, and about the same length of time at Washington. Having lost a considerable sum of money one evening at the latter city, he returned to Baltimore. He there became acquainted with a young widow, and became extremely attentive to her, so that eventually, having promised to marry her, he put her off her guard, and in an unlucky hour he robbed her of the "inmost jewel of her soul." At this period he received a letter from Mary Chapman, telling him that her mother had suspected her of what had taken place during her absence, and because she would not confess it, had punished her in the most barbarous manner. Mrs. C. was also continually pestering him with letters, to which he paid no attention, but that from Mary was the occasion of his resolving to return at once to Andalusia. He accordingly took leave of *his young widow*, with promises and oaths, that he

l return at the furthest in five days, and would then
her. As he was about departing she wished him
cept of a roll of notes to the amount of one thousand
undred dollars, but he refused to accept it, and
d for Philadelphia. While on board the steamboat,
g occasion to open his trunk, he found that "the
nore lady" had put many valuable presents into it,
ier with a roll of notes of the same amount spoken of.
ien he entered the parlor at Andalusia, he found
C. and her sister sitting near each other; but she



ained in her place when she saw him, and he, per-
ing this, assumed an imperious look, which frightened

As soon as he had partaken breakfast, he began
seek for Mary, and found her in a chamber, bathed in

tears. She showed him her body, lacerated and torn over its whole surface, by the blows of her mother. He then groaned like a Numidian lion with rage, at not finding on whom he might avenge the blood which had been shed, for the individual who had been base enough to shed it was a woman, and against a woman he could never war. Amidst his burst of fury and at the sight of the wounds, and of grief at the reflection that the love Mary bore towards him was the occasion of it all, Mrs. C. entered and found them both bathed in tears. She expressed great regret for her cruelty, and begged him to forgive her. As she wept bitterly and showed symptoms of sincere repentance, he pardoned her.

A few days after this, Mrs. C. said that during his absence she had gone to Philadelphia, and having called on the tailor, had been informed by him that the Mexican consul said that he was an impostor. He then thanked her for informing him of the reputation that he had acquired on her account; to which she immediately rejoined that she did not believe the accusation.

Mrs. C. had occasion to go to the city, and Carolino remained at home. As he had never examined into the contents of the bureaux, &c. he took the keys, and going into the large apartment in the second story of the house, he opened a clothes-press and perceived in the drawer a gold clasp, which on examination proved to be that which belonged to his sword belt, which was in his trunk at the time he was carried to prison. Mrs. C. had told him she knew nothing of his trunks, but then how came she to possess this buckle? On opening another drawer, he found his cockade and black ostrich feathers belonging to his uniform hat, his commission of ensign, with an English translation, and many other articles, which, taken into consideration with the manner in which he had been taken to prison, left not a doubt upon his mind that Mrs. C. and her friend had been the cause of all his misfortunes; that they had procured his imprisonment so as to rob him of his jewels. Seven reasons he assigned to himself, for coming to this conclusion. 1. The fact that *after her servant had left the articles in his room, he did*

not see Mrs. C. as usual. 2. Her having said her name was Miss Wilson. 3. Her having said she was not a married woman. 4. Her endeavoring to make him believe that her husband was her father. 5. Her having said she knew nothing of his trunk or its contents. 6. The zeal with which she requested him not to use any measures to recover his trunk from her friend, and the numerous artifices and lies to which she had recourse in consequence of that step. 7. Her having in her possession all the articles which he found in her bureau.

He returned the articles to their original situation, and resolved to conceal from Mrs. C. what he had discovered, until a more suitable opportunity should present itself. She returned from the city, and he received her as if nothing were amiss; but his bosom was the seat of continued doubt and distraction, and in a few days traces of the exhaustion of his mind were visible upon his countenance. She observed it, and one day called him into a room and closed the door, and begged him to communicate the occasion of his grief. But he would give no answer. She then endeavored to discover it by putting questions. Was he in want of any thing? Was he beginning to repent having married a woman so much older than himself? Was he afraid of indulging his amorous inclinations towards a female friend of Mrs. C. who had come there to pass a few days? If so, she gave her consent, with a promise that no jealousy should arise from it. She proceeded a long while in this strain, and even offered to sacrifice her daughter Mary, in order to discover the cause of his grief. She again resumed the tact of cajoling him with tender epithets of endearment, but could not effect the object she had in view. At last, Carolino said to her, "I know that which I will not tell, and feel that which I cannot explain!" He then left the room, called Mary Chapman, and told her all that he had discovered. When she heard it, she said she had seen his two trunks, but did not know where they came from or where her mother had acquired the gold jewels she brought to the house. When Carolino was carried to the prison, he had left on his table the gold watch and double chain given him by

his father as a token of affection, which he had promised never to part with. Carolino particularly desired to know what had become of this watch, and such was his wish to have it again in his possession, that he determined he would purchase it back even if he paid twice its intrinsic value; for it would be a source of great grief to return to his father without the keepsake given him at the moment of separation.

Carolino having given a description of the watch, Mary said that she had seen it in her mother's possession—that the latter had sold it to her neice, who resided at Brewster, in Massachusetts. He determined to go thither, and told Mary of his resolution, at the same time telling her to prepare herself to start with him for France immediately on his return. Carolino did not intend to inform Mrs. C. of his discovery of her villany, as it was now too late to remedy his loss, and she might take some secret vengeance upon him, if he should proclaim her guilt to the world. He told her however of his intention of going to Brewster, and assigned as his reason the arrival at that place of a cousin. She gave him letters of introduction to her two sisters and General ****, who resided there. When he was about taking leave of her he began to put into his trunk some of the jewels which he had; Mrs. C. seeing this, was instantly struck with apprehension lest his design should be to abandon her forever, and reproached him with cruelty, and with rudeness in taking *her* jewels. He replied that he took nothing but what belonged to him—that he well knew how she became possessed of them. She demanded an explanation, and Carolino requested her to walk with him into the room on the second floor, and then asked her for the keys of the bureau. These she refused to give, and Carolino, having sent for an axe, was about to break it open, when Mary entered and delivered the keys. He then proceeded to draw forth, one by one, the articles which had been stolen from him; and when he thus developed the proofs of her guilt she sank into a chair and the blood ebbed and flowed alternately in her *face*. When he commenced a strain of reproach she threw *herself* at his feet, and with the most violent expressions

of repentance and grief, acknowledged herself the prime mover of all his misfortunes. Carolino, moved at the sight, for he could not see a woman weep without himself shedding tears, extended his hand to raise her; and at this instant Mary rushed into the room, saying she had heard her mother's confession. Leaving her alternately reproaching Mrs. C. for her cruelty, and extolling Carolino for his clemency, we draw the curtain over the scene and lose sight of this interesting group of characters.

Carolino, having convinced himself beyond doubt of her guilt, was sitting in his chamber, and was suddenly struck with the thought that Mrs. C. had murdered her husband. In order to resolve his doubts on this point, he became more friendly and kind towards her than he had ever been, and said that from the bottom of his soul he forgave her for all that she had done to him, and entreated, as a matter of curiosity, to recall all the arts she had used. She then acknowledged that the contents of the trunk had been shared equally between herself and her friend, and that she bribed one of the two witnesses who swore to Mina's guilt at the mayor's court, and that her friend paid the other; that on her return from the city she told her husband that her stay had been protracted because there was a young man dangerously ill at her friend's house, that she aided the latter in taking care of him, but as their efforts to save him were useless, he, through gratitude, presented her with the jewels of which she was the bearer, a few minutes before breathing his last. She had subsequently sold most of the jewels; that once, during his imprisonment, she had withdrawn from the Philadelphia postoffice a letter from his father—that she had never shown it to him for fear that it would induce him to return to Cuba—that she did not wish him to do that, for she had always intended to marry him. Carolino then suggested, that in order to resolve to marry him she must have known the time at which her husband was to die, and that this was a very strong proof that for the purpose of effecting her intended marriage she had murdered her husband; and overcome with reflections at the horrid

nature of her crime, he began to pace the room. She began to search among the drawers, and after a diligent search thrust something into her bosom. Carolino immediately smelt a strange odor, which he knew to be peculiar to a certain poisonous drug, and immediately rushing up, succeeded, in spite of her vigorous resistance, in wrenching from her the small phial he had seen her conceal—and on opening it, was convinced that it was the deleterious article he had taken it to be, and which she was about to throw away at the time he had stopped her.

During the same day Carolino led Mrs. C. into his chamber, and having locked the door, he threatened to stab her if she did not reveal the whole truth respecting the mysterious death of her husband, at the same time promising her that if she made a full confession, he would not harm her, and would bind himself by the word of a gentleman to keep the whole an inviolable secret. She then confessed that in order to marry him she had murdered her former husband; that she knew Carolino to be rich, and that when she would be married to him he would take her to live with his parents; that another motive for killing him was the fear that he would kill her through jealousy of Carolino. She had purchased the phial of poison from a doctor in the vicinity, and had given him one hundred dollars for it, and a promise of secrecy on his part as to his having sold it. The directions were to give *three* drops per day, but she, fearing that Carolino should discover her husband to be jealous of him, and that his sentiments of honor should then induce him to leave her house, gave him *ten* drops per day instead of *three*—that the doctor had also told her this portion could only be administered in beer, and that it was in this beverage that she daily mixed the ingredient that was to rob her husband of his life;—that she had been driven to this awful step, not merely for the jealousy he evinced shortly before his decease, and the miserable life he caused her to lead, but principally to marry Carolino.

He could no longer listen to this tale of horror, but rising from his seat expressed his resolution of starting

y for Brewster. He lent no ear to her lamentations and her repeated protestations that she had been led to this step by love for him—and merely answered that she should not stain the name of love by applying it to her unrecurred passions and avarice. The loud ejaculations of Mrs. C. drew her sister into the room, who began to reproach Carolino for wishing to abandon his wife, and for endeavoring to carry off the jewels which had been entrusted solely to her. He heeded not the entreaties of his wife, nor the reproaches of the other; but Mary went to her aunt that she would not be guilty of using abusive language if she only knew the cruel artifices which her mother had employed. Mrs. Chapman's anger was up to a walking stick and was on the point of striking a blow with it upon Mary's head, when he interposed and swore that if she dared to strike the intended victim her sex should not protect her from his wrath, but he would cut off her head. He then desired Mrs. C. to go aside with him in private into the next room. He told her, that if she continued her abusive language he would consider his promise cancelled, and that he was ready to make public her confession of her husband's infidelity. She then promised to calm her sister on the spot and returned into the apartment where the latter remained, and said to her, "Sister, Lino is not an idiot, but a fine clever fellow." The sister naturally asked what had effected so sudden a change in her husband to which she answered, "Never mind, it was a quarrel between ourselves."

Carolino started the next day for Boston, and having spent a week in that city, took passage in a packet for New York. Immediately on his arrival at that place, he presented his letter of introduction to General ****, and the gentleman read it, received him with open arms, and allowed him to live upon his living at his house during his stay. The general did not describe the bearer as Mrs. Chapman's husband, but merely as an acquaintance. The general introduced him to his son-in-law, as a Mexican gentleman of fortune, (such was the description given in Mrs. Chapman's letter of introduction,) but the latter told the

general that he must be greatly mistaken if Carolino was not the son of a brigadier general in the Island of Cuba—that the resemblance was striking;—the two accordingly endeavored to find out if such was the case, but Carolino's vigilance frustrated their design, and they continued under the original erroneous impression.

Carolino having visited Mrs. Chapman's sisters, endeavored to recover his watch, but the girl who had purchased it from Mrs. Chapman had sold it to a third person, with whom she was unacquainted, and whose residence she did not know. He then, seeing that all search would prove useless, pretended to be perfectly unconcerned.

Carolino's love of pleasure again drove him to excesses, and his departure for Boston was sincerely regretted by all the members of the family. He became endeared to them all—and in return for the confidence they placed in him he robbed them of their honor. He obtained the consent of one of the sisters to take her daughter (an exquisitely beautiful young lady) on a visit to her aunt at Andalusia—and he was about to start on his return homewards with his *protegee*, when he was arrested in consequence of an express from Philadelphia.

Carolino no sooner saw himself again in an American prison, than hope fled from his bosom, and he prayed that death might come to his relief. While he was thus literally lamenting his misfortunes, the jailer came to the grating of his cell door and explained to him in Spanish, that he was arrested on a charge of having murdered William Chapman. On hearing this he became more calm, for he knew, that although that individual had come to his death by poison, yet as he knew who, and who alone, was guilty, he felt the triumph of conscious innocence. But then came the recollection of his previous conviction on the oaths of bribed witnesses, and he again sunk into despondency. The jailer rendered his situation the more miserable by his daily practice of questioning Carolino through the grated door in order to obtain from him the cause of his arrest. But Carolino never condescended to give him an answer, for he well knew that the jailer was

a monster, since his very occupation could not permit him to be otherwise.

Carolino was brought before the Mayor of Boston, and by his order he was delivered over to a constable named Blaney, to escort him to Philadelphia. At the moment of starting this constable told Carolino that whenever he wanted anything, he need but mention it and his requests should be complied with, without regarding expense. In this Blaney acted the part of a gentleman, but Carolino well knew that the innate principles of honor and propriety, which existed in the bosom of that constable, must long since have been corrupted by the baseness of his occupation. This reflection put Carolino on his guard and brought him to the resolution of placing no confidence whatever in Blaney. Carolino called Blaney, while on the steamboat, on their way from Providence to New York, and wished to converse with him, but they could not understand each other. After a short interval, Carolino called him a second time, to ask him to supply him with food while in the prison at Philadelphia, but he could not succeed in conveying his meaning. In one of their attempts at conversation, Blaney asked Carolino something about arsenic, but Carolino, fearing he did not understand what Blaney said, asked if "it was white powder, good to kill rats." To this Blaney said, "Yes, and men too, if they take it." At another time, in answer to a question from Blaney, whether he knew if Mrs. Chapman had poisoned her husband, Carolino said he knew nothing about it. This is the substance of all that passed between them on the trip from Boston to New York. If Blaney did at the time say any thing in favor of or against Carolino, the latter did not understand him.

At the time of Carolino's arrest at Boston, he had in his trunk three small phials, one of essence of cinnamon, one of essence of lemon, and one of extract of bark, which he used to ease the frequent pains he experienced in the breast. The constable who arrested him, having found these phials, spread the report that he had found three bottles of arsenical waters in Mina's trunk. On arriving at Philadelphia, Blaney spread a similar report, and many

other false reports, saying that he had confessed all to him. He communicated to the mayor this latter piece of information, as also that of the discovery of the arsenical waters. The unfortunate stranger had never opened his lips to Blaney, to make any kind of confession, that he knew any thing of Mr. Chapman's death.

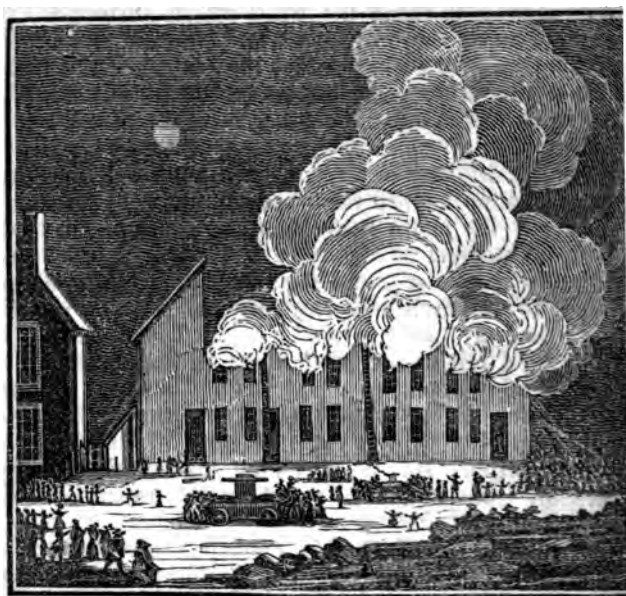
While Carolino was in confinement in the Philadelphia prison, Blaney came with an offer on the part of the mayor of the city, to release him instantly, if he would testify to the guilt of Mrs. Chapman; but Carolino again denied knowing any particulars of Mr. Chapman's death, and this assertion he repeatedly urged, not only to Blaney, but also to the mayor himself. In a few days Carolino was removed to the jail at Doylestown, by the sheriff of Buck's county. The next day, hostilities were declared against him, by Don Ross; who began to make the most ridiculous assertions, without the least evidence.

During Carolino's confinement in the Doylestown prison, he chose out one of his fellow prisoners, an able bodied man, and it was agreed between them, that the latter (being less securely fastened) should break open the padlock of his cell and then perform the same operation for Carolino, and that he would see to the rest. The next night, the man obeyed these instructions, but while engaged at Carolino's lock, he heard the jailer coming down the stairs from the sick room of one of the prisoners, and ran into his cell, closing the door behind him as he entered. But unfortunately, the jailer saw that it was not properly secured, and locked it with a new padlock. The scheme was frustrated for that night, but on the succeeding night, Carolino, although chained and handcuffed, succeeded in opening the door of his cell, in spite of its padlock and the iron cross bar which closed it, and of the outer door immediately next to that spoken of, calculated, by restricting the space on the outside of the door, to prevent the breaking of the lock. But Carolino made a linen cord of about three yards in length, with a piece of his sheet, and having made a loop at one end of it, he attached a small weight at the same end sufficient to carry the cord downwards; by means of a nail he fixed

his loop upon the bolt of the outer door and gently drew it open. This great obstacle being removed, he easily broke the padlock of the door and the chain which bound him, and going to the door of his accomplice, broke the padlock and rescued him; he also loosed the handcuffs of his companion. His next step was to burn a hole in the floor large enough to pass through, and through this they gently dropped themselves to the ground-floor beneath. From this they reached the prison yard, and finding it impossible to climb the walls which surrounded it, he procured an axe, and by his order the accomplice began to strike against the lock, in order to break it. The noise awakened the other prisoners, and they simultaneously shouted and called upon the jailer. In the mean while, the lock having given way, the two got into the highway, and pursuing different directions, each consulted his own safety. Carolino kept in the woods as much as possible; but at length his shoes being worn out, and his feet all blistered, he stopped at a shop to buy a pair, but he was immediately recognised, and the bystanders attempted to seize him, to convey him to Doylestown. Carolino wishing to die bravely, put his hand into his bosom in search of his dagger, but it was not there; he had forgotten it by the side of a creek, at which he had stopped to procure a drink. Being without arms, he was obliged to surrender, and his captors returned with him to Doylestown in triumph. But he was now loaded with heavy cumbersome irons, so that he could scarcely move, or even sleep.

When the sheriff of Buck's county removed to the prison with his family, he treated Carolino very kindly, gave him good food and furnished him with all that he needed, acted with great generosity, humanity and benevolence towards him; was careful in keeping his cell always clean and in order. Such conduct naturally created esteem in Carolino's bosom towards that gentleman, so much so, that his sole cause of regret at leaving this world, was his inability to show his thankfulness and gratitude to Benjamin Morris, Esq. high sheriff of Buck's county.

Life, Trial and Confession of
SIMEON L. CROCKETT,
Who was Executed at Boston, for Arson, March 16, 183



SIMEON L. CROCKETT was born at Lisbon, in the state of Maine, in January, 1809. He commenced learning the trade of a wheelwright, with a brother, but did not continue at it regularly, for, at seventeen years of age, he followed farming with his father, and, at times, worked the trade he had partly learnt. Before he was of age, he met with an accident in slipping from a very high load of hay, and was thought by his physician, and was found

to have received an injury from which he never wholly recovered; and it is highly probable that he suffered from it through life, and was more easily affected by the unfortunate habit he had early formed, in using intoxicating liquors, as he stated to the writer, that, being often invited to drink a *little*, he formed the fatal habit at eighteen years of age, and has ever since continued a "moderate drinker."

He was once in business with a brother, in Buxton, Maine, where he was unfortunate, failed, and soon after left for Windham; how long he remained there is uncertain. About this time he was married, and resided in Bangor, where he followed his trade till May, 1835, when he left for Boston in a lumber vessel, which was unloaded at Hingham, where he soon after shipped for a mackerel fishing trip, and was gone several weeks. In August, he fell in with his companion in guilt, (Stephen Russell,) near the Sea-street bridge, leading to South Boston. They several times went below to fish, and were once gone all night. They had ardent spirits with them, and, as he states, used them freely. Crockett worked on Mr. Benson's house about six weeks, and left him a month before he set it on fire. He was often urged by Russell to go with him to the meeting of what is called the "*ten hour men*," a concern in which Russell appeared to have been much engaged; and Crockett boarded for some time with Russell at South Boston, was frequently with him, and particularly on the Sabbath, spending his time, as too many do, in idleness, or at taverns. They went to no place of worship. Since Crockett came to the city he never entered a church, except that he attended lecture one evening.

On the 22d of Oct. Crockett met Hiram D. Freeman, at Mr. Titcomb's shipping office, Broad street, where he, F., had shipped to go to the Chesapeake. They passed some time together, and took tea at South Boston with Russell.

In what way they proceeded to do the awful deed for which their lives were forfeited, cannot be better explained than by the extract which will be given from the inter-

esting trial, as reported in the Boston Statesman of December 26th.

Supreme Judicial Court.

Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1835.

Simeon L. Crockett and *Stephen Russell* were jointly indicted for designedly, feloniously, maliciously, and wickedly, setting fire to and burning the dwelling-house of *Joshua Benson*, situated in South-street Place, on *Haskins'* wharf, at or about twelve o'clock, on the night of October 22, 1835. Mr. Benson was not himself an occupant of the house, but it was inhabited by nineteen or twenty Irish families, consisting of *one hundred, or one hundred and twenty persons*—men, women, and children. The house was built of wood, very large, and of a quadrangular form, with a court-yard between the two wings in the rear. The fire was first discovered in a cellar, near the corner, on the south side of the building.

Upon the motion of *Russell's* counsel, the court granted separate trials to the prisoners, and on Tuesday morning, December 15, Crockett's trial commenced, and continued until Thursday evening.

When the jury were impannelled, *Mr. Parker* opened the case for the Commonwealth, by explaining the seven counts in the indictment, which variously alleged the ownership of the building burnt—severally describing it to be the dwelling-house of Mr. Benson, or of certain of his tenants, or of the mortgagees, or of Mr. Benson and the mortgagees jointly. After reading the law, defining the crime of arson, and the statute of 1804, prescribing the punishment of death for setting fire to a dwelling-house, in the night time, there being persons lawfully within such dwelling-house at the time, Mr. Parker entered into a general statement of the evidence to be introduced to sustain the indictment. The first witness called was

Joshua Benson—owner of the building. The entrance to the cellar was by steps outside, and there was no fastening to it. The fire commenced either in *Ryan's* or *O'Brien's* cellar, under *O'Brien's* room. The two cellars were separated by planks—one or two of the planks were

wn, so that the fire could go right through without difficulty. The partition was wholly burnt, and the floor joist above nearly all consumed. I knew Crockett out two months and a half before. He came to me for employ as a carpenter. He worked about six weeks on building that was burnt. He left me about a month before the fire. He left me without telling me he was going. Before he left, I thought of discharging him, but I not said so to him, or had any disagreement with him. He left on a Wednesday. I had paid him up on the Saturday before. He did not come for his pay for the three weeks, and never has been paid. We were about square; considered as he had lost some days while he worked for me, that the three days I had not paid him for made it out equal. Crockett knew my apprentice, *Hiram Ferguson*. I thought he was more intimate with Ferguson than the others. Ferguson is not with me now. He left before the fire.

Philip O'Brien—I lived eight weeks and three days in the house that was burnt. I paid fifty dollars in advance was to pay seven-and-sixpence a week. I lived there until the fire turned me out, and my three children, and my wife. Patrick called to me three times before he waked. He smashed in my window, and the noise waked me. Before I got my last child out, the floor of the passage was on fire. Shavings used to fall into the cellar from the top of the building, when they were at work on the building. I had seen Crockett three or four times before, when he worked on the building. I had not been in the cellar that day. I had two feet of wood in it.

James Donnahoe—lived in the house—on the north side. Heard them halloo *fire*—I got up—looked out. The fire was crossing over towards our windows from the rear. I saw Crockett at the back door, and he wanted help me carry my trunk off. I said, *no*—that we had more help already than we could get along with. I knew Crockett before. After that I saw him helping other folks. There was an engine there when I saw Crockett, and the bell of the engine was ringing.

Patrick County—lived in the house, next to O'Brien's.

I was in bed and awakened by the cries of fire. I looked out, and saw a young man, and I asked him where the fire was. The man asked me if I had not my eyes, and said that it was in the cellar. I said yes, stepped out in my shirt and saw it burning in the cellar. The man said to me—"Give me a pail and I'll quench it." I said the people over head would be burnt, and I must wake them. I called three times, and they did not wake. I then broke in the windows. The fire then was between the fire-place and the windows—rushed in to get out my children. The engine came before I got out with my last child. The engine was playing. In the course of the evening there was singing in the back part of the house, on the north side. M'Vity, M'Cafferty, and Roach lived in that part of the house. There was sometimes one voice and sometimes two.

John M'Cafferty—lived in the north wing. Knew Crockett so as to pass the time of day. Knew him from his having worked on the house. Did not know him by name. It was just a quarter past twelve when I received the alarm. [Witness describes the fire, &c.]

Margaret M'Vity—lived in the lower part of the house. Has one room and two bed-rooms. Knew Crockett, when he worked on the building. He was in our house often afterwards. On the night of the fire, about nine o'clock, or it might be earlier, I can't say, Russell came in and inquired for Crockett. Russell had been to our house with Crockett four or five times before. I told him Crockett was not there, and had not been for three or four days, and that I did not know but he was offended at something my boy had said to him. While Russell was there, he said Crockett was to meet him there, and settle for his board, as he was going to ship the next day. It might be half an hour afterwards that Crockett came in, while Russell was still in the room. I asked Crockett where he had been for two or three days, and if he had been offended at something my boy had said. He said, no—he said he couldn't stay long, as he had a friend outside. I told him to ask his friend in, and he went out, and brought in *Hiram Freeman*. At the time, there were in my house *Mi*

and Mrs. Roach, and Mrs. Johanna Gordon, spending the evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, my boarders. They were in bed. There was also a woman, whose name I do not know, who came in the morning, and said she wanted to stay during the day, as she was a stranger, and had no place to stop. Russell and this woman seemed to be acquainted, for they shook hands, and appeared to be surprised to meet at my house. The meeting appeared to be accidental, and they seemed both to be quite in an element at seeing each other. They had quite an agreeable conversation among themselves. Freeman did not seem to say much. I thought he had some weight on his mind. I thought it was because he was in a strange country. I asked him if he knew any of the Cutters at Bangor. He said he did not know them, as he had not been in Bangor lately. I asked him, because Mr. Crockett introduced him as from Bangor. Mr. Crockett said he was going to ship, at seventeen dollars a month, to go to the South, in the same vessel with him. I asked him if he would not call and see the folks before he went. He said he would. It was getting to be late, and my husband made a remark, that it was time for every honest man to go to bed. He was not angry when he said this. When they went out, my husband followed Mr. Russell into the entry, to ask him about the strange woman, and Russell said her character was no great. My husband then told her to get her cloak and bonnet, and leave the house. I looked up at him with astonishment—asked him what he meant by turning the woman out in a strange place, in the cloud of the night. I said she might be insulted, or the watch might take her up. My husband made reply, that it was his opinion that she knew more about the streets of Boston than either he or I—and he made her go out.

There was singing in our house. Russell called for liquor. I believe he sent for it. Philip Roach went for it. I heard Crockett once say he wished the old building was burnt down, and that it was not fit for any person to live in. It was at the time he worked at the building. When he spoke of the burning it was on the night the

distillery was burnt. I never heard Crockett say any thing uncivil about Mr. Benson—no threats—heard him once, about something he had done, when at work, say that Mr. Benson could not do it any better.

Cross examined.—Freeman answered that he had not been in Bangor for some time. I said to Crockett I hoped he would just come and see the folks. I washed for him occasionally. My husband followed Mr. Russell into the entry, and asked him what the woman's character was. Russell said it was no gréat. My husband persisted in turning her out, though I shed tears. I did not know at that time that Russell had said anything about her. While the fire was burning, I saw this woman. She said to me, "You are burnt out." I have not seen her from that day to this. I have heard almost every body wish that it was burnt down. One night Mr. Johnson was sick, and Mr. Crockett made some gruel for him, and I believe went into Mr. Roach's for some salt. When Russell, Crockett, and Freeman went away it was not earlier than ten, but it might have been past ten. They went out first—then the woman was turned out—then my husband went to the foundry, where he has to see to the fires in the night, and the ovens—then I went to bed. I went to sleep. My husband came back from the foundry—he waked me, and told me our house was on fire.

James Crowley—was a resident in the house burnt, had seen Crockett, when he worked on the building. One evening after my wife had gone to bed, and a fortnight or three weeks before the fire, he knocked at my door, and said he wanted some salt for a sick man. I gave him the salt in my naked hand. He did not like to have me give it to him in my hand. I told him it was well enough for him to get the salt at all. I could not find a spoon. He did not seem to be very cross.

Judith Crowley—wife of preceding witness. Between nine and ten that night, some one came to our door and inquired for Russell or Crockett, I don't know which. We were in bed. Before I went to bed I went to the front door to throw out a pail of water. Two men were sitting at the steps of the door, and one was standing by the side

of them. Crockett was one of the men. The morning after Crockett came for the salt, I went up into the building where he was at work for some shavings. He told me I should not have any, and said my husband had offended him. I said I'd be sorry that my husband offended him, and didn't think he had. He said my husband had offended him, and he would be sorry for it. I asked what he could do. He said time would tell. I told him if any thing did happen, he should be accountable. He has never spoken to me good, bad, nor indifferent since.

Philip Roach—lived in the house burnt. On the night of the fire was in Mr. M'Vity's on a visit. Russell came in and inquired for Crockett; I told him, that Crockett had been in at my house in the evening inquiring for Hiram Ferguson. Crockett had so inquired for Ferguson. The party was pretty merry and I sang a song for them, and went for liquor for Russell.

Michael M' Vity—thought it was near ten o'clock when Russell, Crockett and Freeman came in. Roach went for liquor. I said it was time for honest people to be in bed. After they were all gone, I went to the foundry to attend to my fires. Came back in about twenty minutes. Dozed asleep before the fire. Went into the bed-room. Took up my child, that was sick with the whooping cough. Laid her down, came out, trimmed my lamp, and went towards the door to see if all was right, and discovered the fire. Waked up my wife to get the children. I was the first person that got the engine. It was engine twenty, that is kept just up the street, in East street, near at hand.

Rufus Rice—lived at forty-two Essex street. While returning from the fire, just as I got to my door, a man accosted me, and said he had something which he wished to communicate. *Hiram D. Freeman* was the man. I heard what he had to say, and in consequence of what he disclosed we went to inquire for Col. Amory, whom I had seen at the fire. I communicated to Capt. Carlton, of No. 20, that I had important information respecting the fire. Capt. Carlton referred me to Capt. Hammond, the chief engineer. Capt. Hammond, and Carlton, En-

gineer Warren, Freeman, myself, and some of number twenty's men, went to South Boston, and, with constable Andrews, took Russell and Crockett in bed.

Hiram D. Freeman—I am from Monmouth, in Maine. I came from Bangor by water. I hired with a captain of a schooner to come by the trip. It was near the end of September. We had a long passage. I was discharged from the vessel about the 22d or 23d of October. I shipped to go to the Chesapeake, for Mr. Jackson, in Mr. Titcomb's shipping office in Broad street. It was in the fore part of the day that the house was burnt in. The house was burnt that night. I shipped to the South to chop timber, at \$15 a month. After I shipped I was in Titcomb's office pretty much all day. In the afternoon Mr. Crockett came in, and wanted a chance in the same vessel. Mr. Titcomb told Crockett that Mr. Jackson had his complement; but he did not know but what Mr. Jackson would take him, and he would give him an order to go on board the vessel and see Mr. Jackson. Mr. Titcomb gave Crockett the order, and asked me to go with him and show him where the vessel lay. She lay at Rowe's wharf. We went down to the vessel, and asked for captain Jackson. They said he was not on board, but was at No. 9, State street. We went there, and Mr. Jackson was not there. We went back to the vessel, and they then said they did not know but it was the wrong number they had given me, and they thought it might be number 8. By the time we got to No. 8, State street, the office was shut. We went then down towards the market. I then asked Crockett to go down to Central wharf, to see the vessel I came from Bangor in. Mr. Crockett said he guessed he wouldn't go down on board of the vessel, but would go to South Boston, at his lodgings, and invited me to go with him. I told him it was not worth while; but he insisted on my going, and I consented. It was about dusk. This was on the wharf south of the market.

We set out to go to South Boston, through Broad street, into South street, to South-street Place. Mr. Crockett said, Let us go this way. We went down to the

house that was burnt. We passed some large elm tree before we got to the house. We saw two men standing by the way. We passed beyond the house that was burnt three or four rods. We returned to the house, and sat down by it, within two feet, near the step, on a piece of timber. Crockett said there was a young man in the house, named Hiram Ferguson, that he wanted to see. He went in, staid four or five minutes; he came out, said the young man was not there. We passed the two men again; passed on, and went across the bridge to South Boston. We stopped at a brick building with a bar. Crockett went in, and I sat down on a chair in the entry. Was there ten or fifteen minutes. I then stepped to the door, and saw a man coming towards the house. Crockett came to the door, and asked the man if it was him, calling him by name. He called him Russell. It was Russell. They passed in and whispered together, I thought. Crockett asked Russell if he was going home. Russell said he was not going home then, but would be home as soon as he could be. Crockett said he was going then, and should meet him there. We went to Russell's house. Mr. Crockett asked Mrs. Russell to get him some tea. Russell came in in a few minutes and got some wood for the fire, and went out again. Mrs. Russell got the tea ready, and Crockett invited me to take tea with him. I did not accept the invitation. Crockett ate his supper alone. After supper Crockett took from his pocket a match, and lighted his cigar. Presently I heard a tapping at the window. My back was to the window. The window was partly under ground. Mr. Crockett lifted up the curtain. I saw a man standing there in a frock coat. Mr. Crockett got up, took his hat, and gave me my hat, and made a motion for me to follow. Mrs. Russell asked who that was that knocked, and Crockett said he did not know. Mrs. Russell said she would know. Crockett and I went out around one corner, and Mrs. Russell went around the other corner with a light, and asked again who it was. Crockett said again he did not know. On looking down the street, we saw a man

in a frock coat—we met him—it was Russell—his frock coat was snuff color.

We then all three went towards the bridge. We came to a shop, and Mr. Russell asked if we would go in to see if we could get any thing to drink. We got some brandy and I paid for it. We came out, and after we crossed the bridge, I asked them where they were going. When we were going to South Boston, at the brick shop, Crockett introduced me to Russell as going South to chop wood, and said he was going with me. When I asked Crockett where he was going, he answered, We are going over here a piece. We then went through East street to the street where the fire was. As we were going along, Crockett mentioned there was an engine-house. I looked up and saw the sign. We then went down to the house that was burnt; Crockett and I then sat down on the stick of timber again. Russell went into the house; was gone half an hour. I believe a woman came out; I don't recollect that she threw any water, or any thing. I believe she went into the house. There was no man standing. While Crockett and I were sitting on the timber, we talked about people that he and I were acquainted with in Maine; then he told me something about the ten-hour system; I don't recollect what; he said it was the cause of all the fires. I said I did not know what they wanted to burn the buildings for; he said, to make more work. I asked him if all the buildings that had been burnt lately had been set a-fire. He said *no*; that the distillery that was burnt was not set a-fire, but got a-fire by the *perfumery* of the rum. He turned his head round, and looked over his shoulder, at the house we were sitting before, and said he'd touched that old thing twice, but it wouldn't go. It was the house that was burnt.

While sitting on the timber, I asked Crockett where that fellow had gone to, meaning Russell. Crockett said he would go and see, and went into the house, and was gone about five minutes. He went into the front door, and went out of sight. I did not see what part of the house he went to. He came out and wanted me to go in. I said I didn't want to go in with my old clothes on. I

had on my old clothes, that I had been to work in. He said there was nobody in the house but a woman and the girl. We went through a long passage; passed two doors, in a yard, and went into a small room. I saw in the room three Irishmen and two or three Irish women. I never saw any of them before. They called one Roach. One of the Irishmen sang some songs. Mr. Russell sent an Irishman for some brandy—were there from nine to eleven. The Irishmen, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Crockett drank some brandy; I did not. One of the Irishmen got mad with Russell, and ordered him out doors; then Russell told him he had done nothing to injure him, or offend him. Russell pacified him, got him good natured, and shook hands. I don't know what the Irishman was mad about. The first I minded, the Irishman opened the door, and told Russell to go out. Russell went soon after; that is, Russell, Crockett and myself went out through the front part of the house; went up the passage-like up to East street; Russell and Crockett stopped a little, I think; we then crossed a little creek, and passed by some frames of timber to a wood-pile. I then told them I was not going to be running about there all night, but would go to some tavern and get lodgings. Crockett said I needn't be scared, as they were not going to lead me into any scrape. Russell next went up to the wood-pile, and hauled down a stick about the size of my arm; he held it in his hand. Crockett and Russell then went one side, and whispered together, two rods off. Crockett came back to me, and asked me if I could keep a secret. I told him I thought I could. Crockett then went back to Russell. Russell said he might tell. He came back and said he would tell me something if I'd signify I would not tell of it; he then said he was going to give that house a touch, or something of that kind, and wanted to know if I would tell of it; I said it's *likely* I shall tell of it, but did not say whether I should or should not. Russell came up, and Crockett spoke out loud, and asked me again if I'd tell of it; I told him I would not. They were speaking of the house we had come out of.

We then all three started down south several rods where the ground was quite new. [South Cove lands. Crockett said he'd go and touch it, and told Russell and me to go and stand by the cooper's shop till he came back. We went up by the cooper's shop, and sat down by a cart, within eight or ten feet of the corner of the shop. Crockett went towards the house; was gone ten minutes, and came back within a few rods of where we were, and whistled. Russell then whistled. We then went back to the wood-pile, all three of us. They laid down by the wood-pile, and told me to lay down. I did not lay down. I sat down on a piece of wood. Russell asked Crockett if he thought it would go. Crockett said he thought it would. Russell asked Crockett what there was there to set fire to. Crockett said, shavings. Russell asked how many. Crockett said, two cart-loads. Before this, Russell asked Crockett where he had set the fire. Crockett said, in the cellar. This conversation was while they were lying down. Russell said he didn't believe it would go. Crockett said, Wait; in a minute you'll see it blaze. Both then started—went across in front of the wood-pile, till they came to a building, or shed like; whether it was the cooper's shop, I can't say. One of them stopped at the building, and the other passed on towards the house. I stopped by the wood-pile. They told me to stand there till they came. I remained there ten or fifteen minutes, and then heard a whistling down south; I then looked round and saw Crockett coming. He came up to me, and told me to sit down, or lay down. Crockett laid down, or sat down, and said to me, that I should see it go in a minute. In a short time I saw a light that way, and the fire blazed up at the house, and I heard the women and children screeching. One of the Irishmen cried fire. Crockett hunched me with his elbow. I then said to Crockett, "Where, for God's sake, shall I go?" "Go," says he; "why, go to the fire." I left him then. When they first communicated their intention to me, I meant by saying to them, "It's likely I shall tell of it, that I should tell. I said it would jug them; that *it would not answer*. I think I told them it would be a

hanging matter. Crockett said they would'nt find it out. When we separated, I went up Short street and halloood fire. Crockett went up north from the wood-pile. The wood-pile is at the bottom of Oliver Place. I halloood fire, and worked on engine 20. Saw Russell at work at the engine. I worked till the fire was put out; I then inquired of a man where I could find the mayor of the city. He said his son knew. He went to look for his son, and I lost him. I went to the engine to inquire for the mayor. A young man said the engine was kept within about 300 feet of the mayor's house, but said he could not leave his engine to show me then. I next saw Mr. Rice going into his house. I told him what I wanted to make known. He told me Col. Amory was the proper man for me to see. We went down to the engine. There they said Mr. Hammond was the man to inform. I saw Mr. Hammond. We went into a room, and I told him. He said we must find the fellows. We went to the engine-house, No. 20, and got some more men. While going over the bridge, I told Mr. Hammond that Crockett had the matches in his waistcoat pocket, with the order from Mr. Titcomb. We did not go to the right house first. The second house we tried was right. We went in, and I identified Russell and Crockett, and they were both taken to jail.

I was in Boston about five years ago; came as a cabin boy. I staid in Bangor six days before I sailed for Boston the last time. I've followed farming chiefly, but the last season I worked at Milford, in the saw-mills. My uncle Freeman is chairman of the selectmen.

Cross Examined.—My father and mother died when I was about two years old. I have lived with my uncles since. I worked in Monmouth with Captain Judkins twice. Last season I worked a month; did not stay with him longer because I was told I should not get my pay. He paid for making up a suit of clothes for me. I got the cloth. I was sued for a hat that I took at Orono. Some one took my hat from a shelf, and left another in its place, in a store. The clerk advised me to take the one left. I do not know what became of the suit. I never paid for

it. I was sued for leaving a man I agreed to live with, and gave him my note; it is not paid. I got a uniform, and it is not paid for yet. I was never arrested for larceny. I was once taken as a witness against a fellow I was with, for house-breaking. I did not know any thing about it, and was not ordered to appear as a witness against him. I came to Boston from Bangor in the schooner Merchant, with Captain Reed. I was going about the city two or three days before I was discharged. I think I once heard Captain Reed talking about the many fires that had happened, and there was something said about the mayor's offering a reward. I have no recollection that I ever read the handbill offering a reward for the incendiaries. I never saw Crockett till I saw him at Titcomb's office. Crockett urged me to go to South Boston, so as to be able to go with him in the morning to see about shipping. When Russell said he would soon be up to his house, I think he said something about going for bread. One reason I did not go away was, that Russell had a large stick under his coat. He did not use the stick in any threatening attitude. I did not think it best to raise the alarm. I don't know that I can flog both Crockett and Russell together. I thought Mr. Crockett, from his talk, was considerable smart. When I said, "Where, for God's sake, shall I go?" I was frightened. I thought I had got into a bad scrape.

John Hammond—Chief engineer of the Fire Department. I should think I arrived at the fire about ten or fifteen minutes after twelve. The fire was raging considerable, and several engines there. No. 20 was there. The fire was subdued before the house was entirely burnt. When the fire was about got under, Mr. Rice came to me and introduced Freeman, and said Freeman knew who set the house on fire. I heard Freeman's story; told him he need not go into particulars. I took Freeman, Mr. Warren, Dr. Newell, and Carlton, members of the Fire Department, to South Boston. On the way, Freeman told me to look in Crockett's pocket for matches, and also for an order. Freeman did not hit upon the right house first. He then went through a passage, and said that was the

house. We knocked, and a man told us Russell lived in the other part of the house. We found Russell in bed, in the lower part, and Crockett in bed up stairs. Found the matches in Crockett's vest pocket, and a piece of sand-paper. The paper is said to be used to ignite the matches. Found the order of Mr. Titcomb there also. I tied Crockett, and ordered Russell to be tied. They were taken to jail. We took Freeman back to jail with us, and he was kept there to be a witness. Crockett said he had been at the fire. Freeman rather declined going into the house till he was dressed up in a fireman's cap. He seemed afraid they might have arms in the house, and know him. About a week before the fire, Dr. Newell and myself looked at the house that was burnt. It contained from nineteen to twenty families, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty individuals. We thought it an unsafe house. It was of wood, and could hardly be said to be built. It was merely lightly put together. Freeman told me the same story, substantially, as he did at the Police Court. He made a fuller statement at the court.

Thomas B. Warren—An assistant engineer, and lives in South Boston. Captain Hammond said to me, he had a man who would tell who set the fire. I said, 'That's the very thing we want to know. Captain Hammond told Freeman to make a short story of it. Disguised Freeman as a fireman. I then started ahead, and told Hammond I'd go and call constable Andrews. Freeman said he could not tell where to find the house exactly, as he had only been there once. He said he came out of an alley. I then told him I knew the house.

Joseph Carlton—Foreman of No. 20. Introduced Mr. Rice and Freeman to Capt. Hammond. In going over to South Boston conversed with Freeman. He seemed anxious to know whether he could be harmed. I told him he was in no danger, and perhaps he might get the reward. I do not remember whether he knew there had been any reward offered, or not. He said he did not expect or wish any reward; that he had told because he thought it was his duty.

William Andrews—Constable. Made the arrest. Found Crockett in an upper room. He was sleeping on a straw bed on the floor. His coat was wet, and his pantaloons more so. He said he had been at the fire; so did Russell. Crockett acted as I have known people act, when they have pretended to be asleep, when I've been after them.

Stephen H. Titcomb—Saw Freeman and Crockett in my father's office. Freeman had shipped, and Crockett wanted to ship. The crew was completed, but my father gave him a reference to the owner of the vessel.

William Donnahue—Boarded in the house. About ten minutes before nine I went out. Saw three men in part of the building. I looked to see what they were doing. I went to see the engine company fill the cistern. When I came back, I saw only two men. They were sitting on a log. I told my brother that I didn't like the appearance of the three men, and that they had better not go out for fear of difficulty.

After the examination of the preceding witness, *Robert C. Winthrop, Esq.* delivered the opening argument in behalf of the prisoner, at the close of which the witnesses for the defence were called:

Ezekiel A. Coleman—Boarded at Mr. Rider's, the first door in South-street Place. After twelve o'clock was standing on the steps of our house. An Irish woman came up making a noise. I did not know what she meant. She kicked against an Irish hut right opposite. Mr. Smith and I went over to see what was the matter. We did not know but some murder might have been committed down in the big building. We found out it was fire she was talking about. I went down to the new house where she said it was. It was in the cellar. It was then as big as a peck measure. The shavings were nearly all consumed, and the fire had commenced running up the partition. It was the corner cellar, on the south. I went down the steps. I went further on to a door, but it was fastened, and I went to the west side and entered. I went into the house. I asked one man for a bucket. I saw some people; they had got the alarm at the time. At the first right hand room, at the further door, saw a

man drunk. I helped out two that were so drunk that they could not have got out without help. The fire was directly under the room where we found the man drunk. I heard no one halloo fire but the woman. I belong to No. 20, and was one of the three men that helped draw her out of the house.

Jonathan Judkins—Lives in Monmouth. I was called upon by Squire Codman [one of *Russell's* counsel] to say what I knew of the character of Hiram D. Freeman [the witness.] I know Freeman. He worked with me, and about my neighborhood, from his boyhood. He worked with me a spell when he was about 14, and then again a year ago last spring. His general character is not to be depended on for truth and veracity. I have heard a good many say so. His parents are dead. He has lived some with his uncles, till they wouldn't keep him any longer, as I have understood. He left me after he had been a month with me. I did not think he used me right in leaving me. I wanted him to stay as long as he agreed. This was after his character was not good. I never had any controversy with him. I told him he had not done as he ought by me. When he came to get employ of me the second time, I said he might, if he'd behave as a young man ought to do. I thought, as he had arrived to years of maturity, he would quit his boyish conduct. We used to call him Dexter. As I learnt the alphabet, D stands for Dexter. My expenses and loss of time are to be paid. I'm a farmer, and work at tanning, and keep a tavern, and trade in cattle and other things some.

Henry A. Norris—Formerly lived in Monmouth. As long ago as 1830, Freeman's reputation was questionable, but as good as some of his neighbors, but could not say it was as good as most of them. I believe it was in 1830 I noticed him particularly. There was considerable talk about him the time a dwelling-house was broken open. He might have been eighteen years of age then.

Samuel B. Marston—Have known Freeman since he was considerable of a man, say three years. Have heard it stated that his character was not very good. I have

heard that he did not stand by his bargains in trade. I know nothing more in particular, other than that. I knew Captain Judkins. I know nothing contrary to his character, but what it is fair.

Franklin O. Welsh—Tends a store in the city. Lived in Monmouth four years ago. Knew Freeman there. Used to meet him in the street. His character from general report was that of idle and indolent. As to his character for truth, I can't say. It was not so good as young men's generally. I think he was about sixteen. His being connected with breaking open a dwelling-house led to a general talk about his character.

Emery Welsh, brother of preceding witness. Freeman's character for truth and veracity, I should think, was not any better than it should be. His character was not so good as some.

S. Niles—Belongs to Bangor. Have been acquainted with *Crockett* a little more than three years. Never heard any thing against his character, except that he used to take too much liquor. His disposition appeared to be good. Some people used to think him simple. I should think he was not a man of courage. Was sort of a harmless man.

George Carpenter—Knew *Crockett* in Penobscot county. He worked about the mills about fourteen months. Never heard any thing against him. He was rather a simple man; rather an inoffensive man; and rather cowardly. Subject to habits of intemperance, but tolerably attentive to his business.

The preceding was all the evidence offered in behalf of the prisoner. Mr. Rice was called by the Government to testify to a conversation between Freeman and Mr. Carlton, foreman of No. 20.

Rufus Rice—the foreman of No. 20, told Freeman he need be under no apprehension. Freeman said he expected no reward, but thought it to be his duty to give the information. Freeman did not say he had heard of any reward.

Flavel Case—Captain of the city watch, was then called to corroborate Freeman, whose credibility had been

attacked. Messrs. Winthrop and Blake opposed his examination, because captain Case had been sitting in the court-house during the examination of some of the preceding witnesses, contrary to the order of the court, excluding all witnesses from the court excepting the one under examination. The court overruled the objection, because captain Case had not been present during the examination of any witness who had testified upon the point that he was to be interrogated on, and he accordingly took the stand:—

Flavel Case—I went to the jail to see Russell, having heard that he had formerly been one of the city watch. I saw Crockett. He said he was at the wood-pile a few minutes before the fire, with Russell and Freeman. I asked him how he happened to be in Freeman's company on the day of the fire. Crockett then narrated the story of his going to the shipping office, and to South Boston, and going into the house that was burnt, and from there to the wood-pile. He did not explain why they were at the wood-pile, but said they were there a few minutes before the fire. He said he did not set the fire, and did not know any thing about it.

The closing arguments of the respective counsel commenced on Thursday morning, and, in the language of chief justice Shaw, "the whole contest or struggle was, whether Freeman were, or were not, entitled to belief." His honor, in the charge to the jury, confined himself strictly to the mere declaring of the law upon the points raised in the trial. The jury, after being out two hours, returned with a verdict of GUILTY.

Crockett had the daily visits and prayers of the Rev. E. T. Taylor, and on the night before his execution, between the hours of eleven and two o'clock, he wrote the following solemn admonition, which we give as written by himself, and handed to Mr. Taylor on the morning of his execution, enclosed in the following note. "This may want some correcting, and if you want to put it into print, you have the privilege to correct and add what you please." It is thought best to give it without correction, or alteration, omitting a few lines only. What comment shall

be made upon it? None is needed; it speaks for itself and says, "the way of transgressors is hard."

I hereby certify that the following is a copy of the paper written by SIMEON L. CROCKETT the night before his execution, (omitting only a few sentences of a more private nature.) The original is in my possession.

EDWARD T. TAYLOR.

Boston Jail, March 15, 1836.

I now under a deep sense of my situation, wright a few lines to leave on earth, after I leave the world in memore of me, while my spiret is gone into the world of spirets. I feel to give glory to God, that he is able and willing to save all that will come to him, and is not willing that any should perish, but all should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved. As I have not left any wrighting for any one I now leave a little in the hands of Mr. Taylor, and for him to dew as he sees fit with it. I would leave a few lines to show how I came to be in this situation. As for myself I never was a villain, nor given to roagare. It was never my calculation to lye, or cheat, for a living, nor steal, but calculated to get it onestly by labor and it would proved so to this day if I had not fel into cumpany with Stephen Rusel, which I dew aferm to be trew he has led me in. To this state of misfortune and on the brink of my grave I feel to bles God that I never was a theaf, nor a robber, nor a murderer, nor among bad women, and my mind has always been far from it, and they would not caut me in to this scrape, if tha had not caut me *intoxicated*, and I did not know what I was about nor where they was a getting me to. I have had many heavey reflections since my trial to think that I had not pled guilty and let Freman loose his part with us, but I was in hope to spilt his evedence, and by that means I pleaded not guilty. So now I see the effect of falling into *bad company*. I feel to *warn all my Young Friends* to keep out of sutch company and never to drink ane ARDENT SPIRETS. I consider it the worst weapon a man can use to take his life *with*, and make him eternally miserable. I feel to warn *you as a dying friend* in the name of God to abstain from

drinking, for one bad man spoils a hundred, for when rum is in, wit is out, and the devil is allways reddey to help to dew mischief, and lead a man in to trouble and then leave him to get out if he can, but remember you have got to pas threw the course of law to get out, and when you are inclosed with walls of Stone, you will then begin to reflect uppon your past life, and wish you had red your *bible*, and gone to meeting on the Sabath, and evenings been at home with your wives, or at your boarding houses, a readin your bible and other good books, and not give your wives the privileg of getting permission of the Gail keeper to let them come, and look threw the little trap door and weap over you, and return home with broken heart and say, *rum* and *brandy* put our husbands in Gail. No wonder so many Crimes are Comited with the drunkard when his brains is boiled in *gin*, *rum* and *brandy*, when the natural man has fled and rum and brandy has changed a man in to a beast, and destroys the finest works of nature. How often it is the case that you see a man on Saturday night stagering home with a bottle of alkahol in his hand, to last over Sabbath, and again you see the wife of a man welcoming the bottle of rum and tha must have a snap at it the first, and children must take a part with them, and after a few fashenable drams all natural affection for each other is gone, and all human nature drowned, and business up, and the children bewildered and ruff handled by those parents, and brout up as brutes and live and dy as brutes. Who can expect Bois and Girls brout up in this manner will make good men and women or ever be capable of bringing up a familey, that must think they are raseing up subjects for eternal misere, and a grate condemnation to themselves. It would be much better if tha had never ben born and it is a truth that the *females* use ardent spirets as mutch as men according to thare privileg and dround thare delacesse, and then tha will quick form a bad character, and that as lo as the dust tha stand uppon, and then a bad house is the delight of a drunken man. Mene a promising youth has ben led into sutch houses and ruined forever, and all the caus of this is by the use of *ardent*

spiret, the intoxication of licker. The RETAILERS are no more *Guittles* than the men that drinks it. I feel to render the most tender and piteful feelings towards sutch people. My hart pains me when I think on them and to think how miserable tha are before a raign trying, and hart searching God, whose fulness fils the uneverse, his presence is every were, and cannot be deceived by man. How mutch better it would be if tha would read their bible and attend to there Souls Salvation, and be seen bowing around the famele altar, and those females around them, commending there soul to that God who gave it to them, remembering that they hav a soul that must exist some where for ever in heaven, or hel.

Ritten by my owne hand the evening before exécution. I have not given any wrighten to eneone before this, and if thare is any thing separate from this it is counterfit. Fare well vain world. SIMEON L. CROCKETT.

Pursuant to their sentence, and we may add in accordance with the settled conviction in the minds of the community of the necessity of their execution, these unhappy and misguided men expiated their atrocious crime on the scaffold in the jail yard, at a quarter past ten on the morning of Wednesday, March 16.

Russell assuredly, and perhaps even Crockett, entertained hopes of a commutation of punishment. A little after eight, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Bethel, accompanied with a few religious friends, entered the jail, and for the convenience of their exercises both prisoners were placed in one cell, though each manifested a disinclination to meet the other. After the religious services were concluded, however, the question being put to them, they both declared that they did not cherish any feelings of resentment towards each other. Crockett, ever since his conviction, has expressed himself with evident hostility towards Russell, whom he justly accused of having ensnared him into a course of crime, which has proved fatal to both.

Sheriff Sumner read their death-warrant to them in the cell, from which they were immediately conducted to the scaffold. As soon as they reached the platform, they

were at once fully pinioned and their final position adjusted. During this awful moment—the last in which they ever beheld the light of day—Russell's countenance and tremulous limbs indicated intense terror, while Crockett displayed more composure and firmness. They both employed this brief space in prayer; and occasionally the words "Save me! save me!" in deep funeral tones, could be heard proceeding from Crockett after his cap was drawn over his face. Just before the sheriff called for him he made a fervent prayer, in which he implored the divine blessing upon himself, his brother in crime, his parents and his wife and children.

All the preparations being completed, the sheriff held up the death-warrant, and observed—"I hold in my hand a warrant from the Government of Massachusetts, commanding me to inflict the pains of death upon Simeon L. Crockett and Stephen Russell, and accordingly I am now going to discharge my duty." So saying, he crossed the stage, observed to see if all was clear, and then literally cut "the brittle thread of life," and the drop fell with its peculiar dead, dull sound.

Thus died, in the prime of life, these truly unfortunate men, who fell into crime by the use of *ARDENT SPIRITS*. The Rev. Mr. Taylor asked them if they had any complaint to make against the decision of the jury in their case, or against the Governor and Council for not pardoning them. They replied "that they had none, the verdict was just—their own crimes had brought them there, and they fully deserved execution."

Truly "the way of transgressors is hard."



**Life, Trial and Confession of
AMOS MINER,**

Who was Executed at Providence, Dec. 27, 1833.



MEN, who have rendered themselves infamous by the follies of their lives, are but sadly calculated to gain the confidence of the world, and though their stories may be told with a strict regard to truth by themselves, they will not nevertheless gain the ear of a candid people, or be listened to with that attention to which they may be entitled. The biography of the inmates of Newgate—the story of Barrington, of Lindly, of Burk and of Park, to say nothing *about the sketches of the more noted villains of this coun-*

om Blackbeard the famous down to the history of
ley the infamous and unlucky, afford ample testi-
to sustain the assertion that is here uttered.

not supposed the public will readily believe all that
Miner has said or may say concerning himself; the
part of his history will undoubtedly be rejected;
all of that part of it which is *infamous* and bloody,
undoubtedly be received as the real data of the life
urderer. The compiler of this narrative does not
himself responsible for any part of the history of

; he does not attempt to say that it is an unvarnish-
of truth—but he *will say*, that such as it is, it was

form Miner's lips, and recorded at his request, to
n to the public after his exit from life's brief jour-
His story is full of interest, and cannot fail to pro-

happy result on the minds of those who read it
disposition to profit by the example of an unhappy

luded man. It does not become the compiler to
on the guilt or innocence of Miner; that has al-

been left to the adjudication of the proper tribunals
country, and an impartial and high minded jury has

anced him guilty of the crime of murder—the laws
land have doomed him to the gallows.

elineating the eventful and comparatively unim-
t story of Miner, it were best perhaps to permit him

te his melancholy tale in his own simple, yet com-
sive manner. We shall, therefore, extract from

cript papers written by his own hand, and deliver-
publication.

as born of respectable parents, Sept. 23d, in the year
n the town of Stonington, Conn. in a house that

uilt by my grandfather, David Miner, who was in
ife married to Berthia Miner, daughter of James

of Beaufort, S. C. The house was situated at the
f the Qinnebaug cove, Stonington; and there my

ather died, leaving behind him a name free from
ch—honored by those who knew him best, and

only by those who dread the countenance of the
of stern and inflexible justice. The homestead

estate is now in possession of my father's brother, Jesse Miner, a man who is respected by all who know him, who has through life sustained the reputation of a man of inflexible integrity and virtue. I was a twin brother; the more happy and fortunate companion of my birth left this world in his early infancy, and now slumbers on the bosom of his God, whilst I am left to contend with afflictions, and to make my exit from a cruel world upon the public scaffold.

My father was named David; my mother's original name was Lydia Fish; she was the daughter of Job Fish, who married Mary Miner, daughter of Thomas Miner. They belonged to the denomination of Christians called Quakers. My father's parents were members of the Rev. Joseph Ellis's church; and my father and mother were both members of the Rev. Valentine Whitman Rathbone's church, and enjoyed the reputation of good and pious people—humble and faithful followers of the cross of Christ Jesus. As it was the first wish and prayer of the hearts of my parents that I should be educated in the fear of the Lord, I was placed at a very early age at a common English school, and such was the rapidity of my studies, that before I was four years old I could read the Bible, and almost any book that was printed in the English language. I continued to go to school both summer and winter for seven years and upwards; and my winter studies and education were continued till I had reached the age of seventeen years, when I commenced the employment of a teacher, and continued it with success, till I was called from it by other pursuits and a more laborious vocation.

In early life, as well as in my later days, I was taught to reverence and keep holy the Sabbath of the Lord—to honor and practise the Christian religion, and all the observances of virtue and morality. No one ever had better examples set before him than I have had; and if I have not profited by them, the sin of omission should rather be ascribed to my head than my heart.

I am the oldest child of the family; I have a sister married and well settled in life—she is the mother of three

children, and now resides in the same house with my parents in the town of Stonington, Conn. I have four brothers, all of whom have families. One of them resides in the state of New York; one of them in Pennsylvania; the residence of the others is not exactly known.

I have a wife and nine children, who have been plunged into the deepest agony by the sad events of my life, and who, whatever may be my fate, should not, in common justice, be held accountable for my crimes, or suffer by means of my disgrace.

[In the manuscript before us, Mr. Miner has enumerated a long list of cotton factories at which he has resided, and in most of which he and his family have been employed. As the detailed account he gives of the sufferings and wrongs he received at those institutions may be exaggerated, and as we have reason to believe that some of the direct charges he prefers against the proprietors of the factories are not consistent with facts, we have deemed it unnecessary and improper to give his statements to the public. In making this departure from his wishes and instructions, we consult the interest of his family, for it would be cruel in the extreme to suffer the husband and father to excite unfeeling prejudice against the wife and offspring. It may be proper to add that it cannot be doubted that the unhappy man was in some instances injured, but to admit that he has always been the injured party, and to deny that he has in any instance been the aggressor, would savor too much of injustice to the living, without producing any benefit to the dead.

One instance of alleged wrong which he relates, said to have been received at a manufactory in the town of Attleborough, Mass., is so contrary to the well-known feelings of the proprietors of that establishment, that we cannot give it our common credence.

According to the story of Miner, he had entered the employment of the manufacturer referred to, and in consequence of some evil treatment which was offered to his children, he resolved he would quit the establishment. He accordingly made all necessary arrangements for his departure, when he was told he could not depart, until he

had returned some trifling property, which it was alleged did not belong to him. Miner says that he was threatened with force if he did not yield assent to the demands of the owners of the cotton factory, and that in defence of himself, and of the property which belonged to him, he drew his axe, and swore he would destroy any one who should dare approach him. His menaces, accompanied by the flourish of an axe, had the effect desired, and he was permitted to depart without further molestation. His story accords pretty nearly with that of the respectable gentlemen who owned the factory, and they unite in saying, that they cannot doubt they would have been murdered if they had insisted upon the restitution of the property, or had refused to permit him quietly to depart.

In the course of his narrative he relates a violent incident that occurred between him and a gentleman, the proprietor of a cotton factory, the whole of which, if it were repeated, might perhaps gratify the appetites of those who deal in gossip. According to his own story, he was some two years since employed at a cotton factory located in the town of Scituate, and operated by a gentleman who is well known and highly respected. The children of Miner were employed in the mill, and of course were subjected to all of its rules and ordinances. One day one of his boys complained that the owner of the mill had beat him. The complaint was made amid the tears and cries of the child; and the father, excited beyond endurance, resolved that he would be revenged for the injuries of the boy. With this indignant resolution about him, he repaired to the dwelling of the owner of the factory, with a bludgeon and an axe, his constant companions and weapons, and after a few words of parlance, knocked the unsuspecting manufacturer prostrate with the earth. A violent scuffle ensued, in which the manufacturer was sadly injured. The next day Miner departed; and by evading the public eye, escaped whatever punishment the laws might have awarded his violence. After this period, he recommenced his vagrant mode of life, carrying with him from one section of New England to the other the *whole of his worldly effects in a single hand-cart, and*

frequently in bundles, whilst his wife and numerous brood have patiently trudged on behind, enduring numerous hardships and privations. According to his own story, he has lived in the states of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and New York; and wherever he has taken up a temporary residence, he has invariably had some difficulty with the neighborhood, and always quit it without affording any previous notice.

In the year 1829 or 1830, Mr. Richard Thornton, of Pawtuxet, on visiting the shore, adjacent to his farm, during the prevalence of the autumnal equinoctial gales, was surprised to find a man and his family, located among the shrubbery of a swamp; and as he approached them he discovered that they were victims of the most abject poverty. Shocked at their wretched condition, and commiserating the hard fate that attended them, he inquired the cause of their abject state, when he was informed by the "head of the gipsies,"—for he addressed none other than Amos Miner and family,—that he wandered, he cared not whither; that he had long been the sport of unkind fortune, and that he was then on the look-out for employment that would secure to himself and family a retreat, and a comfortable reward. In the course of their wanderings the family had visited the shores of Narraganset Bay, when, happily, they found in the products of the sea and its borders that support and nutriment which the world had denied them.

The story of Miner was so pathetically told, and savored so much of truth, that the gentleman whom he had addressed resolved that he would assist him; and as the weather was cold and cheerless, "and the rain did fall most lustily," he took the whole family to his residence, and there kept them till the inclemencies of the season had abated, when he fortunately succeeded in getting them employed at the Bellefonte factory. The humane and generous proprietors of that establishment having taken an interest in their real or pretended sorrows, very readily afforded them every necessary assistance. They not only gave them good employment at fair and custom-

ary prices, but they provided them with all the necessary utensils of the household in advance, beside food and raiment. For a month or two the family was professedly grateful for the favors it had received; but this good feeling was not of long duration. Ere the lapse of a month, the native moroseness of Amos Miner was demonstrated, he was obstinate, cold-blooded and insolent, and in the end became so violent, that all who were connected with the factory felt themselves in danger whilst he remained at the establishment; and when he and his family took it into their heads to depart, they were suffered to go without molestation; and even those who had employed them, and to whom they were indebted in some small sums of money, to say nothing about the debt of gratitude, made not the least objection to their departure from the premises.

From Bellefonte they proceeded to Connecticut, and were soon found again within the precincts of a factory, and, as usual, at war with the whole population of the village. It would be tedious to the public to pause to read a recapitulation of all the wanderings of Miner and his family; and his life has been but little else than a series of unnecessary turmoil, dispute and arbitration; the whole man can be sufficiently understood by the general assertion, that throughout the whole period of his life, he has proved himself to be a bad and dangerous member of society.

Possessed of more education than generally falls to the lot of men who move in the humble condition in which he has moved, and blessed with a mind of more than ordinary originality, he seems to have imbibed in early life the false notion of self-superiority, and an uncontrollable desire to enjoy all the fruits and blessings of independence. Having had his hopes blasted, so far as they have been connected with these matters, he appears to have declared war against the world, and to have placed it and its opinions at defiance. To a disposition naturally morose and uncompromising, he has added all the errors of education with none of its blessings; and led astray by his *passions*, and his foolish notions of independence, he has

voluntarily made the journey of life a season of misery. It is not the wish or design of the compiler of this book to augment the depravity of Miner, or to represent him to the world in a guise that does not belong to him. Truth and impartiality are aimed at; and as it would be cowardly to misrepresent a man who has no means of defence, and who, whatever may be his fate in those worlds which are beyond the grave, is entitled to the commiseration of a world like this; so it would be unjust and ungenerous to that society whose morals he has shocked, and whose laws he has contemned, to attempt to palliate his faults or excuse his vices.

If the compiler of this little book were not restrained by the regard that he has for the living, and the sympathy he very soon must feel for the dead, he could place before the kind reader, and the lovers of the marvellous and the terrific, tales of Amos Miner's life, which would be estimated as first among the mighty deeds of the man of vengeance, and the hero of unrecorded acts. One of the tales that he related one day, when it is most probable he had nothing else to relate, may be reported without offering any injury to any one; and if there be any thing like truth connected with it, its publication may yet fall upon the eye of those to whom it may be a matter of importance. The compiler deems it proper to say that he does not place any confidence in the story.

In the year 1805, according to Miner's story, he was, in consequence of some defalcations and immoralities, compelled to quit the home of his fathers, and seek protection from the vengeance of his pursuers, in the remote border regions of the state of New York. Whilst located temporarily at that section of the country on which the town of Rochester is now established, he one night, after having indulged in a debauch, whilst yet in a state of inebriety, visited the quarters of a recruiting sergeant; and, as the fellow took advantage of his condition, he was induced to enter the service of the United States as a soldier. Ere he was aware of what he was about, he was enlisted in the service of his country, and held to all the obligations of the vassal of the realm. So soon as he

had been restored to a state of sobriety, sensible of his degradation, and of the onerous duties to which he was now subject, he expostulated with the sergeant on the injustice of holding a man to the service of the republic who had entered against his inclination, and who at the moment of enlistment knew not what he did, and who, as a matter of right and sheer justice, should not be held responsible for an act committed in a moment of excessive inebriety.

To all of his expostulations the sergeant turned a deaf ear, or only replied, that those who entered the service of the United States should know what they were about, and not expect to be discharged after they had "signed the books," and touched the money of the country.

The injustice, and the cold-hearted argument of the sergeant, stung Miner to the quick, and he resolved, that as an honorable discharge could not be obtained, till the term for which he had enlisted had expired, he would abandon the camp on his own responsibility, and once more partake of the blessings of freedom. His soul panted for revenge; he reluctantly quit the camp without obtaining it; but the day was not distant that was destined to grant him an opportunity of satiating his vengeance. The sergeant had a beautiful daughter, named Caroline Cunningham, who was as lovely as a divinity, and on whom her father doted with a fondness that bordered on idolatry. She was the offspring of early love, and had been left to the guardianship of her father by her mother, who had died in childbed. It so happened that a few months after Miner had absconded from the service of the United States, sergeant Cunningham was removed, with the regiment to which he belonged, to the neighborhood where Miner had taken refuge, and now resided. As he had suffered great exposure, and was well tanned by the scorching rays of the midsummer sun, the sergeant did not recognise him, though he saw him every day, and on more occasions than one had met him at the village tavern. As Miner discovered that it was plain that he was neither recognised or suspected, he resolved that he would remain *in the neighborhood* of the fortress; "for I thought," said

he, "that I might possibly have at one day or another a fair opportunity of revenging myself of the sergeant—nor was I disappointed. I knew that sergeant Cunningham was in the habit of sailing on the adjacent river with his daughter, and it occurred to me that if I could see him and his soul's idol sink to 'many score fathoms down deep in the main,' I should be gratified, and my thirst for vengeance and revenge would be requited. One evening, in the month of July or August, I was told, that the sergeant and his daughter were to enjoy a sail upon the river. The information was to me a luxury indeed, and impatiently did I watch the embarkation. They entered the boat with an elastic step, and soon the ill-fated barge conveyed them to the middle of the stream. They had scarcely reached the deepest part of the river when the cry of 'help, help, save us, O God, save us,' was simultaneously ejaculated by the sergeant and his daughter. But their death cry came too late; their doom had been sealed and mortal aid could not reach them; they were beyond the reach of the hand of humanity and friendship, victims to an untimely and a watery grave. I stood upon a projecting cliff and saw their last struggles for existence—I heard their cries for relief and mercy; and though I had at first rejoiced at the doom that I had believed awaited them, I do confess that a feeling of pity thrilled my bosom, when I listened to the last and piteous cries of Caroline Cunningham."

To all inquiries made of Miner, whether he was a party to the catastrophe which attended sergeant Cunningham and his daughter, he turned a deaf ear, and preserved a sullen silence. That there was any truth connected with the story, the compiler of this book will not undertake to assert. He leaves that for others to decide, who are as capable of judging in behalf of the air of probability that is attached to it.

It would be an almost endless job to record all of the confessions that Miner has made, and nothing of the kind will be attempted; but as the following matters related by him find concurrence in domestic historical data, they are here given to the reader. Some of the facts which he

has stated are fresh in the recollection of respectable citizens of the town of Hebron.

THE CONFESSION.

A few days after Miner had been cast into jail, one of the officers of the prison called on me and said that the prisoner was anxious to see me. As soon as I could dispose of the employments of the morning, I repaired to Miner's cell in the jail, and found him deeply and intently engaged in reading the Bible. I saluted him with the civilities of the day, and he returned them, but not with that elasticity of spirit and manner that had heretofore distinguished his action. I asked him if he was unusually unwell; he replied in the negative, and indulged for a moment in unconscious abstraction. "I came, Mr. Miner," said I, "in compliance with the especial request of one of the officers of the prison, who said that you had something to communicate of importance; I am ready to attend you; but if you are not prepared I will call at a more auspicious period—perhaps this evening."

"Stop, stop, sir," he exclaimed with some eagerness of manner, and with evident emotion; "do not go yet, stay but a moment, and you may be the means of saving from hell one of the vilest beings that ever existed! I would speak to you on matters of deep importance. You will listen to me, and keep what I say profoundly secret!"

"If I can honestly serve you, and not violate the laws of the land, I shall most assuredly extend to you every aid that I can command."

"Are you a free-mason, sir?" inquired the anxiously gazing prisoner.

"If you mean to inquire if I am, or am not, a member of the fraternity of free-masons, I have only to say, that I am not a member of the masonic institution; but if you significantly ask if I can keep a secret inviolate, I shall tell you that I can; but I do not wish to become the depository of any secret or confession that you can offer."

"Then I am to understand that you will not assist me?"

"Certainly not; I will do you all the good I can, but I

do not wish to become the depository of the secrets of any man, the accidental exposure of which might involve the risk of his existence."

"This is a d——d cold-blooded, selfish world," replied Miner. "If I but possessed some five hundred dollars I could find friends enough; but as it is, I suppose I must be abandoned! I had been prepared for the worst of all things; but, by the gods, I did not dream that there was a man on earth who would refuse to listen to the story of a wretch situated as I am—pinioned, manacled, handcuffed and confined in a dungeon! But never mind, I suppose this neglect may be all the same to me a few months hence. The grave—aye, the grave—will not tell the story of my sufferings! heartless is this world—how base and useless are all the professions of pity and friendship."

"If, sir, you intend to cast these reproaches to me," said I, "I need not offend you, if I tell you that they are unmerited. I would serve you to the best of my ability—I would save you from the ignominy of the gallows if I could—and whatever can be done for you by me, legally and honorably, shall be most cheerfully accomplished."

The unhappy fellow appeared to pay but little heed to what I said, but with a disordered countenance paced the room to the length his chains allowed, and appeared to be lost in melancholy abstraction. Supposing that he was laboring under too much excitement to be capable of making his wants properly known, I again remarked that I would leave him and return again in the evening. "Do not leave me—in the name of God, I implore you, do not now go," he exclaimed, "stay but a moment—are you acquainted with Governor Peters of Connecticut?"

"I am not personally acquainted with that distinguished gentleman," I replied—"I know him by reputation."

"He must be written to," said the felon; "you must write the letter, and be careful that you correctly record what I say. I cannot die without doing what little good I can for society. If my own worthless life is to be sacrificed, I owe the world a debt that I must discharge!"

Did you ever hear about the perpetration of a murder in the town of Hebron, Connecticut?" continued Miner "and what did you think of it?"

"I never heard of the horrible act of which you speak," I replied; "I have no recollection of reading about any such transaction."

"Well, I have," replied the felon; "and Governor Peters must know all about it whilst I live; when I am gone none will be left behind to tell the particulars of the bloody affair."

I was proceeding to say to him, that I could not become the depository of any of his secrets or confessions, when, in the most piteous manner, he implored me, as he was a dying man, to commit his story to writing, that it might be communicated to Governor Peters. Finding that he would not listen to a refusal, and that he was determined to proceed, by some means or other, to communicate his tale of blood to the executive of Connecticut, I bade him proceed with his narrative.

"Do I look like a murderer?" inquired the felon; "do I look like another Cain, born and sent into the world to become the curse of society? If I do not look like a murderer, the man was killed!—Heaven rest his soul; poor fellow!—he is far happier than I am."

"The man was killed! what man? and how was the deed accomplished?"

"Why G—— decoyed him to the coal-pit, and J—— dashed his brains out with an axe. 'Twas but the work of an instant. The deed was done in a twinkling; and no one has ever known the fate of the sufferer. I can behold, in my mind's eye, the bloody and bleeding carcass!"

"You speak in parables," said I; "you are extremely mysterious. Since you are resolved to communicate something, tell the story as it is, if you wish to have it communicated to Governor Peters."

"Is all safe—cannot some one overhear us?" anxiously inquired Miner; "I would not be overheard," he continued, "for a dukedom, for I find that those who visit this jail are fond of creating mischief."

Having assured him that no one, save myself, was in the neighborhood of his cell, he repeated in a distinct, and yet in a low tone of voice, the following story:—

"In the year 18—, a man named Benjamin Berry, a citizen of Portland, in the state of Maine, who had followed the business of a butcher, migrated to the city of Hartford, where he commenced the practice of his business. As he found that a dealer in stock always had a better opportunity of making money than a butcher, he abandoned the stall, and commenced the employments of the drover. I at that time resided in the town of Hebron, near John Town Hill; and Berry, in the course of his travels after stock, became acquainted with my family, and formed, as he avowed, an attachment for my oldest daughter. He was frequently at my house; but it was his usual practice to come on Saturday night, and remain with us till Monday morning, when he returned to Hartford, or visited the neighboring country in pursuit of stock. In the course of the summer of this year, he united with his business as dealer in live stock the employments of a pedler; and thus, whilst he purchased cattle of the farmer, he paid him a moiety of the purchase in the goods at a profit. He was doing well; was a man of correct principles and good habits, though he might have indulged the extra glass now and then, and taken the morning bitters.

"On the occasion of one of his visits to my family, he displayed to me the contents of his pocket-book, and, what was usual with him, boasted of his profits. He was ambitious and proud of success, and the results of a late speculation had probably induced this unnecessary and unfortunate display of his wealth. I saw the money that he possessed; he counted it in my presence, and I distinctly recollect that he had in his pocket-book the round sum of eighteen hundred dollars. I expostulated with him against the unnecessary and foolish display of his money; when he replied that he knew where he was, and what he was about, and that so long as he was surrounded by

his friends, he did not imagine there could be any temptation for the robber.

"On this occasion, his visit was as usual prolonged from Saturday till Monday morning, when he rose about the break of day, and prepared for his departure. I was up, and, as the weather was agreeable, we stood in the doorway of the house, and for a while talked of the concerns of life, and the prospects of my family. Whilst we stood thus conversing, Berry remarked, that though he was not accustomed to drinking spirits in the morning, he thought a glass of bitters would do him good, and asked me to give him a little rum. I replied that we had no ardent spirits of any kind in the house, that I was exceedingly sorry that I could not furnish him with the liquor he wanted; when he interrupted me by saying no apology is necessary; but since a little bitters will do us no harm, if you will get me a jug I will go to the store, and get a couple of quarts of West India. I accordingly furnished him a jug, and he started for the store, and, to lessen the distance, went across the fields and meadows, and in the course of his track fell in with a coal-pit, then burning, and attended by two men, my neighbors. At the coal-pit he breathed his last breath and settled his destiny. In the ordinary course of travel, it would not have taken Berry more than half an hour to go from my house to the store; and as I became alarmed for his safety, after he had been absent two hours or more, I proceeded to look for him, and as chance would have it my footsteps were directed toward the coal-pit; and on my reaching it I found the dead body of Berry, cut, bruised, and mangled in the most horrid manner, hid in a shed which had been erected by the colliers for temporary protection. In a few moments the colliers returned, set fire to the shed, and threatened me with destruction if I ever revealed one word in relation to the murder. Afraid of their vengeance, and knowing both to be men of desperate minds and habits, I concluded to keep their secrets. As what remained of the lifeless form of Berry lay exposed among the ashes of the shed, I advised its immediate burial, and, assisted by the colliers, I dug a hole beside the adjacent

stone wall, into which the body of poor Berry was tumbled, and there it now reposes. A few days after this, the colliers disappeared, and from that hour to this I have not seen them."

"And did not suspicion fall on you," I inquired, when Miner had finished his story—"were you not, under the peculiarity of all the circumstances, suspected of having had a hand in the disposal of Berry?"

"I was suspected for a while, I believe," replied Miner, "and I was once told that the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Berry had created a deal of speculation in Hebron and Hartford; but as he was a man of vagrant habits it was soon generally understood and believed that he had gone to the westward in pursuit of stock, and I took no pains to do away the impression of the people. It was at one time strongly in contemplation to arrest me, and as I was not disposed to subject myself to inconvenience and unnecessary annoyance, I took advantage of the night, and departed with my family to a remote section of the country. Suspicion soon faded away, and the murder of Berry remains unavenged."

"And what became of the body or the remains of it, that were left at the coal-pit?"

"It was buried by the side of a stone wall hard by," replied the culprit, "near a couple of birches, and there it yet remains."

"Could you point out the spot where it reposes?"

"I could, if I were taken to the spot by the authority of Connecticut, not else. I could not describe the place to any one, so that he might find it, not would I if I could, because I consider it the duty of the authorities of Rhode Island, as well as those of Connecticut, to take me to the place, that the ends of public justice be accomplished."

"That cannot be done," I replied; "you are now in the hands of the authorities of Rhode Island, subject to its laws, and no power on earth can convey you to Connecticut. If you can point out the place where the bones of Berry are interred, it is your duty to do so, that the guilty may be brought to the punishment which they so richly deserve."

"If Rhode Island and Connecticut are not sufficiently interested in the matter to take me to Hebron, that I may cause the detection of the murderers, all knowledge of the resting place of Berry shall forever remain a secret locked up in my bosom. I will die, and none shall be the wiser for me in relation to the murder of Berry," continued Miner, "and thus will I ever hold the world in suspense."

"Do you know the names of the murderers?" I inquired.

"Why yes, I suppose I do," was the reply.

"Have you any objection to the development of their names?"

"I do not know that I can object to the giving of them to you; but that will do no good; they cannot now be found. The one was named——, and the other was called——; both immediately fled the country, and are now in parts unknown."

Such was the story that Miner related to the compiler in relation to the Hebron murder: how much truth there might have been connected with it, the compiler has no means of deciding. It is his opinion, that the whole was destitute of foundation, and was fabricated with the idle hope that it would gain him conveyance from the Providence jail to Connecticut, and thus afford him an opportunity to escape. The names of the alleged murderers are suppressed because those who bear them may be good and worthy members of society, and it would be equally cruel and unjust to make use of them on the vague and illegal authority of a man who is cut off from society, and whose testimony, whether true or false, could not be admitted in a court of justice. If application should be made by the authorities of Connecticut they will be given up.

The compiler of this narrative has visited Miner almost daily since he has been in prison, and has studied the character of the man, and has arrived at the conclusion, that he has been a man of strong feelings and passions, both of which he has indulged with great freedom, and has thus, in the end, brought himself to the scaffold. His *conduct* since he has been in prison has been as varied

as the days of the year. Whilst he had hope of escape he was generally mild and pacific, yet sly and capricious, artful and designing. At times he has made great professions of piety and repentance; at other times he has been noisy, vindictive, and revengeful.

As long as a hope of escape was left, he practised his deceptive arts upon the credulous and humane, but the moment every hope of ultimate rescue from the gallows was lost, he gave vent to the fury and recklessness of his passions. As soon as the last ray of hope had fled him, and he had become satisfied of the certainty of the fate that awaited him, he gave vent to all the vengeful and malignant passions, and heaped his execrations upon all who had borne testimony against him, and who had, in addition to the laws of the land, aided in his condemnation. In consequence of ex-parte publications he had been permitted to make through the columns of the public press, the sympathy of hundreds was at one time warmly enlisted in his favor, but when the real character of the man was developed by his own madness and indiscretion, there were few to pity him and none to doubt the justice of his doom. According to his own confessions and admissions and declarations, he has through life been a dangerous member of society, and has literally made his passage through the world with the blade of his axe. All who have ever known any thing of the man have given him a bad name; and as he has not at any time produced a solitary individual to speak in his behalf, the unanimous verdict of the world against him must be tacitly received.

To relate all his stories and to record all his confessions—if indeed what he has avowed be entitled to the dignity of the appellation—would swell this account to an unprofitable volume; and, as what he has confessed to-day has been denied by him the next day, but little confidence can be placed in any thing that he has said. He has fallen a victim to the native ferocity of his disposition—has gone to the grave covered with the guilt of the murderer, and it is not probable that many will lament his fate. Dupli-

city and deceit have formed prominent traits in his history; and the address with which he has imposed upon the credulity of the world, and enlisted the better feelings of the humane, has established a conspicuous figure in the delineation of his character. Let not the disgrace of the father descend upon the heads of the offspring; and while the world looks with abhorrence on the deed of the murderer, let not the odium of the gallows be reflected upon those who should not be held accountable for the atrocities of the wretched being who, contrary to their consent, introduced them to an unkind world. The family Miner leaves behind him is very numerous; it has long contended with misery, sorrow and affliction, and let not injustice be practised to augment the sum total of human suffering.

His speech under the gallows.

The dying declaration of Miner has created an excitement among the gazing multitude at the time of execution under the gallows. At first his words were very solemn. He said he was glad the day had arrived and liberty given to speak to the public his mind. He said he died in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth, and through his merits and mercy he hoped for eternal rest after death, and my trust and hope is in him who is able and willing to save the greatest sinner who comes to him with sincere repentance. The latter part of his speech was not so pleasing, and he appeared to show some resentment, and said, "you take my life against the laws of God and man, and no better than murder, and I die an innocent man, and can truly say I did not mean to kill Mr. Smith. I struck the fatal blow in a passion, to save my own life, and the judgments of God will come on this state for the unjust act and on the officers of the state that condemned me to be hanged; and if I was a mason my life would be spared. Remember Morgan who was murdered, and you take my life unjustly." He appeared much agitated against the people, who he said were the cause of his death, and had not that forgiving spirit which a dying man should have, and so much resentment seemed to appear in him that the high sheriff appeared to be out of patience, and fixed the rope round

neck, and he launched into eternity while about to
speak again. It is believed by those who knew Miner
of the whole transaction, that there was no injustice
done him, and that he was a dangerous man and of an
common passion full of revenge.



Lives and Trial of
GIBBS AND WANSLEY,
Who were Executed for Piracy.



THE atrocious villain Gibbs was a native of Providence, Rhode Island. His true name was James D. Jeffers, but as he was more generally known as Charles Gibbs, we shall give him that appellation. His adventures, excepting the crime for which he was finally hanged, are only known from his own admissions while under sentence of death, and our readers must judge for themselves how far they are to be credited.

It appears from evidence legally taken, that the brig Vineyard sailed from New Orleans about the first of November, 1830, for Philadelphia. William Thornby was

the master of the vessel, and William Roberts the mate. The crew consisted of seven persons, viz. Charles Gibbs, John Brownrigg, Robert Dawes, Henry Atwell, James Talbot, A. Church, and Thomas I. Wansley, a young negro native of Delaware, who acted as cook.

When the Vineyard had been five days at sea, Wansley made it known to the crew that there were fifty thousand dollars in specie on board. This information excited their cupidity, and induced them to consult on the means of getting the money into their own hands. Many conversations took place on the subject, and while these were going on, Dawes, who was a mere boy, was sent to converse with the officers, in order to divert their attention from what was passing. Finally it was *resolved*, that as the master and mate were old men, it was time they should die and make room for the rising generation. Moreover, they were of opinion that as the mate was of a peevish disposition, he deserved death. Yet, to do no man injustice, it does not appear that Brownrigg or Talbot had any part in these deliberations, or in the foul deed that resulted from them.

The conspirators agreed to commit the greatest earthly crimes, murder and piracy, on the night of the 23d. The murder of the master was assigned to Gibbs and Wansley; that of the mate to Atwell and Church.

The vessel was off cape Hatteras, when the time fixed for the murder arrived. The master was standing on the quarter deck, Dawes had the helm, and Brownrigg was aloft. Dawes called Wansley aft to trim the light in the binacle. The black moved as if to obey, but coming behind Mr. Thornby, struck him on the back of the neck with the pump brake, so that he fell forward, crying "murder!" Wansley repeated his blows till the master was dead, and then, with the assistance of Gibbs, threw the body overboard. While this deed of darkness was being done, the mate, aroused by the noise, came up the companion ladder from the cabin. Atwell and Church were waiting for him at the top of the ladder, and one of them struck him down with a club; but the blow did not kill him. Gibbs followed to complete the work, but not

being able to find the mate in the dark, returned to the deck for the binacle light. With this he descended and laid hands on the victim, but was not able to overcome him, even with the aid of Atwell; but finally, with the assistance of Church, he was dragged on deck, beaten and thrown overboard. He was not yet dead, and swam after the vessel four or five minutes, crying for help, before he sank. All these transactions were witnessed by the boy Dawes, who had a passive, if not an active part in them.

The pirates then took possession of the vessel, and Wansley busied himself in wiping up the blood that had been spilled on deck, declaring, with an oath, that though he had heard that the stains of the blood of a murdered person could not be effaced, he would wipe away these. Then, after drinking all round, they got up the money. It was distributed in equal portions to all on board; Brownrigg and Talbot being assured that if they would keep the secret, and share the plunder, they should receive no injury.

They then steered a northeasterly course toward Long Island, till they came within fifteen or twenty miles of Southampton light, where they resolved to leave the vessel in the boats, though the wind was blowing hard. Atwell scuttled the brig and got into the jolly boat with Church and Talbot, while Gibbs, Wansley, Dawes and Brownrigg, put off in the long boat. The jolly boat swamped on a bar two miles from the shore, and all on board were drowned. The long boat was in great danger also, and was only saved from a like fate by throwing over several bags of specie. Nevertheless, the crew at last got on shore on Pelican Island, where they buried their money, and found a sportsman who told them where they were. They then crossed to Great Barn Island, and went to the house of a Mr. Johnson, to whom Brownrigg gave the proper information. Thence they went to the house of a Mr. Leonard, where they procured a wagon to carry them farther. As they were about to get in, Brownrigg cried aloud that they might go whither they pleased, but he would not accompany them, for they were murderers. On hearing this Mr. Leonard sent for a magistrate

and Gibbs and Dawes were apprehended. Wansley escaped into the woods, but was followed and soon taken.

The evidence of the guilt of the prisoners was full and conclusive. Their own confession of the crime, gratuitously made to Messrs. Merritt and Stevenson, who had the custody of them from Flatbush to New York, could have left not the shadow of a doubt on the mind of any person who heard the testimony of those officers. Wansley told the whole story, occasionally prompted by Gibbs, and both admitted that Brownrigg was innocent of any participation in their crimes. Their confession was not, however, so favorable to Dawes.

Gibbs was arraigned for the murder of William Roberts, and Wansley for that of William Thornby. They were both found guilty, and the district attorney moved for judgment on the verdict. There was nothing peculiar in their deportment during the trial. The iron visage of Gibbs was occasionally darkened with a transient emotion, but he had evidently abandoned all hope of escape, and sat the greater part of the time with his hands between his knees, calmly surveying the scene before him. Wansley was more agitated, and trembled visibly when he rose to hear the verdict of the jury.

The judge stated to Wansley, in the usual form, the substance of the charge on which he had been indicted, arraigned and found guilty, and asked him the usual question. Wansley said he would say a few words, though he did not know that it would be of any use to him. He said he had always known that a difference of color produced a difference of treatment, where white men were the judges. They had taken the blacks from their own country. There was an antipathy, as he knew, entertained by the whites against colored persons. He had found it so himself, both as regarded the witnesses and jurors in this case, and in the behavior of the district attorney. Much false testimony had been given, as he of course had the means of knowing. The witnesses would not disclose the manner in which he first came to give information as to the money on board. Two indictments

were found against him, of the offence charged in one of which he was guiltless. He guessed he had said enough.

The court told him to proceed, if there was any thing else he wished to say. He then stated that he was the first man who went on board of the Vineyard. He saw the money brought on board. When a conversation arose among the crew, as to what amount of money each had, he observed, in the way of conversation, that there was plenty on board. Atwell said, "then let's have it." This remark he took for a mere jest, and considered it such until a week after, when Atwell told him that a conspiracy had been formed; that they were the strongest party; that they meant to take the lives of the officers, and of such of the men as would not join them. He felt no inclination to do so, and spoke to Church about it next day. Church was the only one of the crew he had known before he shipped in the Vineyard. Church advised him not to inform against the conspirators. If he had done so he would have only been in the same situation in which he was at present. He had nothing more to say.

He was quite coherent in his remarks, and distinct in his utterance; but there was nothing impudent in his demeanor. He had naturally a sullen smile on his countenance.

Gibbs spoke fluently, rapidly, and with propriety. He said he wished to state how far he was guilty, and how far innocent. When he went on board he knew only Church and Dawes. He was asked by Harry Atwood (so he pronounced the name) to join the conspiracy, and at first refused to do so. But he subsequently agreed to it. So did all the crew, including Brownrigg and Dawes. He afterwards began to think that it was a dreadful thing to take a man's life, and declared that he would not assent to killing the captain and mate; that he would break any man's nose who proposed it to him. He persuaded all of them to abandon this part of the project, except Church and Dawes: and their opposition was such that he yielded. Brownrigg agreed to call up the captain, and did so. The mate was thrown overboard by Church and Dawes. He [Gibbs] protested before God that he was innocent of

the murder of the mate. He did help to throw the captain overboard.

The judge then proceeded to pass sentence. What had fallen from the prisoners, he said, might excite some feeling, but only tended to confirm the justice of their sentence. He observed to Wansley that whatever prejudice he might imagine existed, growing out of the distinctions of color, the utmost impartiality had been observed in his case. Admitting that both Brownrigg and Dawes had sworn falsely, the prisoners' own words, just uttered, admitted that they had been guilty of a most horrible crime, that of taking human life, without provocation. If the court could entertain a doubt that, in the case of Wansley, the least injustice had been done, or the slightest advantage withheld from him, they would afford him another opportunity of being tried. But there was not a shadow of such a doubt.

When the accused denies the charges against him, courts must proceed upon testimony. There is no other mode of arriving at a conclusion. Sometimes, with all the care that may be taken, they may err; and it is most distressing for them to execute their painful duty of pronouncing sentence, when they entertain the supposition that a mistake may have been made in convicting. But here there was no such embarrassment. The prisoners stood, for the last time, in the presence of an earthly tribunal, and admitted their deep and unequivocal guilt. In ordinary cases of the kind, there were some circumstances of palliation, or such as tended to excite sympathy. The offender may have been led to commit the act by sudden passion, or strong resentment newly awakened; there may have been violent provocation to the deed; or other circumstances, which may take away the control of reason for the time, may mitigate the turpitude of the offence. It was not so here. What cause of offence had either the captain or mate ever given to the prisoners? They trusted in them as able seamen and good citizens, and confided to them their lives and property. A sum of money was the temptation, and over the scheme to obtain

it they had deliberated long and cautiously—they had slept upon it, and reasoned long about it. If what Gibbs had stated were true, and though he did not strike the mate, still he was equally guilty as an abettor, in the eye of the law, and in his own conscience. He might have stretched out his hand and saved him, when he stood by assisting and encouraging his murderers, and the unfortunate man was petitioning in his agony for mercy.

Notwithstanding all this, the judge said, he could not believe the prisoners so wholly callous, and incapable of feeling contrition, as not to have their hearts softened and awakened to repentant emotion when they looked back upon their unprovoked outrage. They were American citizens. They had shown in what they had said in court this day, that they were possessed of a more than ordinary share of intelligence, and must have participated to some extent in the blessings of education so widely scattered over this country. They well understood their civil duties and responsibilities. The court would believe them when they stated, that up to a certain time, they were averse to the commission of the crime. In youth their early feelings must have been taught to revolt, when they heard of the commission of murders, mutinies and robberies. Yet now, in mature manhood, they stood convicted of all. When they entered on the hazardous profession they had adopted, those crimes must have presented themselves as the most dangerous against which they would have to guard; nor could they then have dreamed of perpetrating them. But the evidence convicted them of every offence laid in the indictment, of murder, mutiny, robbery on the high seas, and scuttling the vessel; the penalty for each of which is death. If they had saved the lives of the officers, and the cargo likewise, and had scuttled the vessel, their condemnation would have been the same.

He then proceeded to pass sentence on them severally, that each should be taken from the place where they then were, and thence to the place of confinement, and should *be hanged by the neck till dead*; and that the marshal of *the southern district of New York* should see this sentence

ried into execution on the twenty-second day of April following, between the hours of ten and four o'clock.

He observed that the only matter which the court had under deliberation, was as to the time of executing sentence. In many countries this follows the sentence immediately; nor was there any legal reason why they could not be forthwith conveyed to the scaffold, from the place where they stood, to undergo their fate. The court had allowed them six weeks for preparation; but it was no means with a view of allowing them to indulge in a hope of pardon. They must not let their minds dwell on it for a moment. Their death was inevitable. It was as certain as that they were now living men, that by the 1 of April they must die.

He asked if it was not an affecting subject of consideration for them, to hear this inevitable decree; did they realize, apply and understand it? The court hardly knew what manner to present to them its closing remarks, or what view of their case would most penetrate and melt their hearts. Surely it must sometimes have presented itself to their minds, that it is a dreadful thing to die. Even in age, when the faculties have lost all their vigor, and the mind and body perform their functions most feebly, it is natural to cling to life; doubly so in the fullness of strength and manhood. When laid on the bed of sickness, though surrounded by the nearest and dearest friends, attended with every comfort and every appliance to resist the last enemy, it is felt to be a hard thing to die. In their perilous profession, in which they must sometime have been exposed to the dangers of tempests, rocks and shipwrecks, they must have felt the power of that principle which induced them to make every exertion to save their lives, by the most desperate efforts. Even in the roar and excitement of battle, where all the angry passions are aroused, the principle of self-preservation exists and operates.

But if the prisoners had never thought or felt that it is a fearful thing to die, he besought them now to consider of it coolly, and with a steadfast attention to regard it singly. Let them also consider what is to come after it. The

humanity of the marshal would afford them every convenience for communication with pious men, such as they might choose to see. The court had discharged its duty.

Gibbs asked if he might see his friends. The court replied that the marshal would allow him every proper indulgence.

Soon after his arrest, and before his trial, he expressed a desire to Henry W. Merritt, one of the police marshals, to make some communications to a magistrate respecting his career and crimes. The officer made known his wish to James Hopson, Esq. one of the police magistrates of New York, and that gentleman, presuming that a development of the circumstances attending his piracies would be highly important and valuable to the mercantile community, proceeded to the prison at Bellevue to receive his confession. The disclosures made to that gentleman will be found in the sequel. The other details presented in the following narrative, were communicated to Mr. Merritt, police officer, the deputy keeper of Bridewell, and another person, at different times, and were committed to paper by them on the spot, very nearly in his own language. Some of them are so strongly corroborated by circumstances, as to leave hardly a doubt on the minds of the most sceptical.

The first account which he gave of himself is, that his father obtained a situation for him in the United States sloop of war Hornet, Captain Lawrence, during the last war with England, in which vessel he made two cruises; in the last of which she captured and sunk the enemy's sloop of war Peacock off the coast of Pernambuco, after an engagement of twenty minutes. On the arrival of the Hornet in the United States, Captain Lawrence was assigned by the government to the command of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying in Boston harbor, and Gibbs accompanied him to that ill-fated vessel in the month of April, 1813.

This statement of his services was proved to be false, and acknowledged as such by himself. His motive for the falsehood was, he said, to conceal his real adventures about this time, that his proper name might not be dis-

ed. There is much to corroborate and nothing to
ve what follows.

er his exchange, he abandoned all idea of following
a for a subsistence, went home to Rhode Island and
ned there a few months, but being unable to conquer
opensity to roving, he entered on board a ship bound
w Orleans and thence to Stockholm. On the home-
passage they were compelled to put into Bristol,
and, in distress, where the ship was condemned, and
roceeded to Liverpool. He returned to the United
s in the ship *Amity*, Captain Maxwell. Shortly after
turn home, the death of an uncle put him in posses-
of about two thousand dollars, with which he estab-
l himself in the grocery business in Boston. This
taking was far from being profitable, and he was
under the necessity of applying to his father for
ance, which was always afforded, accompanied with
advice and his blessing. The stock was finally sold
ction, for about nine hundred dollars, which he soon
idered in tippling houses and among profligates.
ather hearing of his dissipation, wrote affectionately
earnestly to him to come home, but he stubbornly
ed, and went to sea again, in the ship *John*, Captain
rn, bound for the Island of Margarett.

ter its arrival, he left the ship, and entered on board
Colombian privateer *Maria*, Captain Bell. They
ed for about two months in the Gulf of Mexico,
id Cuba, but the crew becoming dissatisfied in con-
equence of the non-payment of their prize-money, a mu-
arose, the crew took possession of the schooner, and
ed the officers near Pensacola. A number of days
ed before it was finally decided by them what course
rsue. Some advised that they should cruise as be-
under the Colombian commission; others proposed to
the black flag. They cruised for a short time with-
uccess, and it was then unanimously determined to
the black flag, and declare war against all nations.
r bloody purpose was not carried, however, into im-
ate execution. They boarded a number of vessels,

and allowed them to pass unmolested, there being no specie on board, and their cargoes not being convertible into any thing valuable to themselves. At last one of the crew, named Antonio, suggested that an arrangement could be made with a man in Havana, that would be mutually beneficial; that he would receive all their goods, sell them, and divide the proceeds. This suggestion being favorably received, they ran up within two miles of Moro Castle, and sent Antonio on shore to see the merchant and make a contract with him. Previous to this, Gibbs was chosen to navigate the vessel. Antonio succeeded in arranging every thing according to their wishes, and Cape Antonio was appointed as the place of rendezvous. The merchant was to furnish drogers to transport the goods to Havana, which was done by him for more than three years.

The Maria now put to sea, with a crew of about fifty men, mostly Spaniards and Americans, with every hope of success. The first vessel she fell in with was the Indispensable, an English ship, bound to Havana, which was taken and carried to Cape Antonio. The crew were immediately destroyed; those who resisted were hewed to pieces; those who offered no resistance were reserved to be shot and thrown overboard. Such was the manner in which they proceeded in all their subsequent captures. The unhappy being that cried for mercy, in the hope that something like humanity was to be found in the breasts even of the worst of men, shared the same fate with him who resolved to sell his life at the highest price. A French brig, with a valuable cargo of wine and silk, was taken shortly after; the vessel was burnt and the crew murdered.

The sanguinary scenes through which Gibbs had passed now effectually wrought up his desperation to the highest pitch, and being as remarkable for his coolness and intrepidity as he was for his skill in navigation, he was unanimously chosen to be their leader in all future enterprises. To reap a golden harvest without the hazard of encountering living witnesses of their crimes, it was unanimously resolved to spare no lives, and to burn and

plunder without mercy. They knew that the principle inculcated by the old maxim that "dead men tell no tales," was the safe one for them, and they scrupulously followed it. Gibbs states that he never had occasion to give orders to begin the work of death. The Spaniards were eager to accomplish that object without delay, and generally every unhappy victim disappeared in a very few minutes after they had gained the deck of a vessel.

He now directed his course towards the Bahama Banks, where they captured a brig, believed to be the William, of New York, from some port in Mexico, with a cargo of furniture, destroyed the crew, took her to Cape Antonio, and sent the furniture and other articles to their friend in Havana. Sometime during this cruise, the pirate was chased for nearly a whole day by a United States ship, supposed to be the John Adams; he hoisted patriot colors, and finally escaped. In the early part of the summer of 1817, they took the Earl of Moira, an English ship from London, with a cargo of dry goods. The crew were destroyed, the vessel burnt, and the goods carried to the Cape. There they had a settlement with their Havana friend, and the proceeds were divided according to agreement.

Gibbs then repaired to Havana, introduced himself to the merchant, and made further arrangements for the successful prosecution of his piracies. While there, he became acquainted with many of the English and American naval officers, inquired respecting the success of their various expeditions for the suppression of piracy, and all their intended movements.

On the return to Cape Antonio, he found his comrades in a state of mutiny and rebellion, and that several of them had been killed. His energy checked the disturbance, and all agreed to submit to his orders, and put any one to death who should dare to disobey them.

. During the cruise which was made in the latter part of 1817, and the beginning of 1818, a Dutch ship from Curacoa was captured, with a cargo of West India goods, and a quantity of silver plate. The passengers and crew, to the number of thirty, were all destroyed, with the ex-

ception of a young female about seventeen, who fell upon her knees and implored Gibbs to save her life. The appeal was successful, and he promised to save her, though he knew it would lead to dangerous consequences among his crew. She was carried to Cape Antonio, and kept there about two months; but the dissatisfaction increased until it broke out at last into open mutiny, and one of the pirates was shot by Gibbs for daring to lay hold of her with a view of beating out her brains. Gibbs was compelled in the end to submit her fate to a council of war, at which it was decided that the preservation of their own lives made her sacrifice indispensable. He therefore acquiesced in the decision, and gave orders to have her destroyed by poison, which was immediately done.

The piratical schooner was shortly after driven ashore near the Cape, and so much damaged that it was found necessary to destroy her. A new sharp-built schooner was in consequence provided by their faithful friend in Havana, called the *Picciana*, and despatched to their rendezvous. In this vessel they cruised successfully for more than four years. Among the vessels taken and destroyed with their crews, were the *Belvidere*, *Dido*, a Dutch brig, the British barque *Larch*, the other vessels enumerated in the list furnished to Justice Hopson, and many others whose names are not recollected. They had a very narrow escape at one time, from the English man-of-war brig *Coronation*. In the early part of October, 1821, they captured a ship from Charleston, took her to Cape Antonio, and were busily engaged in landing her cargo, when the United States brig *Enterprise*, Captain Kearney, hove in sight, and discovering their vessels at anchor, sent in her barges to attack them. A serious engagement followed; they defended themselves for some time behind a four gun battery, but in the end were defeated with considerable loss, and compelled to abandon their vessels and booty and fly to the mountains for safety.

They left hot, poisoned coffee on the cabin table, in hopes that some of the American officers would drink it. *This statement is confirmed by Captain Kearney.*

What follows is an abstract of what passed between Gibbs and Mr. Justice Hopson in prison.

Question. Charles Gibbs,—my name is Mr. Hopson. I understand from Mr. Merritt you wished to see me. He told me so some ten or twelve days since, and the weather being so cold, I have put off coming until now. He informed me you wished to make some communications which you would not make to any other person.

Ans. I have.

Ques. Gibbs, are you going to tell me the truth, or is it to amuse me, and make me write a long story that will not amount to any thing?

Ans. I shall tell nothing but the truth; and it is only on condition that you will swear not to divulge any thing I may say, when I am on my trial, and at no time after, if I should get clear.

My reply was, (says Mr. Hopson,) that I should not take my oath, but I would give him my word that it should be kept a secret according to his request.

Under this promise he stated as follows:—that he had commenced piracy in the year 1816, in the schooner *Sans Souci*, belonging to the Island of Margarett, and since that time has been in several other vessels engaged in the same business; that many of his comrades are now living in the United States, whose names he never would mention; that they had taken from many vessels large sums of money, and various articles of merchandise. He had no doubt he had been concerned in robbing forty different vessels; and on reflection could mention many of the names. He gave the names of upwards of a score of vessels taken by the pirates under his command, whose crews had been murdered. One crew he had spared because they were of Providence, and he could not resolve to slaughter his townsmen.

Ques. Gibbs, why were you so cruel as to kill so many persons, when you had got all their money, which was all you wanted?

Ans. The laws are the cause of so many murders.

Ques. How can that be? What do you mean?

Ans. Because a man has to suffer death for piracy, and

the punishment for murder is no more. Then, you know, all witnesses are out of the way, and I am sure if the punishment was different, there would not be so many murders.

Ques. Have you any objections to tell me the names of any persons who have been concerned in piracy, or who received the gains of pirates?

Ans. There are many now in the United States, but I will not mention their names. I know that when I was cruising, the governor of the Isle of Pines was concerned with pirates, and I won't mention any others.

Here we separated, (says Justice Hopson) and he wished me to call and see him again, which I promised.

I visited him again on the 19th of March. At that visit, nothing particular took place. I asked him many questions; he conversed with great freedom; repeated to me the vessels he first informed me had been robbed and destroyed. He also on subsequent occasions named many more, and detailed the circumstances of their capture.

On one occasion Gibbs stated that he cruised for more than three weeks off the capes of the Delaware, in the hope of falling in with the Rebecca Sims, a Philadelphia ship, bound for Canton. He knew that she would have a large quantity of specie on board, but was disappointed of his booty. The ship passed the pirate in the night.

Sometime in the course of the year 1819, he stated that he left Havana and came to the United States, bringing with him about thirty thousand dollars. He passed several weeks in New York, and then went to Boston, whence he took passage for Liverpool in the ship Emerald. Before he sailed, however, he had squandered a large part of his money in dissipation and gambling. He remained in Liverpool a few months, and then returned to Boston in the ship Topaz, Captain Lewis. His residence in Liverpool at that time is satisfactorily ascertained from another source beside his own confession. A female now in New York was well acquainted with him there, where, she says, he lived like a gentleman, with apparently abundant means of support. In speaking of *his acquaintance* with this female, he said, "I fell in with

A woman, who I thought was all virtue, but she deceived me, and I am sorry to say that a heart that never felt abashed at scenes of carnage and blood, was made a child of, for a time, by her, and I gave way to dissipation to drown the torment. How often, when the fumes of liquor have subsided, have I thought of my good and affectionate parents, and of their godly advice! But when the little monitor began to move within me, I immediately seized the cup to hide myself from myself, and drank until the sense of intoxication was renewed. My friends advised me to behave like a man, and promised me their assistance, but the demon still haunted me, and I spurned their advice."

He subsequently returned to Boston, sailed for Havana, and again commenced his piratical career. In 1826, he revisited the United States, and hearing of the war between Brazil and the Republic of Buenos Ayres, sailed from Boston in the brig *Hitty*, of Portsmouth, with a determination, as he states, of trying his fortune in defence of a republican government. Upon his arrival, he made himself known to Admiral Brown, and communicated his desire to join their navy. The admiral accompanied him to the governor, and a lieutenant's commission being given him, he joined a ship of twenty-four guns, called the *Twenty-Fifth of May*. "Here," said Gibbs, "I found lieutenant Dodge, an old acquaintance, and a number of other persons with whom I had sailed. When the governor gave me the commission, he told me they wanted no cowards in their navy, to which I replied that I thought he would have no apprehension of my cowardice or skill when he became acquainted with me. He thanked me, and said he hoped he should not be deceived; upon which we drank to his health and to the success of the Republic. He then presented me with a sword, and told me to wear that as my companion through the doubtful struggle in which the Republic was engaged. I told him I never would disgrace it, so long as I had a nerve in my arm. I remained on board the ship in the capacity of fifth lieutenant for about four months, during which time we had a number of skirmishes with the enemy. Having suc-

ceeded in gaining the confidence of Admiral Brown, he put me in command of a privateer schooner, mounting two long twenty-four pounders and sixteen men. I sailed from Buenos Ayres, made two good cruises, and returned safely to port. I then bought the half of a new Baltimore schooner, and sailed again, but was captured seven days out, and carried into Rio Janeiro, where the Brazilians paid me my change. I remained there until peace took place, then returned to Buenos Ayres, and thence to New York."

After the lapse of about a year, which he passed in travelling from place to place, Gibbs states that the war between France and Algiers attracted his attention. Knowing that the French commerce presented a fine opportunity for plunder, he determined to embark for Algiers and offer his services to the Dey. He accordingly took passage from this port in the Sally Ann, belonging to Bath, landed at Barcelona, crossed to Port Mahon, and endeavored to make his way to Algiers. The vigilance of the French fleet prevented the accomplishment of his purpose, and he proceeded to Tunis. There, finding it unsafe to attempt a journey to Algiers across the desert, he amused himself with contemplating the ruins of Carthage, and reviving his recollections of her war with the Romans. He afterwards took passage to Marseilles, and thence to Boston. From Boston he sailed to New Orleans, and there entered as one of the crew of the brig Vineyard. To a question why he, who had been accustomed to command, should enter as a common sailor on board the Vineyard, he answered that he sought employment to assuage the horrors of reflection.

He solemnly declared that he had no agency in the murder of the mate, for which he was tried and convicted, and could not understand how he could be found guilty, when he stood by and looked passively on the scene of destruction. He readily admitted, however, his participation in the mutiny, revolt and robbery, and in the murder of Mr. Thornby. He often asked if he should not be murdered in the streets, if he had his liberty, and was *recognised*, and frequently exclaimed, "Oh, if I had got

into Algiers, I never should have been in this prison to be hung for murder."

Though he gave no evidence of a "contrite heart" for the horrible crimes of which he confessed himself guilty, yet he evidently dwelt upon their recollection with great unwillingness. If a question was asked him, "how were the crews generally destroyed?" he answered quickly and briefly, and instantly changed the topic either to the circumstances that attended his trial, or to his exploits in Buenos Ayres. After his trial, his frame was somewhat enfeebled, his face more pale, and his eyes more sunken, but the indications of his bold, enterprising and desperate mind remained. In his cell he seemed more an object of pity than abhorrence. He was affable and communicative, and withal so gentle that no one would have taken him for the abominable villain he was. His conversation was lucid and pertinent, and his style of discourse altogether original.

To correct the statement of some of the papers that Gibbs, like other criminals, was disposed to magnify and exaggerate his crimes, it may be well to state that one of Jocelyn's charts of the West Indies was handed him, containing the names of about ninety vessels which were boarded and plundered by pirates, from 1817 to 1825, with a request that he would mark those of whose robbery he had any recollection. The chart was returned with but one mark, and that upon the ship *Lucius* of Charleston. When questioned afterwards in regard to that vessel, he gave such an account of her, and her subsequent re-capture by the *Enterprise*, as left no doubt of the truth of his statement.

Gibbs wrote two letters to the female mentioned in the foregoing pages, in which he advises her to turn from her vicious course, and seek repentance, before her lamp of life expires. These letters indicate considerable native talent, but not many signs of education. His spelling is very bad. He quoted Scripture with considerable readiness, and read fluently. For the gratification of our readers, we give one of these letters entire.

Bellevue Prison, March 20, 1831.

It is with regret that I take my pen in hand to address you with these few lines, under the great embarrassment of my feelings, placed within these gloomy walls, my body bound with chains, and under the awful sentence of death. It is enough to throw the strongest mind into gloomy prospects, but I find that Jesus Christ is sufficient to give consolation to the most despairing soul. For he saith that he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. But it is impossible to describe unto you the emotions of my feelings. My breast is like the tempestuous ocean, raging in its own shame, harrowing up the bottom of my own soul. But I look forward to that serene calm when I shall sleep with kings and counsellors of the earth. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. And I trust that there my breast will not be ruffled by the storm of sin,—for the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest; yet trouble came. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good. When I saw you in Liverpool, and a peaceful calm wafted across both our breasts, and justice no claim upon us, little did I think to meet you in the gloomy walls of a strong prison, and the arm of justice stretched out with the sword of the law, awaiting the appointed period to execute the dreadful sentence. I have had a fair prospect in the world, at last it budded, and brought forth the gallows. I am shortly to mount that scaffold, and to bid adieu to this world, and all that was ever dear to my breast. But, I trust, when my body is mounted on the gallows high, the heavens above will smile and pity me. I hope that you will reflect on your past, and fly to that Jesus who stands with open arms to receive you. Your character is lost, it is true. When the wicked turneth from the wickedness that they have committed, they shall save their souls alive. Let us imagine, for a moment, that we see the souls standing before the awful tribunal, and we hear its dreadful sentence, depart, ye cursed, into *everlasting* fire. Imagine you hear the awful lamenta-

of a soul in hell. It would be enough to melt your heart if it was as hard as adamant. You would fall on your knees and plead for God's mercy, as a famished man would for food, or as a dying criminal would for pardon. We soon, very soon, must go the way we shall ne'er return. Our names will be struck from the records of the living, and enrolled in the vast pages of the dead. But may they ne'er be numbered among the damned. I hope it will please God to set you at liberty, and that you may see the sins and follies of your past. I shall now close my letter with a few words, as I hope you will receive as from a dying man: and that every important truth of this letter may sink into your heart, and be a lesson to you through life.

Rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll,—
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woes and mock my fear:
And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

I will remain your sincere friend,

CHARLES GIBBS.

Friday, April 22d, Gibbs and Wansley paid the penalty of their crimes. Both prisoners arrived at the court about twelve o'clock, accompanied by the marshals and their aids, and some twenty or thirty United States' marshals. Two clergymen attended them to the fatal spot, and every thing being in readiness, and the ropes addressed about their necks, the throne of mercy was fervently addressed in their behalf. Wansley then prayed for himself, and afterwards joined in singing a hymn. These exercises concluded, Gibbs addressed the court nearly as follows:

MY FRIENDS,

My crimes have been heinous—and although I am now condemned to suffer for the murder of Mr. Roberts, I solemnly declare my innocence of the transaction. It is true, I was by and saw the fatal deed done, and stretched not my arm to save him; the technicalities of the law

believe me guilty of the charge—but in the presence of my God, before whom I shall be in a few minutes, I declare I did not murder him.

I have made a full and frank confession to Mr. Hopson, which probably most of my hearers present have already read; and should any of the friends of those whom I have been accessory to, or engaged in the murder of, be now present, before my Maker I beg their forgiveness—it is the only boon I ask—and as I hope for pardon through the blood of Christ, surely this request will not be withheld by man, to a worm, like myself, standing, as I do, on the very verge of eternity! Another moment, and I cease to exist—and could I find in my bosom room to imagine that the spectators now assembled had forgiven me, the scaffold would have no terrors, nor could the precept which my much respected friend, the marshal of the district, is about to execute. Let me then, in this public manner, return my sincere thanks to him, for his kind and gentlemanly deportment during my confinement. He was to me like a father, and his humanity to a dying man I hope will be duly appreciated by an enlightened community.

My first crime was *Piracy*, for which my *Life* would pay the forfeit on conviction; no punishment could be inflicted on me farther than that, and therefore I had nothing to fear but detection, for had my offences been millions of times more aggravated than they now are, *Death* must have satisfied all.

Gibbs having concluded, Wansley began. He said he might be called a pirate, a robber, and a murderer, and he was all of these, but he hoped and trusted God would, through Christ, wash away his aggravated crimes and offences, and not cast him entirely out. His feelings, he said, were so overpowered that he hardly knew how to address those about him, but he frankly admitted the justness of the sentence, and concluded by declaring that he had no hope of pardon except through the atoning blood of his Redeemer, and wished that his sad fate might teach others to shun the broad road to ruin, and travel in *that of virtue*, which would lead to honor and happiness.

his world, and an immortal crown of glory in that to
e.

e then shook hands with Gibbs, the officers and
gymen, their caps were drawn over their faces, and a
kerchief dropped by Gibbs as a signal to the execu-
er caused the cord to be severed, and in an instant
r were suspended in air. Wansley folded his hands
re him, before he was run up, and did not again re-
e them, but soon died with very trifling struggles.
bs died hard; after being near two minutes suspend-
he raised his right hand and partially removed his
and in the course of another minute raised the same
d to his mouth. His dress was a blue round-about
et and trowsers, with a foul anchor in white on his
t arm. Wansley wore a white frock coat, trimmed
h black, with trowsers of the same color.

after the bodies had remained on the gallows the usual
e, they were taken down and given to the surgeons for
section.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
JOHN VAN ALSTINE,
WHO WAS EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF
WILLIAM HUDDLESTONE.

VAN ALSTINE was an only son; he was born at Canajoharie, N. Y., in the year 1779. He was treated with great indulgence by his father, and being very active and industrious, after the age of fifteen years he had the whole management of his father's business, and at the age of sixteen years he was left alone to support a mother and three sisters. He made uncommon exertions, and his efforts were crowned with success, so that he had obtained considerable money by his industry and prudence. His desire for getting money finally grew into a passion, and he became a swapper of horses, and for a long time he held fast to his integrity, but at last it brought him to an ignominious death. He still possessed the character of a respectable man.

He married a young woman of unspotted character, after a courtship of four years, to whom he was much attached. His mother and sisters lived in the same house with them, and every thing went on harmoniously for about three years, when a dispute arose between his wife and the other members of the family, which terminated in his mother and sisters leaving the house. At this time his fortune underwent a change, and he did not prosper as before.

This change was in some measure owing to his peculiar

character. He was, though a man of kind and warm feelings, very irritable and obstinate. He was close and prudent in his affairs, but the poor man never went away empty from his doors. He was easily moved by persuasion, but could not be swayed in the least by opposition or harshness; on the contrary he became more inflexible as difficulties thickened around him. His stubbornness was so great, that when engaged in lawsuits with his neighbors, he would make any sacrifice rather than make the slightest advance toward an amicable arrangement. His temper, we have said, was violent, but he was easily appeased, and it never caused him to raise his hand to strike, but in two instances. Once he killed a refractory horse of his own, in a moment of passion: the other instance will presently come under consideration. Deliberate injury he never committed, unless when he had been previously wronged. In such cases he often carried his revenge so far as to hurt himself. His character was partly constitutional, partly owing to the way in which he was brought up. The only other fault with which he can be charged was an inordinate fondness for horse-racing, which led him into many troubles. He was so fond of this pastime that he would ride sixty miles to enjoy it, neglecting his business. This conduct brought embarrassments on his property, which had become considerable, and these rendered him more irritable and morose than he would otherwise have been. It is painful to see a man so estimable in many things, so led astray by passion as to imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow creature.

In the year 1818, Van Alstine was involved in lawsuits, the result of which was that a part of his property was advertised to be sold for the benefit of one Horning, his creditor. At a former sale of part of his property on a like account, Van Alstine had, or thought he had, just cause of complaint against William Huddlestone, the sheriff. On the present occasion the sale was appointed to take place on the 19th of October, and on that day Van Alstine remained in his house till the afternoon, but finding that no person came, he went into one of his fields

and began to harrow it. While he was thus at work, four persons came up on horseback, and he went with them to his house, leaving his horses in the field in their harness. One of them asked if there was not to be a vendue at his house, and he replied, "Yes, they are always having vendues, but they may sell and be d—d. If they take my property they will be glad to bring it back." He also abused Mr. Huddlestone in no measured terms. While they were thus conversing, the unfortunate sheriff rode up, and Van Alstine asked why he had not come before, as they had been waiting for him. Mr. Huddlestone said it was time enough, and asked if Van Alstine had any money for him. He replied, "No, and I don't want any." The others then rode off, leaving Van Alstine and the sheriff together.

Mr. Huddlestone told Van Alstine that the sale was postponed for a week, but that he had another execution against him, and asked if he could pay a small sum on an old one. He answered that perhaps he could, and Mr. Huddlestone then proposing to give his horse some oats, they went to the barn together. They had to pass through a fence, and Van Alstine let down the bars. While the sheriff was leading his horse over, Van Alstine in a jocular manner remarked that he would take his own horse and run away. Huddlestone answered that he had better not, as he should follow him. Van Alstine now gave the horse some oats, and the sheriff sat down on a bushel measure to calculate the sum due on the old execution, which amounted to about eight dollars. Van Alstine asked to see the last execution, and the sheriff showed it to him, without, however, letting it go out of his hands. He then said that he had been ordered to collect the whole sum due on it, without allowing for the payment of sums for which Van Alstine held receipts. These words put the miserable man in an outrageous passion, and without the least hesitation he struck Huddlestone a violent blow with an oaken bar that he held, and felled him to the floor. He then repeated the blow, beat out one eye and fractured the skull of his victim.

The weapon was a heavy one, being the bar used to fasten the barn doors.

Compunction succeeded anger; he dropped his club, and at the same moment perceived his two sons coming toward him. Thinking they had seen something, he jerked the body into the barn by the foot, and ran to meet and prevent them from coming nigh. Having sent them away on other errands, he returned, dragged the corpse of his victim into a corner of the barn, and covered it with straw. Then, to divert suspicion, he busied himself in chopping wood, all the while revolving in his mind the means of concealing the body. Had he dug a grave in the green sod it would have attracted immediate notice, and he therefore determined to bury Huddlestone in the ploughed field he had been harrowing. Having formed this resolution, he went home to sup and await the darkness.

It was a bright moonlight night, and as the homicide was executing his purpose conscience raised up a thousand witnesses of his doings. After digging the grave he went to the barn, took what money was in the pockets of the deceased, and shouldered the body. He carried it by a roundabout way to the grave, to avoid being seen, a distance of four hundred yards, without once stopping. On the way he was obliged to climb over a fence with his load on his shoulder. At every sound he fancied he heard the footsteps of a pursuer. He then took off his victim's boots, threw him into the hole, and covered him up. He hid the boots under a stone, and an inkstand that had been in Huddlestone's pocket, under a fence. All the bills he had taken, excepting a three-dollar note, he put into a stump, where they were afterwards found nibbled by mice. Nothing now remained but to dispose of the sheriff's horse, and had he attended to this on the same night he might have escaped detection. Instead of so doing he went home and went to bed.

He rose in the morning at day-break, and rode the horse about half a mile from his house to a bridge, under which he hid the saddle. He next took the animal into a swamp and tied him to a sapling, returned, and harrowed

over the grave. He also endeavored to efface the stains of blood from the fence over which he had clomb. A little before sunset he went and loosened the horse, which ran half a mile before he could lay hands on him again. Just as he had caught the horse he saw that he was observed by a woman, and putting a bold face on the matter he led the animal directly towards her. After this he hid the horse at different times in different places.

When Huddlestone was missed suspicion fell upon Van Alstine. He had passed the bill he took from the deceased, and it was observed to be stained with blood. On the sixteenth of the month, conversing with a neighbor on the subject, he declared his belief that the sheriff had absconded with the money he had collected. He said it had been intimated to him that he had killed Huddlestone, that he had received the bill before mentioned from a friend, whom he could produce, if that would give any satisfaction. Having learned that a search for the body was to be made the next day, he went and hid Huddlestone's horse in what he thought a safe place in the woods, and returned home. He went to bed without any intention of escaping.

He woke about midnight and his wife observed that he had been speaking about removing, and if he chose to go and look for a place, she was willing and would take good care of his affairs in his absence. He asked her why she spoke in this manner, and she answered that everything seemed to turn against him. He demanded to know if she believed him guilty of the murder. She replied that she did not know. Guilty as he was, Van Alstine could not bear to lower himself in this affectionate woman's esteem by acknowledging his crime. He said he should probably be apprehended the next day on suspicion, and that he would as lief be in hell as in jail. He added, however, that if he took to flight suspicion would be stronger. Finding that she wished him to escape, he arose, carried a saddle to Huddlestone's horse, and took the road to Canada.

The search took place the next day, and the body was found, as well as the bills and other articles Van Alstine

and secreted. Blood was observed on the fence and in the barn where the murder had been perpetrated.

The homicide reached Kingston, in Canada, in safety, assuming by the name of John Allen. Here he fell in with the Page, who showed him a proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension. Thence he went to Buffalo and embarked on board a schooner, intending to proceed to Sandusky or some other remote town in the western states. Opposite Long Point a head wind compelled the vessel to anchor, and increased in violence till she parted her cable. There was a passenger on board named Slocum, who compared Van Alstine's person with the description in the governor's proclamation, and came to the conclusion that he was the fugitive indicated. As soon as the schooner reached the shore, which she did at Black Rock, Slocum caused him to be arrested and lodged in Buffalo jail. He persisted in calling himself Allen, till he was identified by a person who had seen him before. He then gave up all thoughts of concealment, and was conveyed to Scoharie.

He avowed that when apprehended at Buffalo he was strongly tempted to commit suicide, and went so far as to attempt to strangle himself with his neckcloth. He thought more than once on the road to Scoharie of throwing himself headlong out of the carriage, but the thoughts of what must be the punishment of such a crime in the next world deterred him.

On the 16th of November he was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. It was proved that the spectacle case of Huddlestone was found in the straw where his body had lain; and that Van Alstine had pretended to have paid the executions against him, wishing to make it appear that the sheriff had absconded with the money. It appeared too in evidence that he had made use of ambiguous expressions touching the intended sale of his property, which were now construed unfavorably for him. The fact of his having fled on Huddlestone's horse was also clearly established. His guilt was made apparent by other incontestible evidence, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The chief justice then asked him if

he had any reason to offer why sentence of death should not be pronounced, and he replied that he had none. Sentence was then rendered.

The suggestions of avarice and passion had not been able to eradicate the good principles in which the unhappy man had been educated. His penitence was as significant as his guilt. It is to be hoped that by referring his burden of sin to Him most able to bear it, he made an acceptable atonement.

He was executed pursuant to his sentence.



Confessions of SEVEN BROTHERS.



In order to give an account of our past lives, and let the world see on what cause we suffer, and show the young generation the necessity of guarding against idleness, against foolish acquaintances, and against sloth and intemperance, I will now proceed to give an account of myself and six other brothers.

I was born on the sixth day of September, 1750. My father purchased a piece of land, and lived comfortable and happy until the year 1786, at which time I joined a party dissatisfied with their present laws and government, and had raised a considerable force in the south of the land, to set it free from British tyranny, and institute a constitution of our own. Before going any farther, it may be out of the way to give some particular account of the cause of this insurrection.

In the year 1770, one John McNiel murdered one of the king's high constables, in cold blood, and without any just offence on the constable's side, which so enraged

the king and his council, that they sent immediately to have McNiel taken into custody. But McNiel's interest being tolerably great amongst the Roman Catholics, he raised a formidable force, and sent the sergeant away much injured in his bodily powers. Such proceedings could not pass in British Parliament without some recompense for their loss, and they sent a larger force to bring McNiel and his confederates to England, and there repay them for so much barbarity as they had exercised towards their officers. But these they whipped, and then set up the standard of liberty, calling on all men of spirit to join, promising land rent free, and many other glittering objects, that shone too bright for near-sighted persons to view without breaking that commandment which says, thou shalt not covet. Tithes were to be taken off, and land no longer to be held by lords.

With such prospects ahead, I joined these blood-thirsty ravenous murderers, and commenced a life too shocking to describe in full, and I shall only give an abridged account of those actions, that shall last in the heart of many a man, till death shall receive his commission to lay them low, and separate them from the ties of nature that bind them so strong on this earthly sod.

After I joined these mutineers, I received a captain's commission, and was ordered to bring to head-quarters provisions, and other articles necessary to stand a siege at Fort Neil, a place that the English were about to besiege, and on the 18th of June 1788, the foe appeared in view. Our flag was waving by a gentle breeze that swept across the plain, and the English, in haste to destroy our fort, commenced a fire on us with all their artillery, and we returned their fire with so much bravery and firmness, that it greatly surprised the English; peals of thunder that shook the elements of water, and made the timid heart to sink, was all that met the ear for two hours after the commencement, and many of our brave men were killed in this fight. McNiel himself was borne off by one of their cannon balls, and it is wonderful to imagine, for a moment, the constancy of this man, for while he rode upon this stage of death, he waved his hat, and called out

to those around, "Be of good courage, my brethren, and don't be slack in destroying these usurpers." These were the last words he ever uttered, and death soon put an end to his wild career.

The death of this man seemed to close our victory, and for a while the roar of the deafening cannon seemed to hold us all in awe, but we soon recovered our spirits, and once more bid fair to bring back our former renown. Every clap of thunder burst upon us like as if the heavens and the earth were coming together, but still, amid the darkening frown of battle, our flag waved high, and in the space of five hours we forced them to retreat, leaving us the glory of the battle.

Protestants and Catholics all united in the general cause of freeing Ireland, and every obstacle gave way before our rapid marches. After several battles that we won, and our force became all Catholics, we began to think of having our constitution formed on the Romish laws, and in order to accomplish this, we preached incessantly to the Protestants. But all our efforts to reclaim these brave men proved ineffectual, and we at last resolved to extirpate them from this land of the living.

This looked too hard, both on us and them, for they composed our bravest troops, and I must acknowledge they were much the bravest men. After several councils held on our side, we agreed to spare them till we reached Waxford county. Having on our way to take several forts, and knowing they were soon to end their lives, we placed them in front of the battle.

Soon after our arrival in Waxford county, we had to pass across a river which had become unfordable, by late rains; this so exasperated us, that we separated the Catholics from the Protestants, on the bridge, and commenced a slaughter, almost too shocking to describe. I shall give the reader a more minute account of the proceedings of these rebels before I joined them.

Early in the commencement of these bloody times, the rebels sent out parties (called break-of-day men,) that visited all the houses before daylight. In their hands they carried a card, that they used in laying on the under parts

of the seats of those they visited, and in this manner they would card them, till they would consent to unite, or give them their arms. Though they got a fine quantity in this way, yet they could not begin to supply the rebels with arms; to remedy this deficiency, they raised a horse company, and armed them with pikes, made at the blacksmith's shop. The pikes were about seven feet long, and on the point end of them was an iron spike that reached up in the handle. This spike went off tapering from the point, for about three inches, and then turned out in a sharp prong. On the fatal bridge of Waxford, we joined on these helpless creatures, that we had stripped of their defensive weapons, and securing both ends of the bridge, we fell on them with our pikes, throwing them in the roaring flood below. We had collected a quantity of women and children, and on this bridge we stuck our pikes in them, and raising them above the railing of the bridge, we threw them, regardless of humanity, into the flood beneath, and those who attempted to swim were shot immediately.

Any person with humanity, standing off, and looking on this awful scene of desolation, must have shuddered at this dreadful catastrophe. Who could have seen the child piked in its mother's arms, without feeling the stroke on his heart? But the screams of the child, and the uplifted hands of the mother, entreating us to have compassion on her child, had not the least effect on us. But with brutal joy at the thought of having them in our power, we were the more secure.

The next deed of valorous enterprise we set about to do, was the burning of a malt kiln, in Waxford county. A large number of Protestants were gathered together, and when we got to the place, we drove them all in, man, woman and child, to the number of 4000 souls, then, setting fire to the kiln, we burnt them all. A malt kiln is full of small holes, about a foot wide, that convey the smoke and heat all through the kiln, and as the raging flames drove furiously through the kiln, the women thrust their helpless infants through these holes, in hopes

we would have pity on their tender offspring, and spare their lives. But we were either too wise, or too foolish, and heedless of the innocence of children, we drove our pikes into the tender plant and sent it back to the mercy of the flames.

Hundreds of these blooming buds we nipped like a frost sent to destroy the coming fruit, whilst thousands of aged and infirm, fit to injure our cause none, were burnt, flogged, hung, or put in a cask and thrown into the river, thus ending their lives, that God intended them to spend in his service, and then take them home to himself, to receive a crown and a kingdom, to reign when short-lived mortals shall die, and pass away, and reign in glorious splendor, when time shall be lost in a never-ending eternity, when thousands of years shall roll round in one succession of another, and all the fleeting show of this world shall end in one final doom of real and lasting justice in the other world.

From the year 1787, the year I enlisted, till the year 1796, it was one continued train of the most dreadful murders and massacres that the world ever witnessed. Every day brought new conquests, every week, month, and year heard of new murders and rash massacres, and we were backed by the French, both with guns and ammunition, and a large force of men from France nearly landed on our shores, when they were seized by the English, and carried in chains to jail.

Things now began to assume a more serious air in England, the French threatened to bring an army in on them, and while they were preparing to defend the kingdom within, little attention was paid to us in Ireland. But after a temporary peace with France, they began to think of ending our triumphs in Ireland, and sending a large force here, we had the decisive battle of Vinegar Hill, that ended all our triumphs. —

After a total rout of all the Irish, we were dispersed over all the earth, Gog and Magog, some to America, others to France, and some to Denmark, Rome, Italy and Spain.

After this battle, peace and tranquillity was once more an inhabitant of Ireland, and three of my brothers, who had been in America, returned to spend their days in quietness and peace.

We all returned to our father's house, who was living and then in tolerable health, though worn greatly with age and the ravages of war.

But we had not the company of our father long, for he had long been on the decline, and six months after our return, he died, £300 in debt. Our mother had been dead five years, and the property was sold to pay his debts. Myself and six other brothers were all that now remained of the family, and the youngest of the six was sixteen years old, and myself forty-seven.

ROBERT LAUGHMORE.

Alfred, Samuel, and Daniel Laughmore, were born as follows :

Alfred was born 1751, Samuel, May, 1753, and Daniel, 1756.

We lived in the south of Ireland till the wars broke out in America, at which time we were ballotted, and sent to America, where we stayed till the war was ended.

It may not be out of the way to give some account of our actions during our stay in South Carolina.

After taking the city, we met with no opposition till General Gates appeared from North Carolina. But we soon put him to flight, and took all his host, hanging some and drowning others. Myself and two brothers procured license from Lord Rodney to plunder all persons' houses who maintained any rebellious notions, and more especially those who had any hand in carrying on this insurrection. We accordingly set out in quest of plunder, and came to a widow's house; this widow had three sons in the army, and four single daughters that we courted till midnight, and then turned them out and took what booty we could get. After one night spent in this demoralizing employment we returned to Charleston and spent the next night in a similar way. The third night we set out on the same business; leaving the garrison at nine

o'clock, we travelled an hour before we came to the place of intended depredation. By this time the news had spread that the English gave their soldiers liberty to plunder the neighborhood about Charleston. The house we pitched upon belonged to an old Quaker, who had five servants. There were but five of us. We stopped a while to debate among ourselves whether we should attempt it or not; some were for it and some against it, but we could not agree; at length we agreed to decide it by vote. I was for it and James Rout against. I won; so we came to the house and rapped for admittance. We heard the old Quaker rise from his bed, take down his gun, and come cautiously to the door. Who is there? he asked. Two benighted strangers, I answered. He carefully opened the door. We all burst in at that moment. The old man fired his gun and James Rout fell. The next moment the old man fell, shot to the heart. It was I that fired, and it was I that killed him. The old woman was awakened by the report of the gun. She rose distressed and begged for life. I was reloading my gun, but Samuel, unmindful of her entreaties, run his bayonet through her heart; she fell with a groan to the ground, pulling her long silvery gray hair from her head. The servants now entered the door, and seeing what was done were about to retreat, when we called to them to stop, or we would shoot them, presenting our guns at them at the same time. They stopped suddenly at our command, and, trembling with fear, they waited our pleasure, to see what more we had to say. We kept them in suspense for a considerable time, well tickled at the consternation that reigned among them. After a considerable time Daniel spoke. We stopped you here to show you the fate of those you served, at the same time pointing to the two on the floor that we had shot. This added new fuel to the flame of fear that rose to a considerable height in these timid creatures. And when we did so with the master what need you expect? Here he paused; the servants in a frenzy of fear stood still, not daring to open their mouths. Samuel, in a hurry to depart from this place, spoke more to the comfort of these people than Dan had done. We are a set of warm-

hearted fellows, and do not wish to shed blood, and if you show where that miser kept his purse, you shall be free. The slaves looked at each other for some time and then spoke.

Yes, ded massa dar, pointing to the murdered man, war a midre sure nuf, and he hab hole purs money in de sella.

We then told them to lead on, and we would follow; at the same time reminding them of their punishment if they disobeyed. They then took a bunch of keys that the Quaker had in his pocket, and leading down to the cellar, they took one of these keys and unlocked the door. The door itself without a lock was sufficient to withstand all the force that could be got against it. It was short and narrow, and one had to squeeze himself through this hole to get in, and when in it was so dark that no one could discern one object from another; but by the assistance of the negroes we made out the chest. It was an iron box, four feet long and eighteen inches wide, and completely secured by locks and other fastenings; and we four, with the assistance of the negroes, got it out, and divided the money, which just amounted to six thousand dollars a-piece. After this exploit we returned to Charleston, loadened down with silver; and my brother Daniel went to assist in conquering a party of rebels, headed by one Francis Marion, a little man but of great valor, and so completely did he manage that we never could surprise him, and yet he often surprised us.

I shall give some account of one Colonel Hayne, of a horse company. He fell into our hands, and was tried and condemned to be hung and gibbeted. This brave man was tried before a sham jury, and condemned to suffer as a traitor for instigating the colonies to revolt, and though great intercession was made for his release, yet Lord Rodney was inflexible, and when those in the city brought out five small children, the oldest not exceeding eight years, left without a mother, and on the verge of losing their father, and though they painted in the most feeling manner the distress that must follow these helpless children, yet it all had no effect on this governor;

he was resolved on the death of Hayne, and nought but his blood would appease the anger of this haughty lord. Let them go to the poor house, and learn to respect their king better than their father, he said, when they spoke of their distress.

Hayne was brought out, surrounded by a small family, weeping and mourning in the bitterest way at the loss of their only parent. Children, said the colonel, as he drew nigh to the place of execution, you have lost a tender mother, and now I go to join her, and you will soon follow; and I die in the hope of meeting my dear Mary in the bright region of eternal bliss, where all is peace and tranquillity; where all the commotions of life will subside, and where the spirits of the just shall rest in one continual day of glory, and I rejoice that it is Heaven's will to call me off; and may that Supreme Being who first brought into existence your mortal frames, guard you in all the trials of this life, and when his wise end is accomplished in you, may he take you from this world of shadows, and land you in his heavenly rest. Then, oh! my children, I must take a final farewell of you, leaving you under the charge of him who can direct you in all the ways of virtue and honor. Grant these blessings, O Lord, on the head of him who quits this world. Amen.

Colonel Hayne calmly resigned himself to God, and placing the rope around his neck, he swung off without a murmur.

Many other such deeds were done in Charleston, which I witnessed myself, and I shall leave it now to my reader's own judgment, how men could live where such actions were carried on without joining in with bad company, and from bad to worse, and from one action of infamy to horrid deeds of bloodshed.

Daniel returned three months after his departure, and gave the following account of himself.

After I departed from Charleston, we passed at Snow Island, a country well inhabited by rich people, principally Irish, all rebels, and after several skirmishes we fell back to a fort for safety. While we remained here I went to court a girl fourteen years old. Her parents were

wealthy, and herself a beautiful picture. But she, like all other young girls, was too easily courted. Yes, said Dan, I have done many a horrid crime, but put them all in one, and that crime would overweigh them all. When I had gained her good will, by promises strong as the heavens, I broke them all for love of another girl. About two months after this, she sent me a letter, informing me of her condition, and then desired I should come and marry her. I set out in a passion, and soon came to her house. I told her I had deserted and had dug a cave to hide in, and asked her if she would not come and see how it looked. She consented to go, and I led her to one of those excavations that is frequently found in South Carolina. I took her into this trap, bound her hand and foot, and poured a vial of aquafortis down her throat, then left her buried in that grave. I then returned to the fort, where I was called on to accompany Colonel Dale in an expedition against Gabriel Marion, General Marion's nephew.

Gabriel Marion was a young man, and unacquainted in the art of fighting, and we took him and six others prisoners. These we fell on with the butts of our guns and killed them. But our conquests did not last long; we were taken by a party of rebels, but soon set free. During the time I lay a prisoner, I composed a song on her I had murdered. It was as follows.

Pensive mourned the dove, bereft
Of its companion dear,
Loud howled the foxes in the way,
And all around was drear.
The sun, ashamed to view the deed,
Withdrew behind a cloud,
And nature, calm, in silence poured,
On me reproach aloud.
All nature mourned with one consent,
As I approached the door,
And loudly shrieked a faltering voice,
As I stepped on the floor.
I saw Maria with her hands
Spread to the heavenly throne,
Thanking heaven's gracious King,
For blessings not her own.

But when she saw my traitorous smile,
 Into my arms she flew,
 And there forgot her grief and care,
 With pleasure ever new.
 And by my false deluding vows
 To bring her back again,
 She followed me into a cave,
 Out of the reach of man.
 I bound her fast in spite of all
 Her efforts to get free,
 Nor had her cries, nor tears, nor prayers
 The least effect on me.
 I poured the burning liquid down
 Of aquafortis sore,
 And parted life and joy and peace
 From her for evermore.

manner he became acquainted with this girl is
 ar and rare. It was one of those evenings while
 was in the fort, that he strayed out to divert the time
 that he wandered some way from the fort, and
 girl busily engaged in fighting with a rattlesnake,
 seeing her imminent danger, he sprung forward be-
 her and the snake, and immediately killed it. The
 commenced to pour her hearty thanks to him, and
 ed she should never cease to be thankful while she
 death to draw, and hearing her speak so freely, he
 her if he might not accompany her home. The
 accepted his offers with kindness and they set off
 er.

ascending a piece of high ground, they looked
 l on the valley beneath, and the sight was so pleas-
 at they sat down to view it more perfectly. A
 breeze of wind swept across the plain; the undu-
 fields of rice waved their tall heads majestically—
 inking, now swelling, like the rolling waves of the
 st-driven ocean, which gave a picture of the most
 ag and exquisite beauty that any eye could fall

s not the valley refresh your spirits? said Daniel,
 gazing some moments in speechless admiration on
 ene.

loes indeed, said Maria Moral, and I think the

sweetest sight I ever beheld ; and this place shall be held dear to me in memory of the past. On this spot they plighted their vows of love and heart-felt joy, and they agreed to meet there every evening and spend one hour.

It was in this manner they became acquainted, and according to the promise made, they both met there, and from that hour they were undone.

In the city of Charleston lived a very rich man, and we had long fixed our eyes on him, as a choice fellow for working a project or two on. His house was six stories high, and greatly adorned with handiwork, and the only way we could get to view the inside, was for two of us to commence digging on the corners of the house, and attract the attention of those within. Accordingly two set about the work with great industry, while two more went and informed those in the house that some persons were about to spoil the house. One may imagine the bustle that succeeded this information, and in a short time the house was cleared, and we commenced a round of search up stairs. We carried off several gold watches, and other small articles of value, besides several bank notes of a thousand dollars each. We then went out to see the sport with the two diggers, and sport it was sure enough, for the street was crowded and every one had their own story to say about these fellows. Some said these two had a spite against the owner of the house, and intended to throw it down, and kill those in it. Others declared that was wrong, for they could not expect to get it down before day ; then the first declared that it confirmed their tale, and asserted that they commenced before dark, in order to have it down before day ; and scarcely two could hit on one opinion ; and they presently left off search to decide their intention for commencing to undermine such a house. But so various were their opinions on this, that they commenced to quarrel amongst themselves, about who was right and who was wrong. In the midst of this confusion our two workmen passed unknown through the crowd, and turning down an alley they escaped observation, and meeting us, we divided the money amongst ourselves.

But the hidden mystery was soon discovered of the cause of their actions, and after their search had proved unsuccessful, they returned to the store, and saw the watches gone, and that opened their eyes considerably, and they saw quite clear the advantage they had gained by following a fool's advice. But the bills set worst on them, and after cursing a considerable time, they sat down in meek resignation, to console themselves in the best way they could.

But the day of deliverance was fast drawing nigh, when all such horrid actions of detestation were to end in America. A large force of rebels, under command of General Lee, approached the city, but was put to flight, and Cornwallis ordered all his men to commence a hasty pursuit of these new foes. The first day he took up with them just as they had crossed a river, and the rain began to fall in torrents at that time on us, and stopped our further march for several days. When we got up to them a second time, they had just crossed another river, which came down in such a flood that it detained us two or three days more, and when we got up to them again, they were prepared to meet us, and in despite of all our army, they put us to flight and a great slaughter ensued.

After our return to England we were discharged, and we made the best of our way home to old Ireland.

ALFRED LAUGHMOOR.

Having examined this narrative, we see nothing in it but the perfect and naked truth, fully disclosed to the view of the world. And we do protest and declare that his story is true, and to our shame we do acknowledge that if all our actions were written, they would be the most shocking sight that one's eyes could fall upon.

SAM. LAUGHMOOR.

DAN. LAUGHMOOR.

After the property was sold and all the debts paid, we were enabled to set up a lodging house, by the money brought from America, in a house situated on a public road lying between Omagh and Straban, and so near the

centre of the way, that it got the name of half-way house. We seven brothers had taken up a lodging house, and received little or no custom, and we soon saw that a new plan must be taken to get money, and the easiest way we could come by this trash was by playing tricks on the Roman Catholics.

Many a trick we worked them, but these are the greatest.

A preconcerted plan was formed between us all, and to carry this into effect was our greatest study. At last it was agreed that one of us should feign himself dead, and another one to act priest, and take in the money to free him from purgatory, a place the Catholics have reserved for the punishment of the wicked. Accordingly we proclaimed the death of one of our family, and had Alfred dressed in priest style, and we took every caution to have but one priest there, knowing one would do as well as twenty, and that would do just what we wanted. After a large multitude was assembled to witness for the priest, that he had done his duty in freeing the soul of him from purgatory, Alfred began to show them the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, who were destroyed for holding back their money, when it was only required to assist in building up the church, and then, said he, what will become of you if you refuse to bestow your money on so great a cause as this? He then knelt down beside the supposed corpse, and commenced crossing himself, and praying in the solemnest manner for the delivery of this man, and then, sending round his cap, he got showers of money.

After working in this way for some time, and draining away their cash, he called out, fifty pounds more will free him, and make him happy. He would then strike his breast, and utter with emphasis, yes, he shall be happy, where no sorrow can interrupt his joy, where all the commotions of life will subside, and he shall reign in peace and tranquillity, counting his beads to the blessed virgin, and all the holy saints.

One might have some idea of the bustle among the crowd as he called for the last fifty pounds; he had received already the greatest portion of what money they

had, and yet to ask for fifty pounds more seemed going on the large scale; some declared he was an extortioner, others said the Lord required more of a French priest than an Irish one, and wondered greatly that they had no more sense than to bring a French priest to pray for an Irishman; thinking Alfred one of those priests who made their escape in the time of the French persecution. Others said he was a decent man and asked no more than was required, asserting that they were well acquainted with the deceased man, who had committed a great many crimes, and must have perished eternally, had not the prayers of the priest ascended up to the throne of grace, and worked wonderful things in his favor; and the rest of us brothers asserted that in America we had frequently known the sins of poor beggermen refused to be remitted for four times as much.

With these and other arguments, joined with the happiness the priest had described, we at last got them prevailed on to make up the desired sum, though not without a great deal of flattery. After all the ceremonies were gone through, and the crowd dispersed, we disrobed our priest and raised the dead, and commenced to distribute it with ourselves. And when we had all gathered up together, it just amounted to three hundred and fifty pounds and seven shillings. Overjoyed at the sight of so great a treasure, we could not help dancing round it in frantic joy.

Soon after this my brother Benjamin, the youngest of us seven, was at a fair at Straban, and tried his luck in swindling from the clever papists. He dressed up in rags, and got in amongst the brotherly set, and made a long story out of nothing, telling how his brother, as nice a man as was in Ireland, was insulted on the way, and killed by a Protestant, and now, says Ben, I come to crave your advice on the subject, whether I shall take it to law, or lie under the injury. I have no money to take it to law, and unless you will assist me, both with your purses and counsel, it would be the height of folly to take it to a Protestant judge. An old priest who was standing by got into the knowledge of our discourse, and gave it as

his best opinion, to raise a donation for me; for, said he, who knows what injury these malicious heretics may do us, seeing how that man escaped? I say we should assist this poor boy to get his suit to law, and then bribe the judge to do his duty, and now what say you all? Loud shouts and acclamations loudly proclaimed their willingness to assist him, and in the space of two hours he had upwards of three hundred pounds collected.

These and five hundred other such tricks we did, and though we lived in good repute for some time, we soon lost it all. The card table was our choice place to retire to at spare hours, and as the old proverb says, it turned out so, that which comes in over the devil's back is sure to go out under his belly, and so it was with us. I now come to a more horrid part of the tale.

After we spent all our money, and were found out to work tricks, we were compelled to choose some other way than following one that would sooner or later send us to Botany Bay, and we at last resolved to commence a career more bloody than any part that has been described yet. After several weeks spent in fixing a room or two up stairs, we opened a lodging house, again. We fixed several beds up stairs on a level with the floor, and under them we had a trap door, that worked on a pivot in the centre, and just as soon as the helpless lodger set his feet in he fell fast down on a bed of sharp spikes, set on their ends below, to save him from being hurt on the ground. But before we got these in complete operation, we committed the following murders.

One evening an old gentleman passed along our way, and the shades of evening overtaking him, he was compelled to put up at our lodgings. His saddlebags were lined with plenty of cash, and we were resolved on having them. Yet if we took the saddlebags without his leave, we were liable to suffer for that cause, and yet with his consent we formed no opinion of receiving them, and the only way we could do was to murder him, so that he never could claim them again. At about ten o'clock we paid this great man a visit, and taking a knife we cut his *throat*, from his breast to his chin, before he could utter

one word, and than waking up, he gave one groan that showed us the deed was done. His eyes set in their sockets, his hair stood on his head, and with one faint struggle he expired in an agony too shocking to describe. His money fell to us for a reward of our bravery, and his dead body we cut up and pickled in salt, and fed it to those that dined with us.

The next we ended was a young man that staid with us another night. We came to him at twelve o'clock; he was lying awake. After some apologies for interrupting him, we proceeded to search for some articles that we said were in the room. Sam raised a hatchet and drew it over his head, and cut it off at one blow. This man we also fed to the hungry, and it passed for good meat. In this manner we killed all who staid with us over night, till we got our sliding bed ready, and then we rested through the night, satisfied they could not escape. Many a poor benighted soul we separated from its fond companion, nor was ever mercy shown to any that fate placed in our power. But heaven's righteous King could bear no longer with these insults to humanity, and I shall now give the last murder we committed in this place. On Tuesday evening, the 20th of April, 1801, a lady and gentleman came riding up to where we kept lodging, wet and cold, and insisted on our giving them a night's lodging, which we graciously complied with, glad to have the lady's company. When they alighted, we put away their horses, and Sam went in to keep them in talk.

No person could begin to imagine how tedious the remaining part of the evening passed away. We longed to get fingering their money, and we tried to make them believe they were sick, but all was in vain, and we had to wait till night approached before we got them to their place. At supper their ways were cold and indifferent, nor could we persuade them to taste our meat, though we declared it was fresh mutton. The lady wanted to sleep in the room with the man, but this we refused, alleging for excuse that we knew they were not married.

And what if we are not? said the girl, in haste, while large drops of water stood in her eyes.

I have taken so great a fancy for this lady, said the man, that I cannot bear to have her from my sight at all, and she has the same regard for me. No matter for all that, we replied, we have two rooms, and two beds, and you must put up with that for this night at all rates, for together you shall not be this night, and here, lady, is your room, and put up with it. On seeing no better could be done, the lady slipped up to bed, while the man declared he must have a light, to write some letters. After we gave him the light, he went up stairs to bed, and we waited till his light would be put out, and himself retire to rest. But we waited in vain for its extinction, and, out of patience, we went to the girl's room door, and tried to open it, but it was fastened within, which led us to suppose, that, seeing so many men and no women, she was afraid of her character. But in despite of all her exertions to hold the door fast, we burst in, and bound her fast, securing her arms behind her back, so that she could not stir; we then took a knife and run it through her heart, the blood ran fast, and the vital spark of life began to fail; her lips were moving, but no sounds reached our ears, and gradually her lips ceased to move, and the red rose on her cheeks began to turn to an ashy blue, and that heap of dust that now lay motionless and pale before us was no longer to be adorned by the rosy tints of youth, but left to moulder and putrefy away. As I gazed on her lifeless form, I could not help feeling a dagger of conscience smiting my heart; but surmounting all such feelings, I ordered them to attack the man, but his candle was still burning, and I sent Timothy to ask for it. But he would not give it, saying that he had not finished writing yet. I went up myself then, and said more company had come, and we must have the candle, for we had no other. Then you are prepared to entertain travellers, said he: but, company or no company, this candle you shall not have. After trying to force the door, we hoisted a ladder, and commenced tearing off the roof to get in to him; but he was gone, and shortly returned with

able and several men, and took us prisoners, us to trial in Omagh, and on oath declared, that a woman's breast in the pot for their supper. acknowledged, and now are condemned to be

ROBERT LAUGHMOOR.

ing read and examined each one for himself, we did confirm that this confession is true.

ALFRED LAUGHMOOR.

SAMUEL LAUGHMOOR.

DANIEL LAUGHMOOR.

TIMOTHY LAUGHMOOR.

BENJAMIN LAUGHMOOR.

JOSEPH LAUGHMOOR.

seven brothers were hung on the 10th of May, beheaded and quartered, and set up in the four of the town, and there they remained till the hairs heads blew through the town.

we look at the long career these wretches run, the deadly battle across the great Atlantic, and ear six years in that house where they committed st shocking crimes—we must acknowledge the God visible in their lives. At every roar of the they stood in as great danger as any of those who ut it pleased the heavenly God to spare them for a ible execution. If they had been killed in the ey never would have been an example to our outh. If they had sunk in the great Atlantic, ould have perished, and yet been no warning.

who sees all things rolled round the day that l to the view of the world those actions they would have lain hid in the arcana of nature; and with all who trifle with the day of grace, that is d on them. The Scripture assures us that the sin is death.

JOHN POWELL.

LIFE AND CONFESSION
OF
JOHN W. COWAN.

THE following particulars respecting the life of John W. Cowan are extracted from his confession which he made while in prison, six days previous to his execution.

"I was born on the 10th of June, 1806, in Alleghany county, about nine miles from Pittsburgh, on Pine Creek, Penn. My parents had three children. One died while a babe, leaving myself and a sister. In a very few years after my birth my parents, from some cause or other, separated; my father retaining me, and my mother my sister. My mother having been persuaded by some of her friends to send my sister to school, my father took us both and placed us at a school about twenty miles above Pittsburgh, on the Monongahela. Here we remained about a year, when my mother came and took me home; but my father heard of it, and forced her to resign me to him. In a short time after this, I was sent down the river, in a flat boat, to live with an uncle, a brother of my father, at Maysville. My sister was sent to an aunt, my father's sister. Both the uncle and the aunt were unmarried. Soon after my arrival, my uncle sent me to school in Westunion, Ohio, where I remained nearly a year. About this time my father left Pittsburgh to remove to Shawneetown, in the state of Illinois. On his way down the river, he stopped to see me. I remember well the delightful nature of my emotions when, after so long an absence, I again saw my parent. I sincerely loved him; and young as I was, absence but strengthened the feeling.

"My father remained with me but a short time. He promised that I should see my mother and sister; made me some presents of sweetmeats, and other trifles; said he would return soon, and then left me overwhelmed with grief. I wept until I thought my little heart would break; *and the lady of the house took a switch and whipped me into silence!* This taught me circumspection. I had been taught,—severely taught—that to regret my father's absence was a fault; and, as I could not restrain my feelings altogether, I was forced to indulge them by stealth. I used to creep behind the house, or into some secret place, and there cry for hours. My uncle sometimes came to see me, and at such times appeared to be kind to me; but there was a yearning in my soul to see my parents and my sister, and I would not be pacified.

"I lived this heart-broken kind of life for two years, and then my father sent for me to join him at Shawneetown. Reader, you, perhaps, have been tenderly reared, and may never have experienced the destitution of parental and fraternal affection which was my lot; but, if your heart was ever formed to throb in sympathy with the joys or the sorrows of your fellow beings, you will certainly indulge me in recalling that happy moment—happy! too happy, it seemed to me then—when I received my father's permission to see him; and to see, as I fondly, but vainly, hoped, my mother and my sister. I was sent down to Shawneetown, but my father alone received me. Although the measure of my anticipated happiness was not complete—for the presence of my mother and sister was still necessary to render it so—I would be doing but injustice to my father did I not admit that his kindness soothed many of the pangs that I had experienced since his separation from my mother. I often tortured him—for now I know it must have been *torture*—with questions about my absent mother and sister, to all of which he replied evasively, and endeavored to direct my attention to other subjects.

"About three months after my arrival at Shawneetown, a letter from my mother, directed to my father, reached the post-office of that village. The office was the next

door to my father's store, and the postmaster gave me the letter, which I handed to my father, as he was standing in the door of his store. The effect produced upon him has never been erased from my memory. He swooned, and fell into the street. Several persons ran to his assistance; among whom was Mrs. Marshall, wife of the postmaster, who picked up the letter. When he recovered he asked me for the letter; and, on applying for it to Mrs. Marshall, I found her reading it, and heard my mother's name mentioned. I trust none but the callous hearted will condemn my curiosity, when I acknowledge that I endeavored to learn from Mrs. Marshall the whole of its contents; and none, certainly, can wonder at the childish exultation with which I repeated my newly gained knowledge to my father. My whole soul was absorbed by one delightful anticipation—and that was, that my father would send for my mother and sister, whose residence I had learned from the letter, and permit us all, once more, to live together. But my father had his reasons for crushing my hopes and my happiness, whatever they were, and he sternly bade me to sit down. When he became more collected he told me that I must never expect to see my mother or my sister until I should become a man. He also prohibited me, under the severest penalties, from saying any thing on the subject of my mother to any person. Many of the citizens of the village interrogated me about the letter which my father had received, and about my mother and sister, but, in accordance with his commands, I maintained a resolute silence.

"I remained with my uncle until my fifteenth year, and went to school during the whole time, as I believe at his expense. The union of my parents, and my own restoration to a sister's society and love, were the all-engrossing feelings of my heart; and though I carefully hid my sorrows in the darkness of my bosom, they were not the less poignant. My good, kind uncle is still living, but a few, a very few days will introduce his nephew at the bar of Omnipotence. A brief struggle on an ignominious scaffold will, in one short week, liberate the immortal *mind that now indites these lines from the erring flesh*

with which, for twenty-eight years, it has been conjoined, and permit it to receive that uncle, whom I ought to have loved so well, in the realms of eternal bliss.

"My uncle bound me out as an apprentice to a Mr. John Smedley, in Harrodsburgh, Ky., to learn the business of cabinet making. My master was an excellent workman, and a good and pious man. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as no pains had ever been taken to furnish me with a religious education or to cultivate industrious habits in me, and preferring to indulge my natural or acquired gloomy feelings in solitude and idleness, Mr. Smedley was induced to send me back to my uncle. In a few days however, my uncle made an arrangement with Thomas B. McGowan, of Lexington, for me to learn the trade with him. It was agreed that I should stay six months on trial, and then, if both parties were satisfied, I should be indented until the age of twenty-one. My master was exceedingly kind to me during these first six months, and feeling perfectly satisfied with my situation, I consented, willingly, to be bound for the remainder of the term. But I soon perceived a change in my master's conduct towards me. Instead of being petted, as had been my luck during my six months of trial, I was made a drudge, and condemned to a constant and systematic application of the cowhide. I supported my fate with tolerable patience for three years, and then, one Sunday morning, took my departure, without leave, for Danville, the residence of my uncle, where I arrived early on the following day. My uncle was exceedingly vexed at my conduct, and wished me to return, to which I gave a positive refusal, and went to work in one of the shops of the town. I was then eighteen years old.

"In Danville I remained until some time in the winter, when an irresistible desire to see my mother and sister induced me to visit Pittsburgh. I cannot describe my sensations, when, after so many years absence, I again saw the city in which, as I believed, the two beings so dear to me resided. The stage stopped a few moments on Coal Hill, and I stood and gazed upon the smoky piles below

me, with feelings which none can understand, save him who, like me, a wandering and a friendless young man, is returning to visit a parent from whom, in infancy, he had been ruthlessly severed. In a little time I found my sister, who kept a sort of clothing store. She was a widow, and, like me, had nothing but her own industry to depend upon. Of course she had no recollection of me; nor should I have known her through any other means than my inquiries in the neighborhood. After buying a few articles, and asking her some questions about her father and her brother, my feelings overpowered me; I could maintain my intended disguise no longer, but snatched her to my arms in one long embrace of love and happiness. I will say no more about this interview. I will not speak of the tenderness and joy that presided at this reunion of two beings who had been so long estranged, and who were still so dear to each other. That fatal act of my life, which has placed me in this dungeon, has, perhaps, induced those who have heard of me to believe that I am a monster, bereft of every generous sentiment. I know not how to convince them otherwise, nor shall I attempt to do so; but the God of Nature, who formed my heart, and knows both its merits and its errors, will know best how to judge me.

"My mother lived but a square and a half from my sister. I will say nothing of my meeting with her. She had been faulty, it is true, and bitterly had my life been made to pay the penalty of her errors, but still she was my mother—my poor, aged, afflicted, repentant mother. Even she did not know me. From my relations I learnt that my father had died in Patterson, New Jersey, ignorant of the situation of his family; having seen none of them but me since he had first left Pittsburgh. He saw me in Danville, at my uncle's, as he passed through on his way to Patterson. He never saw me after. His death occurred in 1828.

"On the 25th of October, but a short time after my arrival in Pittsburgh, my poor mother was called to her last account; and the pious calmness which marked her *last moments* warrants me in the humble assurance, that

a holy and benevolent God had been pleased to accept her repentance as an atonement for all her transgressions, and that she now enjoys a blest immortality in the mansions of her Heavenly Father.

"My sister's residence, at which I resided a while, in Pittsburgh, was on Wood street, between 5th street and Virgin alley. Right opposite to us was a house numbered 120. When the doors of one house were open, a person might stand in the other and see through it. On the day that I arrived, I saw in the opposite house the unfortunate girl that I afterwards married. I was struck with her appearance, and applied to my sister for information respecting her. By her I was informed, that her name was *Mary Susannah Sinclair*—that the house opposite belonged to her father, who was an industrious, respectable, and pious man, and by trade a saddler—that Mary was an amiable and industrious girl, of excellent reputation, and was then learning to be a mantua-maker—that her mother was dead—with a variety of other particulars not necessary to repeat. I was so pleased with her appearance, and with the account my sister gave of her, that I immediately determined, could I ever be fortunate enough to effect it, to make her my wife.

"I then went to work in Alleghanytown; but finding myself ignorant of many of the different kinds of work executed in Pittsburgh, I saw the propriety of fixing myself permanently in some shop, in order to perfect myself in my trade. For this purpose, I proposed myself to Mr. Henry Bears, at the corner of Third and Smithfield streets, to stay with him six months, for a small salary. He objected to so short a period, and insisted on my serving him a year, to which I assented. Articles of agreement, to this effect, were drawn up by Esquire Lowry, in whose presence we signed them; and I immediately commenced work with him, and served my time out faithfully and honorably. He treated me like a gentleman, and I have always felt grateful to him for his kindness. I staid with Mr. Bears altogether three years.

"It was in the month of December, 1829, when I was

first introduced to Miss Sinclair. My acquaintance with female society was very slight, and nothing but the deep-rooted affection I had conceived for her could have enabled me to overcome my natural timidity sufficiently to address her with success. There was a young gentleman, a saddler, paying his addresses to her at the time, and had engaged her to marry him, in nineteen months, at which time his apprenticeship would expire. This engagement had the sanction of her father; but I never knew of it until after my marriage, when my wife informed me of it. The day after my marriage he called to see us and took a glass of wine with us, wishing us much joy—but since that day he and I have never spoken to each other. He continued to visit my wife until within three days of her wedding, when she dismissed him. I had previously told her that she must decide between us, and she preferred me. He loved her sincerely, and was almost heart-broken at her decision. He kissed her at parting, assuring her that he never would marry another; and then left the house apparently in the deepest despair. As soon as he had gone, I stepped across the street, and she told me what she had done. I spent an hour or two in deep reflection on what had passed. If I had not loved her as man seldom ever loved woman—more than my own life—I should not have married her. I placed the matter in every light, and gave it all the consideration I was capable of; but the more I reflected the more I felt that I could not live without her. And we were married.

“Our courtship will prove uninteresting to many; but still there are some who may wish to read my description of it. On the night of the 12th of January, 1829, she and I took a walk for about three quarters of an hour, through the streets; and upon our return we stopped for a few minutes at the front door; and I then requested her permission to pay my addresses to her. This, in the kindest manner, she granted immediately. On the next evening I renewed my visit, or rather, having seen her standing at the door, I crossed the street and conversed with her a few minutes, but did not enter the house, although she urged

ently. I did not see her again for three or four
my rival occupying the time pretty much himself;
e knew nothing about me for months afterwards.
et her at a neighbor's house, where I enjoyed her
tion for nearly two hours. We spoke principally
gious subjects. I waited upon her home, and
r all that I could wish. She was young—only
—handsome—of very slight but graceful figure;
black hair was the most beautiful, I thought, I
seen; her eyes were jet black, and it seemed to
nothing could be brighter or lovelier than they.

was slightly dark, but the regularity of her
and the sweet expression of her countenance, her
graceful manners, her light and active person,
ve all, her excellent good sense, forced me to re-
as one of the sweetest and most beautiful of
atures. A few evenings after I enjoyed a walk
of nearly three hours, it being a delightful
and the moon at the full and shining brightly.
versation turned upon matrimony, upon which
ersed very freely. I felt emboldened to make her
of my hand; but she declined giving a definite

She, however, consented to favor me with her
a walk, whenever she was not otherwise en-
We also concerted a mutual signal, by which, as
ences were opposite each other, we could ascer-
en we could enjoy each other's society without
ion. This was by holding a handkerchief in the
between the light of the house and the door of
opposite. When we next walked together, we
beau, but he and I were strangers to each other,
not speak. He followed us, however, wherever
, and finally watched us home. The next eve-
lled my place. In our next walk, I again press-
the subject of marriage, and successfully, for
ented to become my wife. Her other admirer

very attentive to her; though I suppose he
that all was not right, but he knew not whom
. As I said before, he loved her sincerely; and
that she loved him better than me. The truth

was, though I was ignorant of it, *she was then engaged to both of us*; and had he been out of his apprenticeship I am certain she would have married him in preference to me. There was also a young gentleman, a house carpenter, who came very near defeating us both. But this was kept a profound secret for more than a year after we were married, when he accidentally disclosed it at my house. I then inquired into the affair more particularly and discovered the whole train of circumstances, at which I then laughed heartily; but, alas, to me, it is now a source of deep and abiding anguish.

"It was nearly a year from the time I first became acquainted with my wife until I married her. We were just four months engaged. The wedding took place on the 23d of December, 1830, and I was then about twenty-four years old and my wife was eighteen. During the whole period of my courtship, I was not in her father's house more than seven or eight times, and my visits were generally made on Sundays, when no person was at home but herself. Our concerted signal of the handkerchief enabled us to enjoy our interviews in privacy. When she, my wife, asked her father's consent, which was only about three weeks previous to our marriage, he objected at first, alleging that she ought, in duty, to marry her other lover, to whom she had been engaged, and who would soon be out of his time. But having intimated to the old gentleman that it was our determination to be married with or without his consent, he finally agreed to it. My wife, even then, confessed to me that she did not know which of her lovers she preferred.

"My wife and myself commenced housekeeping, in the month of January, ensuing our marriage, with light hearts; and, for once in my life, I felt myself happy. We were both in excellent health and spirits, with a fair prospect of long and peaceful lives. My first child was a son—such a sweet son!—but he is in heaven now; sent there in his infancy by an unnatural father. He was born in Pittsburgh, and was called Thomas Cowan. His birth occurred on the 23d of November, 1831, and he was nearly four years old on the day of his death. After the

of Thomas, we removed to Ashtabula village, in the city of that name, in the state of Ohio. Here my wife bore her second and only other child, on the 9th of October, 1834; of course, she was exactly one year and part a day old when she died. Her name was Sarah Ann.

During the first year of our marriage, every thing prospered with me. Never did man and wife live more happily. We were industrious and laid up money. We resided in Pittsburgh, and had made our calculations, as soon as we were able, we would buy us a small estate. But a feeling of jealousy, whether ill or well founded, at first, for I cannot pretend to decide upon it, seized me, and laid the foundation of all our subsequent misery.

A young gentleman (I will not name him) was in frequent habit of conversing with my wife. I remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, and promised to avoid him in future. She did not, however, observe her promise; and I resorted to stratagem in order to detect her. A few days after my conversation with her, on this subject, I was looking out of the window of the shop in which I worked, and saw this young gentleman casing the windows of the Masonic Hall or Ice House, on the corner of Smithfield and Third streets. A few minutes afterwards my wife came along the same street. I drew my head in and observed her closely. When she arrived at the spot where he was at work, she stopped and remained in conversation with him for nearly an hour. His employer coming up separated them. She went to his work, and she passed along the street returning home in the evening, after laughing and talking on indifferent subjects, I asked her when she had seen the young carpenter. She declared, by every thing she said, that she had not seen him nor heard of him since the time I had remonstrated with her upon the impropriety of associating with him. This was a palpable lie, as my eyesight bore me witness; but knowing the quickness of her temper, I forbore to make any further remarks

at that time. The honest truth is, I loved her so devotedly at that moment, that I could not find it in my heart to give her pain. I also loved my child; and, though all the fires of jealousy were burning in my bosom, I chose silence rather than a quarrel. That evening I went to a billiard room, and played and drank liquor until late. The playing amused me, and the drinking excited me; I forgot my griefs; but when the games were ended and the effect of the liquor had subsided, I was as unhappy, and rather more unhappy and vexed than before. In all my experience I never knew a glass of liquor to do me good. It may have made me feel reckless for an hour or two; but it uniformly left me morose and ill-tempered; and the more I drank the more unhappy I became.

“In a short time after this, I discovered a marked coldness in my wife’s conduct towards me. I attended to my business industriously, and endeavored to support a fair character, but she soon became so ill-tempered that my anger became ungovernable, and I treated her with equal, if not greater, unkindness. This only made her worse; and our domestic hearth became an earthly hell. In these moments of bitterness and fierce passion, I ought to have left the house until her better feelings had obtained the ascendancy. But I did what too many husbands do; I staid to quarrel with her, although it cost me many a tear afterwards. After these domestic broils, I have gone and begged her pardon in the most abject manner; and she always readily promised to reform; but she was a giddy woman, and I was neither a good Christian nor a wise philosopher. She neglected to attend to her household duties. My meals were not cooked regularly, which necessarily caused me to lose time at my work. When I remonstrated with her on her conduct, her reply was—‘If you don’t like me, get some one that will suit you better.’ There then appeared but one way to make myself happy; and that was to drown my griefs in liquor. I became a sot and a brute. On one occasion, when I came home drunk, we had a severe quarrel, and she snatched up the child, declaring she would live no longer with me,

and went to her father's. The father had me seized and committed to jail. In the morning, after paying my fine, I went home, and found my wife, her father, and her brother, busily engaged in packing up the furniture, in order to remove it. They were rather surprised at my appearance, and left the house at my desire. I then commenced packing up the furniture myself, when my wife came back and made every concession in her power; assuring me that she never would be cross to me again, and that she was heartily sorry for her conduct. She represented to me, so forcibly, the destitute situation in which our little Thomas would be, in case of our separation, that my heart melted, for I remembered my own friendless childhood. I consented to receive her back again, on condition of her leaving her father, who had previously advised her to apply for a bill of divorce, and go with me to Cincinnati. I immediately had all my things carried down to the wharf, and placed them on board the steamboat Boston, which left the next morning, with myself, my wife, and child.

"It was on the 10th day of April, 1832, that we arrived in Cincinnati, where I remained until the latter end of August. I drank tolerably hard during that summer. My suspicions in regard to my wife were not, by any means, abated, though I saw nothing to confirm them. One night, in the month of June, I remember taking a drunken frolic, or a *spree*, as it is called, and when refused admittance into the house by the landlord, I took a pin out of a dray and broke every pane of glass in the lower story. The landlord gave the alarm, and I was seized by an officer and conducted to jail, where I lay until the second day, when I was liberated upon my paying \$15 fine and costs, besides \$9 for the damage done to the windows. I left the house the next day.

"About the latter end of August, after having spent the summer in quarrelling with my wife, and living as unhappily as a man could do, I determined upon removing up the river towards Pittsburgh. I thought that her increased ill temper was occasioned by her living so far from her friends, and that, possibly, if she could rejoin

them, it might have a favorable effect upon her disposition. Previous to disclosing my project to her, a Mr. —, her Pittsburgh acquaintance, called to see us. After chatting some time, I asked him to take a walk, to which he assented. We visited several coffee-houses, at all of which I drank freely, but I observed that he was cautious and did not drink half as much as I. The object, as I then believed, and still seriously believe, was to make me drunk, in which he was more than half successful. I saw him start by himself for my house, and made after him; but he arrived there a few minutes before me. Every thing, however, passed smoothly; and in a short time he took his leave. I felt determined to avoid intoxication, and to keep a rigid watch upon the conduct of Mr. — and my wife. Next morning I attended market, and on my return found my wife in a very ill humor. She said she was determined to go to Pittsburgh; and the day was spent in quarrelling. In the evening Mr. — returned. I offered him some liquor, and drank rather freely myself. I became intoxicated, and lay down to sleep. I was awakened out of a short doze by one of my shop-mates, who told me that my wife was just going on board of a steamboat along with Mr. — in order to take passage for Pittsburgh. I started up, put a large dirk knife into my bosom, and followed them down towards the river. They saw me, and turned into a house on Columbia street, where we had formerly boarded. My wife remained there two days. She told the people of the house that I was on a *spre*, and that she would never go to housekeeping again in Cincinnati. On the second day I called to see her, and told her if she was really determined to go to Pittsburgh, I would sell off our furniture and go with her myself. Accordingly, I took every thing belonging to my house to auction and had it sold the same day. I employed a man to finish my jobs for me, settled off with my employer, and by eleven o'clock the third day, we were under way to Pittsburgh.

“In Wheeling I determined to remain a while, and commenced work at pattern-making. While there, Mr. — came several times to the shop to see me. I had a fine

prospect of business, and every thing appeared to be going on finely, when, all at once, my wife signified to me her determination to go to Pittsburgh. She had no relations living there, her father having previously removed his family to Ashtabula, but go she would; and, as I did not wish to hear her tongue, I consented. She packed up clothes enough to serve herself and Thomas, our boy, and took passage in the stage for Pittsburgh. I remained behind, closely engaged at work. I did not see Mr. — after she left. In three weeks she wrote to me to send her some money, stating that she and the child were in the utmost misery. She requested that, if I could not send the money, I should go to her. I was too fond of both her and the child to hesitate; so I started and reached Pittsburgh late at night. When I arrived, I found that my wife had gone out into the country about fourteen miles, to an uncle, with the intention to remain there. I started from Pittsburgh at one o'clock and reached my wife's residence early next morning. They were all well. I remained a day and night, and then returned to Pittsburgh and commenced work. On the day of my return I saw Mr. — pass, and asked him when he left Wheeling. He said he left the same day he saw me last. My firm opinion is that he was the cause of her leaving me at Wheeling; for I was in a profitable business, and she could not have had any motive arising from domestic want, to leave me. In three weeks after my arrival in Pittsburgh we went to housekeeping again; in fact, our married life had been but a succession of separations and unions. In less than three weeks we began to quarrel again. My wife never was at home more than three hours in the day. Where she passed her time, or what was her business, was a profound secret to me.

"In this way matters continued for ten months. One morning I started to go to the mouth of Bull-Creek, twenty-one miles from Pittsburgh, but stopped at the Two-mile Run tavern, where I stayed all day, and returned home in the evening. On entering my house I found Mr. — and my wife sitting together in very familiar conversation. She had frequently told me before

that she never spoke to him when she met him. Nothing of consequence passed between him and me on that occasion, for he immediately left the house. When he was gone, my wife and I had a severe quarrel, which terminated in an agreement to separate. We had parted twice before. She went to her father's in Ashtabula county, and I, without informing her of my determination, took passage for Cincinnati.

"By what means she discovered my residence I never knew, but I had not been in Cincinnati but a short time, before I received several letters from her, describing herself and the child as being in the most deplorable state of poverty. I was again prevailed upon to join her, which I did at Ashtabula, where I remained, living with her, one year. This year was spent in constant quarrels. She was highly dissatisfied with Ashtabula, but we had not the means to leave it until the 13th of May last, when we set out again for Cincinnati, where we arrived on the 20th. We purchased furniture and took a house the first week. This was the sixth time that we had commenced housekeeping, and we had been but little more than five years married. These frequent derangements in our household matters always kept me poor.

"Somewhere about the latter end of July, Mr. ——— passed my house and called in to see us. I treated him with apparent kindness, but he only remained a few minutes. I was aware of his visiting my house frequently in my absence, but this was the first time I had seen him myself since our arrival in Cincinnati. He told us that he was just then recovering from a spell of sickness; but he appeared to me to be in very good health. I saw him pass the house frequently, and have quit my work for hours, and prepared myself with weapons, in order to detect him with my wife, for I was confident that an improper intimacy existed between them. But I never could catch him in my house until, one night, a very short time previous to the commission of my crime, Mrs. Boss and her daughter, who lived up stairs above us, were spending the evening with us. They requested me to get some beer; but, just as I was starting for it, Mrs

Boss recommended my getting some good brandy in preference, in order, as she proposed, to make a stew. I got a half-pint of brandy at Lucas'; and they made the stew, which we drank. I then went out for a short time, and, on my return, which must have been about half past eight, I found the door fast and the light out. My wife opened the door, and, as I entered, I received a blow from some one on the left cheek, near the eye, which brought me to the ground. As soon as he struck, he leaped over me and ran off. I arose as quick as possible, and pursued him to Front street, where I lost him. I am almost confident that it was the same man who has worked me so much evil; but, the night being dark and cloudy, I cannot speak with perfect certainty. On my return, my wife and I had a severe quarrel about it, but we did not come to blows. I was determined to take his life, and, for that purpose, purchased a large dirk knife at Lucas'; and quit my work in order to watch for him. I did not intend to go to work again until I should have a deadly revenge. I watched for him on Thursday and Friday, but could not see him in any part of the city.

"On Saturday morning, about half past seven, my wife and Mrs. Boss went out. They did not say where they were going or what they were going for. I put on my coat and told them that, as it was Saturday, I would go to work in order to get some money in the evening. They went out the back way. Instead of going to my work, I returned and hid myself in the stable and closed the door. Here I watched for their return. In about a half an hour, Mrs. Boss came in at the back gate, but unaccompanied by my wife. In a few minutes my wife came in at the front door, passed through, and went some steps up stairs. She spoke something to Mrs. Boss, and then returned to the front door, and opened and shut it tolerably hard. I remained in my hiding place nearly ten minutes, and then stole in very quietly. When I jumped down in the porch, I heard her speak, and he was just going out, and she turned the key and met me at the middle door. I asked her who that was that went out. She replied that it was none of my business, and then flew at me to

keep me from going out to see. All hell seemed to fill my soul; and a few moments saw my wife and her offspring in eternity.

"We were in the kitchen at the time. The axe lay on the mantelpiece; I seized it and struck her before I knew what I was about. As soon as the first blow was struck, my reason returned as sound as it ever was. But I had gone too far to recede, and I followed up my blows. I struck her, I believe, eight times. Just as she was about to receive the last blow, she exclaimed—'Oh, John! I am guilty!' The blow was on her throat—the blood gushed out in torrents, her eyes rolled down, and the shiver of death passed over her frame. I am told that she did not die for twenty minutes. I left her, and struck my little daughter one fatal blow on the left and forward part of her neck. She died in an instant. It seemed as though every drop of her blood gushed out at once. She fell on her right side. My little son I gave two blows; the first, aimed at the throat, took him in the face, occasioned by his throwing down his head. In an instant it was repeated on the front and right side of the neck. He died instantly.

"I remember that when I had struck my wife three blows, Miss Virginia Boss ran down stairs to my back door, and then ran back, exclaiming—'Mother, he has killed them all!' Her mother gave the alarm out of the front windows. The whole time did not exceed half a minute; and when I was retreating through the back door, I stopped for several seconds and gazed upon the horrid scene. It was agony too great to be borne. I heard some one kicking or striking at the front door. I still had the axe in my hand, and threw it, as I passed out of the back yard, into the stable. I passed out of the back gate, went up Dunsyth alley, then down Reynolds street to Front, down Front to Walnut, down Walnut to the river, and then along, under cover of the bank, to Race, where I took the centre of the turnpike down the river. I had not gone more than four hundred yards from Race when I met Mr. Lippincot, coming up. He was in pursuit of me, and had passed me going down,

when I was under the river bank. After passing me a short distance he stopped and asked me where I worked. I replied, 'I work down here on a raft.' He then asked if I was the person who committed the murder. I answered in the negative; and he then passed on towards the city. Two women were sweeping the pavement before their door, a little further down the road. They called me to them, and inquired what that man was hallooing about, remarking that they could not understand him. I staid, talking to them, probably ten minutes, and told them what I *understood* it to be. I then started leisurely down the road, with my hands behind my back, meditating on the deed I had committed, and occasionally taking a pinch of snuff. There were three small drops of blood upon the back of my right hand, the only stain there was upon me. This, I believed, must have been the blood of my infant daughter.

"About an hour after Mr. Lippincot met me the first time, I saw a crowd of horsemen coming after me. I took another pinch of snuff, and reflected upon what course I had better pursue; whether to fight and get killed on the spot, or surrender. By the time they reached me, I had made up my mind to surrender. I turned round and handed my knife unopened to the foremost, who was Mr. Lippincot, with this observation—'I am the person you want, you need not look any further.' I then gave him my handkerchief to tie my hands, and then he helped me up behind him on his horse. An immense crowd followed me to jail, and seemed very bitterly incensed against me. I was placed in the dungeon where I now write, where I have been kept ever since. Once I was taken to the court-house to hear my indictment read, to which I pleaded guilty, and declined the offer of counsel by the court, and next I was taken up to receive the sentence which I so richly deserved.

"During the last three years and a half I have made several attempts at suicide. Once I had a heavy loaded musket with a slow match attached to the pan, and the muzzle against my person, and was just in the act of

pushing a lighted candle to the match with my foot, when my wife accidentally entered and stamped the candle out with her foot. At another time I attempted to destroy myself by drinking an ounce and a half of laudanum. But it was discovered, and my wife procured a physician, who administered a powerful emetic, which threw up the laudanum and saved my life. This happened in Pittsburgh. Last September, I attempted the destruction of myself, as well as of my wife and children, by mixing arsenic in our water cask. A small quantity having been spilled on the lid, wife discovered it in time to prevent mischief; would to God she had been enabled to prevent my last and too successful attempt upon their existence."

Cowan was executed, in pursuance of his sentence, on Friday, 27th Nov. 1835. About twelve o'clock he was taken from the jail, accompanied by the sheriff and coroner, with several gentlemen of the clerical profession, who had visited him during his confinement; the whole guarded by a strong body of police officers and the city military. He was placed in a cart, seated upon his coffin, and conducted to the place of execution in Millcreek Bottom. The conduct of the prisoner, during the solemn preparations for his death, was of the same firm but calm and courteous character that marked him during and since his trial. He ascended the gallows with a firm step, and, after joining in the religious exercises with much apparent fervency, and having addressed the crowd with some admonitory remarks upon the subject of intemperance, he stepped on the trap, the rope was adjusted, and he was launched into eternity, precisely at a quarter past one. He was dressed in a full suit of black, which was presented to him for the occasion by some gentlemen of the Ohio Medical College. As it was his wish for his body to be appropriated to the purpose of scientific experiments, after hanging forty-one minutes, it was lowered into the coffin and conveyed to the Medical College.

Confessions of
TELLER & REYNOLDS.



William Teller.

THE lives of these two criminals present as great a diversity of incidents of bold and cunning daring, perhaps, as any upon record. On the following, which is extracted from their confessions, is enough to illustrate their crimes, though it is but a small part.

“ I was born near Cambell’s Mills, in the state of New Jersey, on the 20th of February, 1805, where I lived six years, when my father moved to Waterford, in the state of New York, and continued there three or four years,

Here I went to school occasionally, but played truant whenever I could, and spent most of my time in idleness. I became very profane and turbulent, and in consequence of swearing in school, was put into a kind of cage, and kept there all day. During the whole of my residence at Waterford I did not learn to read even in words of three syllables, for instead of directing my attention to books, I was constantly planning out tricks upon the master and pupils. At the age of eight I committed my first felony. My mother had sent me to collect a small bill of a physician, and directed me to buy a pound of biscuit with part of the money. The doctor was absent, and not wishing to return without the biscuit, I stepped into a neighboring store, where I found the owner asleep. The opportunity to steal was before me. I could not resist it, and going deliberately behind the counter, I pulled out the money drawer, took out a handful of bills, and walked away unobserved. I then went to another store, bought the crackers, and told my mother that in the doctor's absence his negro had paid part of the bill. Whether the store-keeper missed his money I never knew.

"My lucky escape on this occasion emboldened me, for in a few days, unbeknown to my father, I collected a debt of fifty cents, due to him for labor, and purchased a pair of skates, for which I was severely whipped. This checked me a short time. However, my propensity to steal increased, and not long after, I purloined a large piece of chalk from Fuller King's store and marched off with it. Seeing Mr. King in pursuit I hove it away, and when charged with the theft, told him another boy had taken the chalk. This he denied, and after shaking me violently, let me go.

"The next year, at the request of my grandfather, my father removed to the city of New York, and I was sent to a free school in Henry street, and after much trouble was learned to spell and read in easy lessons. In a few months we changed our residence to another part of the city, and I began to herd with a set of idle and dissolute boys. Taking a great fancy to cock-fighting, I stole a *game-cock* in the neighborhood and carried him home.

questioned by my father, I told him, that I had morning found a watch-chain and seal near a pump, and exchanged them for the cock. This explanation was satisfactory and I escaped detection and punishment.

Before I had arrived at the age of ten, I was placed as a man in the Bowery to learn to make sealing wax, and on tiring of steady employment I abandoned the trade and for nearly two years after, under pretence of going to school, I did little or nothing, except to spend my time in cock-fighting, gambling with coppers, flying in idleness, and what was worse than all, associating with the most abandoned characters.

By this time I had learned to despise every thing of a moral and religious nature—every honest calling seemed to me a waste of time, and I had contracted a friendship for crime, which followed me through life. I became particularly intimate with Sandy Smith, a notorious house-breaker, who has been confined in the state prison at Auburn. One day as we passed down James street, we observed a woman coming out of a house. She locked the door and put the key in her work-bag. As soon as she was out of sight, we watched our opportunity and burst open the door unobserved. Smith stood sentry, while I entered the house and stole six silver spoons, a large shawl, wearing apparel, and many other articles, which we carried to a *fence*, (the flash or rogues' name for one who sells stolen goods) and sold for about one quarter of their value.

A few days afterwards, I run my hand through the window of a watch-maker's shop and stole a watch. When I was observed, I started at my utmost speed down Chatham street, pursued by the owner, crying out, "thief, stop thief." A crowd immediately gave chase. I then hove the watch over a gate, and inadvertently run full tilt into the arms of a carman. They carried me forthwith to the police office, whence I was committed to Bridewell on the charge of larceny. Meantime my partner, my *PAL*, (the flash name for a partner in crime)

was arrested for the above house-breaking. Both were tried at the next sessions. He was convicted of burglary and sentenced to hard labor two years, while I was acquitted, partly on account of my extreme youth and partly from a want of evidence. Judge Riker remarked to the jury, that I had doubtless been led astray by other offenders, and that as the watch was not found upon me and this was the first offence for which I had been arrested, they ought, if possible, to acquit me.

"Very soon, in company with two boys, named Bruce and Richard Cullens, I strolled away to Paterson, N. J. On our return, I stepped into a house on the corner and stole a silver watch, which I found hanging over the fire-place. I saw only an infant in the house. We proceeded a few rods from there, when we met an old woman, whom we abused and insulted. The owner of the watch happened to mention his loss the next morning in this old woman's hearing. Unfortunately for us, she had once lived in the same house with my father, who knew me. A clue was given; we were traced to New York the next day, when Bruce and myself were arrested in possession of the watch. We were immediately brought before Judge Hopson and finally convicted of grand larceny, and sentenced six months to the penitentiary, which then contained not less than thirty criminals of my age. At that time the penitentiary was connected with the almshouse. At the expiration of one month fourteen of us succeeded in scaling the walls about midnight, by the assistance of an old blind man, who belonged to the almshouse department, but some how or other had strayed into our quarters. I went directly home and found my mother lying dead, and my father and one of my sisters very sick with the intermittent fever.

"Four months after my escape from the penitentiary I was arrested under the name of William Tyler, on suspicion of having robbed a baker's shop of money, where the suspicion was not altogether unfounded, although I found none of the lost cash upon me. A woman declared that she saw me enter the shop when the inmates were absent, and then run off in great haste. This se

the purposes of the law, and I was convicted and again sentenced six months to the penitentiary. On this occasion I tarried there one month, which completed my first term. Then I went up to the keeper, Mr. Woodruff, and in a bold tone demanded my liberty, telling him my name was TELLER, and that my time was out. He was deceived, and having satisfied himself by looking at the books, released me.

“Three months from my release, making four from my second sentence, I was again arrested for stealing sundry game cocks. The charge was fully proved and I was a third time ordered to the penitentiary for six months, under my true name. Going in I perceived one of the keepers called me *Tyler*, and therefore I resolved to repeat the attempt, which had proved so successful before. Accordingly I labored diligently at making pins, the business to which I was put, for the space of two months, when I repaired to a keeper, by the name of Lush, and asked to be discharged, on the ground that my sentence had expired, and assuring him that my name was Tyler. He told me to appear before him after dinner and he would see to it. This I did with all the assurance I could muster, and to my surprise he released me without saying one word. Thus before I had reached my thirteenth year, I had been convicted of felony three times and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment, but of that number I served out only four.

“My next series of crimes I perpetrated in Pearl street. For the double purpose of deceiving the police and covering my designs, I found a pal, no older than myself, and we soon succeeded in stealing \$50, with which we clothed ourselves genteelly and bought each of us a green satchel. Stopping near a dry goods store, we would begin a scuffle in order to *take the down off* (divert attention.) By and by my hat would be knocked into the cellar, when if unobserved I would slip down, cram my satchel with valuable light articles, and be gone. If, however, we were observed, I would apply for leave to go down for my hat, and unless accompanied by some one, would retire as well loaded as in the other case.

“Not long afterwards, I *sneaked* into a house in Dey street one afternoon, and betook myself to a bed-room up stairs. While I reconnoitred I heard footsteps and forthwith crawled under the bed. I had scarcely made a safe retreat before a lady entered and began her toilette. Having performed her ablutions, she laid out her dresses, combs and jewels, and then passed across the entry and went below. No sooner had she gone than I gathered up the items in a handkerchief and started with all possible despatch. Just as I reached the outer door, I heard her going back to her room, but I escaped without detection, and that same night sold the articles to a girl in Chapel street. I was then fourteen years old.

“During the summer the yellow fever prevailed. Many of the streets were almost entirely deserted and others fenced up. Consequently the field of my operations was enlarged. Hardly a day passed, that I did not break into a house whose inmates had left it and locked it up, but the booty which I mostly coveted had generally been carried away by the owners. I broke into a deserted mansion owned by a sea captain, and after rummaging it from garret to cellar, purloined only a pair of silver mounted pistols, which I offered to sell to a gun-smith in Water street, who suspected they were stolen articles, and therefore detained them. As may be supposed I never called for them. One Saturday afternoon I was suddenly attacked in the street by the yellow fever. Then I became alarmed, but my pal, William Reed, swore he could cure me, and ran immediately to a shop near by. In a few moments he returned with a pint of gin and an ounce of black ground pepper, mixed in a mug, and I drank nearly the whole of it. Very soon I felt able to be led to my lodgings, and in a few hours was as well as ever. Finding the *sneaksman's* trade, rather dull, I purchased, for seventy-five cents apiece, a considerable number of counterfeit two dollar bills on the Phœnix Bank, N. Y., well executed, which I run with Bill Collins on shares. As I had attained a due degree of felonious celebrity, the police myrmidons arrested me, on no charge whatever, and kept me sixty days in Bridewell, lest I should annoy

the city. After the fever had abated they discharged me, but, felon as I was, I could not bear thus to be stripped of my liberty.

"In the autumn following they arrested me for an alleged larceny in the house of one Smith, of which I was innocent. Nevertheless all offences began to be laid to my charge, and presuming I had committed this, the jury convicted me, but Judge Riker, through the intercession of my attorney and my sister, sentenced me only three days to the city prison. I presume, also, that he paid some regard to the lack of proof against me.

"In the month of March following I entered in the day time a house in Duane Park and travelled directly up stairs to a bed-room, where I found a trunk; which I shouldered and carried deliberately down, and proceeded to Grand street in search of a place to examine my prey. Turning a corner I met Joseph L. Hayes, a first-rate catchpole, full in the face. Instantly he attempted to seize me. A severe struggle ensued, and he soon overpowered me, and conducted me straightway to the police office. There I claimed the trunk as my property, and told the magistrate that when arrested I was going to the steamboat. He asked me what the trunk contained. Here was a damper, but I answered, shirts, some other clothing, and a little money. To prove my assertion they opened it, when they discovered a discrepancy in my statement. They found neither shirt nor money. They advertised the trunk, and the next day the owner appeared, and I was fully committed to await trial at the coming sessions. At that time I was tried and convicted. My father and sister, however, interceded in my behalf, and the court agreed to suspend the sentence on condition that I would go to sea. My father accordingly looked about for a vessel, and shipped me on board the brig *Rebecca* and Sally, for Curacoa. Meantime I was detained in Bridewell till the brig sailed."

Teller not finding this mode of life congenial with his propensities, again returned to New York on the 12th of January 1826, and within one week was again ushered

full into his old scenes among his old and guilty associates.

"About the last of February, Joseph L. Hayes arrested me in a house, where he happened to be looking for William Reed, and the magistrates committed me to Bridewell, presuming, I suppose, that if nothing had, something would appear against me. But in three or four days I was discharged. I immediately linked in with two pals and roamed the city for game, nor were we long in finding it. I entered in the day time into a boarding-house in Pearl street, the outer door of which stood open, and went directly up stairs to a chamber occupied by a Quaker. There I seized a trunk and left the house unobserved, although I passed a room with the door ajar and near which a lady sat reading. In the street I found a negro and hired him to carry the prize to a house in Eldridge street kept by an old washer-woman, ordering him to heave ahead, while I followed on the opposite side, ready to slip off at a moment's warning. Having reached the house, and sent off the negro, I broke open the trunk and found in it \$150 in good bills and some broken bills, together with considerable clothing. On my way I must have been dogged, for that night as I was about entering the yard an officer attempted to seize me, but I escaped closely pursued. The posse then broke into the house, and finding part of the clothes, arrested the old woman and one of her daughters. They were afterwards tried, but by some means or other got clear.

"I then assumed the name of William T. Evans, and the next afternoon, with two pals, embarked for Albany in the steamboat Saratoga. At night I was robbed in my berth of \$19.94, all the money I had. We took lodgings at Briggs' tavern in Albany, near the capitol, and the next day one of my pals sneaked \$40 out of a house, which he divided with me in consideration of my loss. For a week or more we pursued the sneaking business advantageously and accumulated considerable money and jewelry. We then fell in with two other *prigs*, and in company with them proceeded across the ferry to *Greenbush* and stopped at a tavern. Unbeknown to me, two

of the gang sneaked into the house of a Capt. Ingraham, broke open a trunk with a false key, took therefrom a long bag filled with eagles, half eagles and dollars, and rejoined us, when we decamped forthwith and recrossed the ferry. This booty was divided in an open field. My portion, except two half eagles, was exchanged for bills at the Troy Bank, by myself, disguised by a pair of false whiskers, and a red skull-cap, and while in the bank I was careful to keep my hat off in order that the red hair should be noticed. We remained at Albany about a month, succeeding beyond our most sanguine expectations, and supposing ourselves secure, when one evening three of us were unexpectedly arrested by constable Meigs and his posse, at the circus, while the fourth was taken at the tavern. That same night we were all examined, and as sundry half eagles were found upon us, were for want of bail fully committed for trial. In a week we were brought up and indicted, and the cases continued till the June term of the court. Two of the gang were afterwards sent to Troy for trial and condemned to ten years hard labor in the state prison at Greenwich village. My pal in Albany was soon bailed out by his father and thus escaped justice. For myself I set about making friends with the turnkey, and studying the plan of the building. I gave him a diamond ring, and finally got him to play cards with myself and an old prig by the name of Smith. I then bribed an old fellow, who waited on the prisoners, to unlock a door leading to the cupola, from whence there was a free passage to the apartment occupied by the family, and leave it in that situation. In a day or two, towards night, the turnkey came up. I asked him to play, and he consented, leaving the key in the door. Under some pretence I went out, and leaving him at cards with Smith, seized my clothes and passed through the unlocked door, down a pair of stairs to a hall, where I met the jailer's daughter. She asked where I was going. I answered, 'to take a short walk,' and pushing on swiftly, reached the outside, jumped down a descent of twelve or fifteen feet, and before the pursuers had taken the scent, crawled under the stoop of an old untenanted house. At

night the moon shone and I kept snug, till luckily it became cloudy, and I escaped. Before morning I arrived at Saratoga, and, crossing the river, took a circuitous route to Hudson, and embarked on board of a sloop for New York. It was now May, 1826.

"On my return I found two old prigs, William Reed and James Gallagher, and we commenced breaking houses in company. From this time till the middle of June we had great success, so much that I kept a mistress, and had always a fee for a lawyer in one pocket and plenty of change in the other. Picking pockets we seldom undertook, for it was too hazardous and often too unprofitable. But one night three of us went to a fire, near the Bowery, of a cabinet-maker's shop, and soon selected an elderly man among the crowd as our victim. I advanced to his right side and noticed that he wore a watch, the chain of which seemed to be dangling about rather carelessly. Reed stood at my right and Gallagher behind. In a few moments a movement made by an engine caused a little bustle, when Reed, as if by accident, pushed me upon the old man. In the attempt to recover himself I suddenly seized his watch and passed it to Gallagher, who forthwith made off. We were not long in following, and found the prize to be a gold repeater. We afterwards sent it to Philadelphia and sold it for 100 dollars. On another occasion at a fire I assisted in robbing a man of his pocket-book, much in the same way, containing about \$60 and sundry papers. The money we retained, but hove the pocket-book away in Canal street.

"Soon after I rode to a tavern just north of Rodgers' on the Bloomingdale road, in company with a girl, and went into a room where I found a bureau and the lady of the house. I took a chair and sat with my back to the bureau, giving my companion the wink and telling her to *stall up and cover*. She then stood up between me and the woman, diverting her attention, while I opened a drawer and abstracted six silver tea-spoons. We rode off undetected.

"On the Saturday following I crossed the ferry at the foot of Catharine street with Gallagher, who had been re-

pardoned out of the state prison, and put up at the Lyn Mansion House. In the middle of the night I d the landlord's bed-room. He was asleep, and pistols lay within reach of him. I stepped silently unk near the bed and took from it a linen shirt, a turtle-shell box containing two doubloons, a pocket-with \$36, and I also took a silver watch, which r the pistols. About day-break we shoved off and sed in a skiff. After we reached home I divided \$6 with Gallagher, but slanged him out of the gold. ame day I handed the doubloons to Smith Davis, cept a porter-house by the beef market in Grand to get exchanged, and the next forenoon called on r the money. It seemed that Davis had proved ; and given information at the police office of my nents. It was concerted between him and high ble Hayes, that the latter should be on hand in a y near by, and on my arrival at Davis' he should a pump across the street and commence pumping. dingly, as soon as I had reached Davis' he went out a pail ostensibly after water and gave the signal. instant, the posse sprang upon me unawares and d me without resistance. They immediately escort- to the police office, with a watch which I had from a store in Greenwich street. Fearing the con- ces of finding the watch upon me, I took it out and ayes I would make him a present of it. He re- it apparently as such, but directly exhibited a escribing the watch and its loss. This was enough y committal. At the next sessions, knowing it be useless to stand trial, I pleaded guilty, for the ad only time in my life. The state attorney then up the conviction which took place before I went to id on both I was sentenced to the state prison at wich three years.

June, 1829, my sentence expired, and I was re- from state prison—twenty-four years of age—versed ost every species of wretchedness—bold, daring and d—regarded as a non-pareil in crime, and hunted

like a stag by the policemen. But I again breathed freely. Liberty was sweet. I walked the face of earth a new creature, changed, but from bad to worse. Mankind, especially the officers of the law, I considered my sworn enemies. I resolved to live a finished villain, and in that way to revenge myself for my loss of liberty and character, let what would be the consequences.

"I returned to my father's house, where very soon the advice and affectionate treatment of my friends, and especially the tears of my sister, almost succeeded in shaking my resolution. I began to work yarding wood, and continued with him several days, and then quit him and betook myself to my former companions and practices.

"On the night of the 3d of July I entered the cellar of a grocery in Broome street, by breaking the padlock with which it was fastened. Having ascertained previously how things were situated, I went up through the trap door into the store, and directly to the money drawer, which I took and returned to the cellar, pulling down the trap door after me. I then struck a light, picked out the change and departed. This adventure furnished me with cash for the 4th.

"Several nights after that, I resorted with a pal to a tailor's shop in the Bowery, and while he decoyed away the watchman, I stole round to the rear of the shop, bored into the window shutter with a bit, run in my hand, unfastened it, raised the window and crept in. There I selected \$300 worth of the most saleable articles and escaped undetected, secreting the goods in a wood-house connected with my lodgings. Just before day-light I packed them in a large trunk and in a tea chest, and when the steamboat left, took them in her to New Brunswick. For some weeks I was engaged in that neighborhood peddling them out.

"On my return, understanding that the owner of a China ware store in Gold street sometimes kept a large amount of money there over night, I directed my steps to the place with two pals. They kept look out, while I had to cross two yards and jump a high fence. When I had reached the back part of the store, I found that there

no chance to get in either at the door or windows, without making too much noise. I therefore, with a jack-knife and an old punch, dug out, after some considerable toil, a brick, and by degrees another, till I made a hole large enough to creep into. I then crept through and struck a light, and proceeding to the door, broke it open, and to my surprise found only \$15. Considering the difficulties I had to encounter in getting this sum too small, but I retained it, notwithstanding, and bore the disappointment tolerably well. Getting the money, I left by the back door, which, making some noise in the street, I left open in my haste to depart. The next day I learned the following result of my negligence in leaving the door open. It so happened, that two mules, used as I understood for turning machinery, were loose in the yard, and on my egress, giving a free opening for themselves, deliberately crept in. A noise was soon heard by the watch near the store. He advanced to the store and heard distinct footsteps. Cautiously he summoned some of his brethren, and the owner, surrounded the establishment, and then engaged themselves for a contest with at least half a dozen priks, entered pell mell into the store. Instead of finding mules. These animals, it seemed, had destroyed several hundred dollars' worth of property. Holding their noses about, first one thing would fall and another, till the asses, frightened at their own doings, began to flourish and kick round, when the evil was increased ten fold.

From one of the papers, myself and Place learned that a large quantity of Italian sewing silk was to be sold by Messrs. Howlands, 50 South street, and determined to share in the article, though in a way not exactly legal.

To do this effectually, it was necessary to examine the premises in the day time, which he did twice, and found it useless to make any attempt. It was then, if I acted right, towards winter.

We then put our heads together, not wishing to let the opportunity slip by, for the silk brought a great price, and not, as we thought, be easily identified, should it be

found in our possession. Unbeknown to him, I examined the store and appurtenances critically, and concluded that an entry was practicable. The next evening he went down and secreted himself in an out-building near by, where he could observe what was going on in and about the store without being seen himself, and among other things he ascertained that a large bull-dog was let loose in the store when the clerks closed for the night. This was an important discovery, but in our opinion the dog was not the worst part of the matter. How to break in was the main difficulty, then how to escape the lynx-eyed watchman with the goods.

"The next Wednesday afternoon it rained. Taking an umbrella, a chisel, pocket light, and screw-driver, I told Place, that I should endeavor to secrete myself in the store, and if I did not return by nine o'clock, to come down at midnight with three other coves. I saw quite a number of gentlemen at the place passing out and in, who appeared to be there for the purpose of examining the silk.

"Meantime I walked up and down the pier, watching for a chance to slip in. Towards night the gentlemen either went away or up stairs to the counting-room, and when they were fairly out of sight, I repaired immediately to the grating door in the lower story, reached my hand through the grating and turned the key, which happened to be in the lock. I then stepped in, and locking the door after me, stowed myself away under some bags of cotton at the further end of the apartment. It appeared to me, that I lay there an age. I was in a very uncomfortable situation. I dared not stir hand or foot, though the weight under which I had placed myself seemed immense, and my blood had nearly stagnated. Still there I was and there I must remain till all ~~but~~ the dog had left the store. At length the much-desired period arrived. One by one the people departed, and about nine o'clock, as I supposed, a clerk or servant led in the bull-dog, unloosed him, locked up and went off. I could plainly hear the *cur* stepping and smelling about, but nevertheless I dared

not emerge from my recess for an hour, lest the clerk should have forgotten something and come back after it.

"When all was still, I extricated myself from the cotton bags, and sat down upon one. It was darker than Egypt. The dog, who had been busy walking about, stopped. For the first time then the sensation of fear crept over me, and I would have given the price of my liberty to have been fairly out of the scrape. For a minute or two I sweat profusely, but I calmed myself by degrees, and began to consider in what way to proceed. Looking round for the dog, I discovered him by his eyes, which glared at me like two balls of fire. I then seized the end of a cotton bag, and raising it, let it drop, and repeated it several times for the purpose of familiarizing the dog to noise. Luckily for me his name was pronounced when he was led in.

"In a tone scarcely above a whisper I called his name, repeating it louder and louder till my voice became full and audible. Then I paused, but the animal gave no further evidence of recognition or intent to make an attack than a sort of incipient growl. Again his name was spoken, and I talked to him in a coaxing manner for some time, moving occasionally a few feet towards him, and then in an opposite direction. Hearing nothing from him, I struck a light and looked steadily at him as he sat showing his tusks for some minutes, deliberating whether to assault him with a lever used for the purpose of rolling along the bales, or to march directly to him, and, should he spring, to throttle him if possible. The latter course seemed the safer of the two, and I went boldly up to him, coaxing him all the while, but yet expecting to be seized. He did not even growl, taking me, probably, for an inmate of the store, who had been left there. Patting him on the head and without waiting to secure his further acquaintance, I proceeded up stairs. Here my further progress was stopped by a partition, which separated the stair-way from the counting-room, and in which was a door locked, and a small window which opened inwards and was fastened with a button. After a short search I found a

paint pot. Taking it I spread a thick coat over one of the panes of glass, and plastering thereon a piece of brown paper, pushed the whole pane in. By means of the paint the glass either would stick to the paper, or if it fell the sound would be deadened. Unfastening the window, I crawled through into the counting-room, or what I supposed to be the counting-room, where I ransacked a desk and sundry drawers, and overhauled all the papers, but discovered nothing of any value to me. Turning to a door which led to another apartment, I unscrewed that part of the lock into which the bolt shoots, and passing through that and another which was unlocked, I entered the room where the silk was stored. There seemed to be immense quantities of it. I there found some empty sacks, and filled seven of them with the article, sixty bundles in each, every bundle weighing, as near as I could judge, about one pound. These I hauled to a door fastened on the inside and leading into an alley, ready for a start.

"As soon as these matters were arranged, I opened a window a very little, and listening attentively, heard the watchmen, and also my accomplices outside, giving the signal (a kind of cough) to let them in, but as I had been once betrayed by a pal, Smith Davis, I dared not trust them or let them know that I was in the store. Consequently I kept snug till the day gun was fired, when I opened the door and sallied out with two of the sacks. Reaching Pearl street, I came athwart a hand-cart chained to the side-walk. In a twinkling the chain was broken and the cart trundling over the pavement with the two sacks. I had travelled only a short distance, before I met an accomplice, Place, on horse-back, who took a sack on before him and trotted away. Leaving the cart and the other sack, I turned back and soon met two other accomplices who had besieged the store all night, determined to wait till the watchmen dispersed. We immediately repaired to the store and marched off with three additional sacks to the cart, where we picked up the one I had left and trudded on till we met a hackney coach. This we hired, telling the coachman that we were sailors with our clothes,

just paid off from a vessel, and boarding the craft with our booty, pushed on to Broome street. Here we stopped, and two of us shouldered the sacks and secreted them in a house occupied by a female prig, two or three squares distant. After they had fairly stowed them away, they returned to the coach. We then rode to the Essex market, paid coachee two dollars, and absconded. In the afternoon I saw an advertisement offering a reward for the detection of the thieves. The police officers were on the alert as usual in such cases. Without delay I shaved my whiskers off, mounted a white hat and a different suit of clothes, lest the coachman should recognise me, and sold four of the sacks of silk to Smith Davis, for twenty shillings a pound.

"Contrary to my request, Place carried his bag to Bob A. Young's, in Scammel street. It so happened, that some person observed him and gave information of that fact, after the advertisement was out, to the police office. Old Hayes forthwith repaired to the house, where about day-light a man was seen dismounting with a bag, and arrested Place, Young, and M'Clough. The bag was found there. At the next sessions all three of them were convicted and sentenced to the state prison; Place fourteen years and the others seven years.

"Place betrayed me; and the police repeatedly looked for me, but being apprized of their intentions, I eluded them for some time. One day, however, as I was going down Anthony street, I met J. L. Hayes. He attempted to seize me, and I told him to keep his distance; but calling for assistance in the name of the people, he succeeded in securing me and taking me to the office. At the next sessions I was put on trial. The only fact I had to contend with, was this. Some net-work stockings, which I took from Howlands' store, were found at my lodgings, but as they could not fully identify them, I was acquitted.

"On the 11th of August, 1830, Smith Davis, one of the most notorious dealers in bad money that the city of New York ever harbored, brought to me one hundred bills of the Union Bank altered from ones to tens, to run for him on shares, allowing me half the avails in con-

sideration of the risk to be encountered in passing them off. How he procured them and where the alteration was effected, he kept entirely to himself, not even letting his accomplices into the secret. However it would not probably verge far from the truth, to say, that he procured the bills in question at Canada, although the supposition is mere guess work on my part. The alteration was done with so much skill, that the bills were passed in the city without the least trouble, but as so many had been put off there, and as the banks of the Hudson were lined with them, it was deemed advisable to try the Yankees. We knew them to be busy, money-making, industrious men, and thought in spite of their wooden nutmegs and horn flints that they generally were too honest and unobserving to suspect others of crime. To my everlasting sorrow I found the calculation wrong. I found them to be a shrewd and penetrating people, eager to trade and quick to detect fraud. Besides, the fact that I counted too much on their stupidity threw me off my guard, and I managed in too careless a manner. I should advise all rogues to shun Connecticut, and more especially the city of Hartford, if they would keep out of harm's way. Before one is aware of it, they nab him without process, drag him before a magistrate, and in a trice he finds himself in the state prison. On the 12th I started for Hartford in the steamboat Macdonough, and for my fare offered an altered Union, which was received without hesitation or suspicion, and, the fare being only one dollar, nine dollars in good money were given me in exchange. As we passed along the East river, by scenes, among which so many years of my life had been spent, my feelings were uncommonly buoyant and cheerful, and I gave myself up to pleasing reveries on the golden harvest about to be reaped from the Yankees. Only one object seen on the trip marred my happiness. That was the old almshouse, to which I had been three times sentenced. Still that occupied my attention but a moment, for it was soon turned to other matters: the stories I should have to relate to my accomplices on my return; the ease and address with which my errand was accomplished; the

vexation into which many citizens of Hartford would be thrown the day after my leave, to find themselves so fairly gulled; and the rapidity with which my purpose was executed. I expected to have returned after an absence of one day. But these dreams proved delusive; my expectations were crushed; I never more saw my father's house, and was destined never to revisit the scenes which furnished me with so many joyful thoughts. This was my fatal trip; it deprived me of liberty and finally of my life.

"The next morning at ten o'clock the boat arrived at Hartford, when I landed and went immediately to the United States Hotel. In a few minutes I commenced operations, taking first the jewellers' shops and then the lottery offices, buying in no instance an article the price of which exceeded a dollar, and in every instance getting back for the altered Unions nine dollars or more in current money, without suspicion. One bill I passed to a ticket vender, who, not having the change at hand, took the bill to the United States Branch Bank, where it was received without the slightest hesitation. At another office I bought four quarter tickets, and representing to the man that I was from the south, travelling east, and would be glad to get eastern money, he readily took from his drawer eighty dollars in Hartford bills and exchanged them for eight of the Unions, at the same time expressing his entire willingness to have accommodated me further, if he had had any more money about him. As soon as the jewellers and ticket dealers had been sufficiently laid under contribution, I repaired to a livery stable, and mounting a horse, rode round to the hardware stores, under the character of a horse jockey, buying some small article, and paying out the Unions in every instance. No man seemed to distrust either me or the bills; so, after dining at the hotel, I paid my scot, sixty-two cents, with a Union, which was accepted and no questions asked, and received back in good currency \$9.38. My intention now was to have returned in the Victory, the opposition steamboat, which started at two P. M., and to have discharged my fare in the same way that I did in the

Macdonough. Just before that hour arrived, I took my valise and started for the boat. Passing the Hartford Bank on my way there, it occurred to me that it would be a good plan and a fit opportunity to stop in and make them share the same fate with their customers, as the boat would be off long before the cheat would probably be detected. Besides, one bank had already been taken in, and I doubted not another might be as easily. So I deliberately walked in and presented ten Unions to the teller, for which I desired eastern or Hartford money, remarking, that I was going down east, and therefore should be glad to put off my New York bills. While the teller was looking at them, the lynx-eyed cashier inquired if he was going to take them, and observed that they did not look exactly right. With much confidence I assured him they must be good, as I had only the day before taken them of a merchant in New York, who was well acquainted with the money. As he still hesitated, I immediately and foolishly told him, that I had enough of other bills, if the ones offered were bad. This imprudent remark excited his suspicions still more, and he then requested me to accompany him to another bank in order to ascertain whether my pieces were genuine, to which I assented, and went with him to the Phoenix Bank, where finding no Union money, we proceeded to the Branch Bank. As they had none there, we went to the Connecticut River Bank, and happened to find there a genuine one dollar note of the Union Bank. The fraud was discovered. I attempted instantly to snatch the bills out of the cashier's hand, but in vain. He told me I had better desist, as I was only furnishing evidence against myself.

"I then told him that the bills were my property, that they were perfectly good, and that I would have them. He said I could not have them at present, but if I wished he would give me a receipt for them. Seeing there was no other alternative I agreed to take a receipt, and passed out of the Connecticut River Bank with him and another gentleman, for the purpose of getting the receipt at the Hartford. On my way I stepped into a gangway between the Universalist meeting-house and

the Branch Bank, and unobserved deposited in a knot-hole in a post thirty of the Unions, rolled and tied tightly up in a piece of light blue paper. I placed them there under the expectation of going after them, in case I escaped the existing juncture, or of sending some one after them, should I be arrested and committed. Another object in placing them there was to keep them out of the way of the law and the states attorney. At that moment I could have escaped, for the gentlemen had got considerably ahead and did not seem to take notice of my movements, but instead of securing my liberty, I, like a simpleton, followed on and went with them to a room in the United States Hotel, thinking that would best convince them that my intentions at least were not criminal. Here they examined and cross-examined me for a long time, and unluckily, in the agitation of the moment, I forgot the story I had previously told about the bills, and informed them that I had that forenoon taken them of a horse-dealer at the corner by the Exchange buildings. The discrepancy was forthwith pointed out, and could not be satisfactorily explained. Meantime, Mr. Morgan, the hotel keeper, had discovered a Union in his drawer, and a prosecuting officer and a sheriff were made acquainted with the facts. We then proceeded to the Hartford Bank, where I was detained some time, under pretence of having the receipt properly made out. While there the broker, to whom I had passed nine of the Unions, brought in eight, which I redeemed without any objection. Very soon the sheriff made his appearance with a warrant and conducted me to a magistrate's office. The Yankees were not slow in getting wind of the arrest, and came pouring in upon me to redeem their bills. Part of them I redeemed, but supposing I was already in hot water, and wishing to retain enough of good money to pay a lawyer, I refused either to redeem any more or to give up those which had been presented for that purpose. The magistrate ordered me to give them up. I refused again, and instantly put them into my mouth and tried to swallow them. At his request, the sheriff and another person fell upon me, and after a long struggle, in which they choked me violently, they

succeeded in getting out the bills unhurt. The examination then proceeded, and I was forthwith bound over in the sum of \$1000 to the next Superior Court, and for want of bail was committed. In this case I assumed the name of John Scott, by which I was afterwards called in Wethersfield.

"The next day I retained two distinguished attorneys, and two other informations having been filed against me, I was ordered to recognise in the sum of \$1000, and not having the means to furnish bail, they committed me to prison. That afternoon I wrote to a female by the name of Mrs. Ann Evans, with whom I lived in New York, requesting her to send up to my assistance one Luman, and also Jack, the flash title of Smith Davis. Furthermore, I urged her, in case they should refuse to come, to hasten up herself, bringing with her five *briers*, saws made of the main springs of watches or some other thin substance. On the following Tuesday, she appeared with the *briers*, which in the night were fastened to a string let down from my window and drawn up. Without delay, and not supposing there would be the least trouble in escaping, I commenced upon the grates with my briers in good earnest, and after toiling for several hours, found that scarcely a scratch had been made. These attempts were repeated, but with no better success; for the windows had each a double set of bars, two inches thick and case hardened. Despairing of sawing out, I laid sundry other plans, all of which were defeated through the vigilance of the jailer. From one of my fellow prisoners the jailer learned that saws were in my possession, and both he and the sheriff made repeated searches for them. They, however, found but one of them, as they were generally stowed away in the room above, to which they were drawn up by a string through a hole in the floor made to receive a stove pipe. All attempts to get out failing, I concluded to keep quiet till the trial came on, trusting that some fortunate circumstance would occur to acquit me, and hoping that some of my accomplices in New York would contribute to furnish the necessary amount required for bail.

"At the September term of the Superior Court, holden at Hartford, five informations were filed against me by the state attorney, to each of which I pleaded *not guilty*, but the evidence was so overwhelming, that my counsel were unable to urge a solitary point in my favor, and the jury, without the slightest hesitation, pronounced me *guilty* on every charge. Subsequently the judge sentenced me to *fifteen years'* hard labor in the state prison at Wethersfield, three years on each information. What an appalling sentence to a young man just turned of twenty-five! To be confined in prison fifteen years, during the best and gayest portion of life. My heart sunk within me, and more than once I wished myself dead. The last time I was brought up to the court-house, I intended to have made one desperate effort for freedom, and accordingly procured from a prisoner a large piece of iron, sharp at one end, with which in case of necessity I purposed to have cleared a path for myself. Bad luck attended me in this instance as in the others, for the instrument was discovered by an officer while I sat in the court-house. A week afterwards the sheriff escorted me to my new abode in Whethersfield, where I served in a quiet but surly manner about one month, and then attempted, in a fit of despair, to cut off my right arm with an axe. I did not succeed. A surgeon was called and my arm bound up, and while it was healing, they compelled me to turn a crank with my left hand.

"From the time that I entered the state prison, till I came out, my leisure hours were spent in devising plans to escape, and in taking measures to preserve my strength. My nerves were always strung ready for an onset, and a rebellion would have found me among its first abettors. Almost every day I exercised myself in my cell, and walked for an hour or more, for I doubted not, or rather I ardently hoped, that some favorable opportunity would occur, in which my physical powers would be called into requisition. Those only who have been sentenced to a long period of imprisonment can imagine the activity with which such a situation endows the mind. Expedi-

ents then readily suggest themselves, which under other circumstances never would have been dreamt of, and the mind is able to go through with a vast deal of labor and very intricate calculations. Compelled every day to several hours of gloomy solitude, it must turn inward to itself, if it would seek either recreation or improvement, and that intellect must be dull, stupid and plodding, which in such hours can waste itself in useless reflections. For my part, my mind was ever on the watch. So far as I could, I studied the plan of the prison, and endeavored to get at the most feasible method of breaking out. That it was impossible, I disbelieved; and, unlike some of my fellow prisoners, I refused to lie down in despair. Scheme after scheme was therefore canvassed by myself as I whiled away my lonely hours in my cell, and rejected as impracticable. I did not understand the formation of some of the locks, especially of that on the door leading into the female apartment, and another on the small door opening into the kitchen. One of the prisoners, Harvey Reynolds, had once or twice been called upon to make several of the locks and keys, and I presumed he would not only furnish me with the requisite information, but would aid in a conspiracy to break out. Accordingly, I communicated with him on the subject, sometimes by notes written on the backs or blank parts of religious tracts, sometimes by signs, and sometimes in flash language, if we happened to be for a moment near each other. He told me how the locks were formed, and in process of time we contrived to make several skeleton keys and other instruments, which we carried to our cells when we went to dinner. At night the prisoners were all searched and in the morning the cells; so that dinner time was the only occasion when our implements could have been safely conveyed. The instruments were made in the shop, in the presence of the overseer, part at one time and part in another, and always when we were manufacturing something which resembled a portion of them in appearance.

"At length, in the winter of 1832-3, we hit upon a *scheme* which we thought would answer the purpose, and

knowing Cæsar to be an ingenious and resolute fellow, I inquired of him about the 1st of April as to the situation of the doors of the female apartment, and told him I should go through there sometime or other. He was enjoined to keep the matter secret, and in case our plan succeeded, was told that he could avail himself of it, if he would lend his assistance, which he promised to do. Meantime our keys were in readiness, and near the middle of April, I handed one to Cæsar as he was whitewashing in the hall, and directed him to try it in the lock of his cell door. The next morning he tried it, and found it fitted well. Previously I had tried it in mine, and it answered exactly. This key, therefore, would unlock all the cells in the lower tier. Afterwards Cæsar, at my request, brought to me an inch centre bit, and as that did not appear to be large enough to suit my purpose, he looked for another, but could find nothing but an auger. There were now four engaged in the plot: Harvey Reynolds, Johnson, Cæsar and myself; and we agreed to make the attempt on Monday night, the 29th of the month. A few nights previous I bored into my door against the lock, which was on the outside, and having made a hole large enough to work upon the lock, filled the hole with putty and daubed it over with black paint, lest it should be observed.

“To understand fully our operations, it may be necessary to say, that the cells are in one solid block running east and west, and covered by an outer building. Around the cells and between them and the outer building is a spacious area, in which the guard walks at night. At the west end of the block is a thick stone wall, separating the male apartment from the female. Near the north-west corner of the block is a door leading into the latter, and another small door leading into the cook-room or kitchen. My cell was on the south-west corner of the block facing south, Johnson’s and Reynolds’ cells not far from mine on the same side, and Cæsar’s on the north-west corner, facing north, and Watson’s next to his.

“Monday night arrived, but something occurred to prevent the execution of our plot. On the night following,

April 30, between twelve and one o'clock, Mr. Ezra Hoskins, an elderly man, and a little deaf, being on guard, I picked the putty out of the hole in my door, and with a piece of wire pushed back the bolt, just after he had passed, and went out, taking with me a rope, gag, and skeleton key.

"Going silently along I unlocked Johnson's cell and travelled directly to Cæsar's, which I opened and entered. As I passed by Reynolds' he spoke to me, but I pretended not to hear him. This circumstance I mentioned to Cæsar, together with my unwillingness to let him out, because he had deceived me in regard to the locks. On the whole, however, we concluded to liberate him, lest he should make a noise and betray us. When Hoskins had passed I started some distance behind him, unlocked Watson's cell, into which very soon Johnson entered, and then I moved on. Up to that moment Watson knew nothing of the plot, and when Johnson made his appearance, was very much frightened and asked what he wanted. Johnson told him to keep still, and explaining the matter assured him that he could regain his liberty in a few moments. Moving on at just such a distance behind Hoskins I came to Reynolds' cell, unlocked it, whispered to him to sally out after Hoskins had gone round again, and reached Cæsar's cell once more in safety. There I waited till Hoskins had again passed it, and finding that I had left several keys in my cell, was under the necessity of going after them. Just after I had stepped out Reynolds came along and went in. Having picked up the keys I returned to Cæsar's cell. Thus had I accomplished three rounds unobserved and unsuspected.

"We then consulted as to the best measures to pursue and finally determined to seize the guard, gag him, bind him hand and foot, then lock him up in Cæsar's cell and escape as quick as possible. We did not intend to injure a hair of his head, much less to take his life; all we wanted was to keep him quiet, till our escape could be effected; and in the presence of Almighty God, before whose judgment-seat I must soon appear, I say that we *had no design to take life*. It was resolved that I should

pass round after Hoskins and overtake him at the west end of the block, while the rest were to wait at the corner by Cæsar's cell and rush to my assistance as soon as the signal was given.

"This was the most exciting scene I ever participated in. There we were, crowded into a dark and narrow cell, conspiring to break prison, trembling with extreme agitation, conversing in a hushed voice, well knowing that a false step would prove fatal to our hopes and serve to prolong and render more wretched our imprisonment, yet daring all for liberty. To form a correct notion of our feelings on that occasion, one must be a prisoner, as I was, condemned to drag out the best portion of his life in a dungeon, perfectly aware of both the law and its penalties, yet violating the one and incurring the other, with a fair prospect for freedom before him, to be won, however, by harsh means and great risks. Doubtless my memory will be more blackened by this my last offence, and the world will judge me by motives and feelings incident only to those in my situation; but let those who would blame me place themselves where I was, and consider themselves as I was, on the night of the 30th of April, and then say whether freedom was not worth struggling for.

"When we had settled definitively the method of attack, I tarried some minutes to calm myself, and then, armed with a bar of steel, after Hoskins had again passed by, went on stealthily and noiselessly, gaining upon him till he turned the south-west corner, when I advanced rapidly and struck him a slight blow on his neck. He turned in great consternation, and uttered some incoherent sentences, which I do not remember. As quick as lightning I struck him with my fist, and at that moment the others came up; Cæsar tripped him, and he fell forwards, partly on his knees. I then left them, and with a skeleton key attempted to unlock the small door leading into the cook-room. The wards were too long, and endeavoring to force the key round I broke it, and a portion of it remained in the lock. Just then Hoskins made a loud noise. I turned and found him partly on his hands and knees,

with Cæsar trying to gag him, and the other two attempting to keep him from struggling. Fearing we should be discovered, and without reflecting one moment on the consequences, I advanced as soon as he cried out, and reaching over Cæsar's shoulders, struck Hoskins twice on the head with the steel bar, intending only to stun him. He fell on his face. I then repaired again to the small door, and tried to force it open with the bar, but in vain. Some one then told me that Hoskins was dead. I did not believe him, but went to him and felt his pulse, and to my dismay found he was dead. This furnished inducements for greater exertions, and we bored into the door leading into the female apartment, put forth our utmost to open it, and in a state of frenzy tried with our whole strength and ingenuity to start both of the doors. They resisted us. Every thing went against us, and after repeated efforts, we finally gave up all for lost and abandoned the plot. Twice while the others were at work I looked into the guard room, and once imitated Hoskins in his voice and gait, as he used to go about and speak to the prisoners when they made too much noise. In the hurry and confusion which followed the death of Hoskins, some one, but whom I know not, took from Cæsar's cell a blanket, either to staunch the blood or stifle his cries. Hearing a stir in the guard room, and leaving the old man weltering in his gore, we betook ourselves to our respective cells. Cæsar wished me to lock him in, but I could not wait, and told him he must take care of himself. Hurrying on, I locked Johnson's cell, and entered my own and sat down in gloomy sullenness to await the vengeance of the warden. Reflection began its tortures. What would I not have given for the ability to retrace the last hour of my life—to resuscitate the dead body! What awful, agonizing thoughts crowded through my mind! What would be my destiny! Was I not a murderer! Could the murder be proved on me! Should I not suffer the most shameful of deaths! And would I submit to it! Then came thoughts of suicide. Yes, the light of another morning I would not behold. Justice should be cheated of its victim, and I never would swing a fearful spectacle

of moral turpitude. But I was a coward—I relented—I trembled at the idea of self-murder. I, who had taken another's life, dared not take my own. Such were the thoughts that rushed through my mind, when my door was opened and the eyes of the warden fell upon me."



CÆSAR REYNOLDS.



Cæsar Reynolds.

"WHEN I was first requested to detail the principal incidents in my life, I resolved not to comply, because that I possessed little except crime and wickedness to unfold, and I supposed that the mass of community would peruse such details with abhorrence. Belonging to that unfortunate and degraded people, whom law and custom have made 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the whites, I presumed likewise that I could relate nothing

which would excite either pity or interest; nevertheless, if my guilty career and terrible end will serve to deter one solitary individual from the race-ground, which for twenty years I have occupied, I cannot object to tell what I have been and what I have done. Considering that I was a black, my advantages for an education were very decent compared with others of my color, but the motives to excel, which the white children had, could not be mine, and, possessing feelings too acute and sensitive for one in my situation, I felt sensibly the different treatment meted out to me both by teacher and pupil, and consequently paid little attention to my books. I learned to read and spell decently. What good could it do me, I frequently asked of myself, whether I am ignorant or learned? It cannot change my color, and consequently it cannot alter my condition in society. I shall be the same despised African in either event. Reasoning in this way, I neglected my schooling and particularly all moral education. Public worship I avoided as much as possible, and were it not that I wanted nothing, and that my master and mistress were kind and generous to me, I should oftener and perhaps earlier have gratified the propensity to commit crime and roguery, which very early manifested itself. Why I was ever induced to steal, I cannot imagine, for I had enough to eat, drink and wear, and I commenced the business and generally carried it on alone, without the aid of advisers. It is hard to commit the first offence—one does it with reluctance, with fear and trembling. His next is easier, and in process of time he becomes hardly conscious that he is doing wrong. My first offence was perpetrated with many compunctions of conscience, but alas, crime afterwards became to me habitual, and I often committed it in mere wantonness. May my unhappy end never be that of any who may read these pages. Had I resisted my first desire to steal, as I might have done, and had I paid proper attention to morals and books, my fate might have been different. As it is, I will not quail. I die innocent, and I suffer for a crime of which I am not guilty. But more of my feelings hereafter.

"On the 11th of May, 1803, I was born at Wickford, R. I., of honest and respectable parents. One brother only I had, and he is now in the grave. When I was an infant my father left my mother and I never saw him or heard from him afterwards. At the age of two, my mother placed me with Mr. Carder Hazard, of Newport, a wealthy man, and withal very kind and obliging to me. With him I lived at Newport three years, when we moved to Norwich, Conn., where I remained nine years and in Mr. Hazard's family. My business consisted in going of errands and tending children, of whom there were seven, in which business I continued till I arrived at the age of twelve. During the last war Mr. Hazard engaged extensively in speculation, and I understood added largely to his coffers. He told me that he had eighteen brothers and one sister, and one of his brothers was formerly a member of Congress from Rhode Island. He allowed me to go to school considerable, but my progress in learning was slow.

"When I was ten years old, one day my master sent me to get his horse shod at a blacksmith's by the name of Carey Troop, and while the hands were at dinner, I staid in the shop. Perceiving two penknives on the bench, it occurred to me that I could take them and never be detected. Accordingly I pocketed both, and as soon as the horse was ready, rode home with them and gave one to the servant girl. Shortly after, who should appear but Troop's son, demanding the stolen articles and charging me with the theft. He suspected me, because I had been left alone in the shop. Master made inquiry, and the girl said I had just given her a penknife. She produced it, and thus brought me out. I confessed the crime, gave up the knives, and in payment for my iniquity received from master a severe flogging. This was my first crime.

"This punishment, together with the fact that I wanted nothing, checked my propensity for three or four years afterwards, when myself and David Ruggles, another black boy, broke into a Mr. Hyde's garden and took some water-melons. We were detected in the very act, and on condition that we would pay him \$5 apiece, Hyde agreed

to settle and say nothing. How Ruggles settled I do not remember, but I got the money of Mr. Hazard, under some pretence or other, and paid it. Hyde never exposed me, that I know of.

"Some time in the year 1815, just before the close of the last war, we moved to Franklin, in New London county, to get out of the way of the British, who were then blockading the port of New London. At Franklin we remained one year, till peace was declared, and then returned to Bean Hill, in Norwich. Not long afterwards, my mistress died in child-bed, and domestic affairs changed for the worse. The family government became corrupt, Mr. Hazard being absent much of his time, and the house-keeper and myself had frequent and bitter quarrels. I grew uneasy and impatient of restraint, and wished to leave, but master persuaded me to stay.

"Near by a Mr. Morgan kept store, and I began to query as it regards taking some of his goods, which I fancied for a long time. Being in there very often, I one day very adroitly took a looking-glass in the presence of his clerks, carried it away under my apron unobserved, and hung it up in my chamber, but neglected to rub out the store marks. It was missed, and mine being precisely like the one lost, was identified as being the article. I confessed the crime and paid for the glass, but never was prosecuted for stealing it.

"Soon afterwards, I took from there a piece of blue broadcloth large enough for a suit of clothes, and carrying it away under my apron, secreted it in my chest. A vest pattern directly shared the same fate and lodged in the same place, where I kept both of them two years. After I had taken the glass, they never left me alone in the store, and kept strict watch over my movements, but in spite of their eyes, I carried away the cloth undiscovered and when several were present. My pride increasing with my guilt, I felt inclined to wear a fur hat and patronize a Mr. Hyde, a hatter. So one afternoon when he was absent, I went to the doors and found them fastened. Going round to the back side, which was in some places very much decayed and where several boards were off, I

entered by pulling off part of another board. There I espied a new fur hat, ready made for a customer, which falling in love with, I seized, carried home and hid in an old unused granary in the garret. Hyde discovered his loss, and spoke to master about it, but as I denied it stoutly and the hat was not found in my possession, I escaped punishment.

“Stealing a horse was my next offence. Learning that a general training would take place near Starks’ tavern, between Colchester and New London, David Ruggles and myself went over to see what could be gleaned. By this time we had become thick together, and had a pretty good understanding. But if any thing, he was the worse of the two, but not the most cunning. Towards night we saw a trooper’s horse, fully equipped with saddle, bridle, martingal, pistols, holsters and other gear, tied to a fence. Several people were near by, but pretending to be a waiter of the owner, I led him off a short distance, when we both mounted, rode to Bean Hill and turned him up there. The owner immediately pursued, and having taken the description of our persons from the by-standers, traced me the next day to Mr. Hazard’s. Previously, however, he had found his horse and equipments all safe. Being questioned, I turned off the affair as a boyish scrape, done in a state of partial intoxication. This would not satisfy him, and he demanded ten dollars for his trouble and loss of time, which Mr. Hazard paid him, and this was the last I ever heard of the matter.

“About a month after, in October, I asked master for leave of absence, which he gave, but required me to return by nine o’clock in the evening. Instead of returning at that hour, I remained out till eleven o’clock. When I came home, he called me to an account, and inquired why I disobeyed his orders. Being unable to furnish a plausible reason, he took me up garret that same night and gave me a sound whipping. I was then about fifteen years old, and could not stand such treatment. I resisted him all in my power, but when he had finished I told him I should quit. He objected to it, and pulling out of his pocket a letter, which he had received from my

other, in which she said that she had learned that I wanted to leave him and go to sea, and begged him to prevent it and detain me till I became of age, he read it. I asked him if he would give me my clothes and let me go. He advised me to consider of the step I intended till morning, to which I agreed.

"As soon as he had retired, I went to the granary and picked up my stolen goods, which had been accumulating two or three years. The next morning, Wednesday, presented myself before him for a discharge. He told me if I would stay the week out, he would give me three dollars. This he did in order to divert my mind from the matter. For the sake of the money, I staid till Sunday morning, when he paid me three dollars and gave me a letter to my mother, who lived with General Jenks at Warehouse Point. In the letter he assigned disobedience as the cause of my leaving him. Taking my clothes and the letter, I started for East Windsor, and having delivered the letter, hired out for six months to William Morton, tavern keeper, as cook, but continued in his employ only three weeks. My mother then wanted me to learn the farming business; so, to please her, I hired out to a Mr. Lusk, in Enfield, and lived with him three weeks longer, intending, however, at first to have lived with him till I was twenty-one years old. Disliking the hard work, I concluded to quit, and he paid me five dollars for my services. This was about the last of November.

"I then went to East Windsor Hill and let myself to James Graham, who kept tavern, and worked for him till the first of April following, when he accused me of taking out of his drawer a three dollar bill, of which offence I was guilty. He could not prove the charge, and I left him immediately, but he refused to pay me \$10, the balance of my wages. On the same day I took his change chest, in which he usually kept his money; containing at that time about \$30 and an account book. Among the things was a one dollar note on the Gloucester Bank, which afterwards passed to a young man in Grant's tavern and store at Wapping. While I was receiving the change,

the old gentleman came in and discovered, at once, that the bill was on a broken bank. He asked me where I got it, and I answered at Bissell's store. He said that I did not get it there, but that I stole it from James Graham, and forthwith exhibited an advertisement in which Graham had described that bill as among the stolen money. Grant did not stop me, but the next morning Clapp, the constable, arrested me and took me before a magistrate. As there was a deficiency in the proof, the magistrate acquitted me. The constable and Graham then wanted me to settle, and agreed that if I would tell where the book and dish were, nothing more should be done about the matter. Relying on their word, I produced the lost articles and thus betrayed myself. They forthwith took me into custody, and on the same afternoon I was re-examined, bound over to the September term of the Supreme Court for Hartford county, and for want of bail committed to the jail in Hartford.

"At the term mentioned, I was arraigned before Judge Peters, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to hard labor in Newgate prison two years. In returning from the courthouse to the jail, in the immediate charge of John Ellsworth, Washburn, the jailer, and two others, I broke away from them and ran to the little river, when, finding that I should be overtaken, I delivered myself up.

"In October, 1819, I was conveyed to my new home there to dwell two years. To me Newgate proved a bad school; a worse one could scarcely have been found. At that time the sleeping rooms were below in caverns, into which large numbers of the prisoners were crowded together, the hoary-headed felon, whose crimes perhaps outnumbered his days, and the stripling, who had just commenced his criminal career. Such an arrangement produced then, as it always will produce, a very bad effect; it served to destroy all regard for morality, order and reputation, which remained at the committal, and the culprit was sure to come out tenfold worse than when he went in. The prisoners frequently obtained rum, and whenever a light could be procured would play at cards. On my mind the intercourse, which I there had, was

disastrous and demoralizing to an alarming degree, and I issued from that den of iniquity, in 1821, a practised and learned thief, having added to my former stock of knowledge all that older culprits had experienced or could communicate.

"After my discharge I let myself to Charles Buck, of Turkey Hill, and lived with him till the first of April, 1822, when I broke into Appleton Robbins' store, and stole a variety of articles. For this offence they arrested me and took me before Horace Clark, Esq. on the charge of burglary, and stealing five yards of broadcloth, one gross of buttons, and two vest patterns. I admitted taking the broadcloth, but denied taking the other articles. Robbins could not prove, if I remember right, that his store had been broken open at all, and I claimed that I took the cloth in the day time. Mr. Clark nevertheless bound me over to the September term of the Superior Court, and committed me to Hartford jail for lack of sureties. About the first of May, on Monday, the state attorney discharged me, for what reason I know not, but I believe there was some question as to jurisdiction."

Cæsar committed various other thefts in the vicinity of Hartford, such as robbing money drawers, and the like, but the following one was his last.

"I entered the house of a Mr. Hills, a printer, and stole four handkerchiefs, two pair of stockings, a hair brush, a pair of gold ear-rings, and several silver spoons, and took the turnpike for New Haven. The next day I stopped at a tavern in Meriden, where sundry people were reading the very advertisement which described my person, &c. From their motions, whispering and eyeing me, I perceived that they were suspicious of me. They began to talk about the matter, and for the purpose of turning away their minds, I carelessly asked them if they had seen such a black fellow as was described in the advertisement. One of them answered, that he thought he had seen very much such a fellow, and in his opinion I looked some like him. They consequently arrested me forthwith, but as I had on a dress different from that described, they were not quite certain enough and partly concluded

to let me go. I told them, that I belonged to Oxford and was then on my way home from New Hampshire, where I had been at work during the past summer, and that if they detained me, they must do it at their peril. To this threat they paid very little attention. Before they had come to a final conclusion, they examined my bundle, and found the silver spoons and other stolen property. This fixed their determination, and they escorted me to Hartford in a two horse wagon. In consideration of the trouble I had occasioned at the jail, it was thought best to keep me in irons till the trial came on. On my return I was dressed in a splendid suit of clothes, which the owner was desirous of recovering. Mr. Phelps, therefore, ordered me to unrobe myself of all the articles, which I did, except the pantaloons. Them I refused to give up, and they were compelled to take them from me by main force. In doing this they threw me upon the floor, stamped on my head and body, and beat me in a most cruel manner.

"The grand jury preferred several indictments against me, and on my arraignment I pleaded *not guilty* to the first charge of breaking open the shop, but I pleaded *guilty* to the second charge of breaking. Consequently, as this was my third conviction of felony punishable by hard labor in the state prison, the state attorney entered a *nolle prosequi* as to all the indictments but one, and on that I was sentenced by Judge Peters to state prison during life. Thus eight of the ten years next preceding the period of which I am speaking, I spent at hard labor in prison, and I was sent back within five months from the time I was liberated the second term.

"Early in March 1829, the sheriff conducted me to the state prison in irons. He dared not do otherwise, and in fact it was perfectly justifiable, for instant advantage would have been taken of the least neglect and the least relaxation of severity. Ten thousand plans I had laid to escape both in the jail and on my way to Wethersfield, which were either defeated by some unforeseen occurrence, or by my being guarded and secured in too effectual a manner. As I entered the prison, I never expected to

come out alive, for I had committed so many crimes that it appeared to me no reformation, however thorough, and no conduct, however exemplary, could ever procure a pardon. When, therefore, the door leading from the guard room shut upon me, a cold chill ran over my frame, and a thrill of terror struck me almost senseless. With all my might I strove to conceal this weakness and to put on an air of indifference and bravado, for I had counted so much on my natural firmness of mind, that I should have been ashamed to have then given to my future masters an exhibition of my real emotions. But with all my efforts, I quailed before the prospect of imprisonment for life. I was scarcely twenty-six years old, with a reasonable expectation of living forty or fifty years longer, and the idea of being thus early cut off from pleasure, from freedom, from the world, from hope, and dragging out a miserable and infamous existence for so long a period, was absolutely terrible. It was not a feeling of despair which I then had,—it was beyond despair,—a gloomy, sickening terror. Few comparatively can imagine it, and no one can describe it, for it strikes out from the mind those qualities which cause enjoyment and hope, and in process of time makes one doubly a felon, a destroyer of his own resources, ranges him on the side of outlaws, and against the moral and honest, and learns him to regard his fellow men with hatred and disgust. With such a change effected on the feelings and views, it is next to impossible to reform fundamentally and really any inmate of a penitentiary, and the idea that men are made better, or, in popular language, reformed and made penitent, by confining them in state prison at hard labor, degrading them in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world, and taking away pride and ambition, is altogether a mistaken one. Sometimes, though rarely, such a course will deter, frighten them from a second offence, but I know from what others have acknowledged to me, and from experience, the best of all instructors, that the infamy and degradation attached to confinement and hard labor in the state prison never, aye, never, make a good man;

they never change his feelings or his principles; they only cause him on future occasions to be more cunning and more circumspect. But for the mere terrors they create, he would without hesitation resume his former course. I know that they had no better influence over me, or over all discharged prisoners with whom I ever became acquainted.

"After the first impressions, which were created on my entrance for life, had been partially removed, I began to study my own mind, to read, which previously I had shamefully neglected, and to think. I read over and over all the books I could get hold of, and soon found sources of amusement, of which before I was ignorant. Let it not be supposed, that the poor prisoners have no means of enjoyment. They have many—they find it in their work, food, discipline, each others' countenances, in communicating with each other, and in a thousand little things; and as to news, they are generally well supplied. They see no papers, but they always procure the latest intelligence from new comers, who are soon initiated into the art of conveying ideas by signs and even by looks. Hardly an event of general interest escapes them, for as soon as a new recruit has worn off the terror with which the first lessons of the warden inspire him, he begins to tell his next neighbor the news, and thus it soon circulates. It was astonishing how quick and how secretly an item passed round to every prisoner, and the very effort to do it with secrecy and despatch occasioned a great deal of enjoyment.

"Not long after my third committal, the prisoners, from divers causes, began to grow uneasy, and many and wild were the messages sent from one to another. Sometimes a furious glance of the eye, a sign with the hands, or a figure hastily drawn on our work and as hastily erased, told that mischief was brewing, and that all was not right. Thus the matter stood until the spring and summer of 1832, when it was resolved, that unless a certain event transpired, there should be a general and fierce rebellion. All were united as one man, and the catastrophe was to have taken place on the 1st of October

following; but the alternative happened and we concluded to remain quiet. Here was another instance of the utter impossibility of preventing communication among the prisoners. Under the present system the strictest vigilance cannot prevent it. The rules may be made ten-fold more severe, and the overseers may be doubled, but nothing short of solitary confinement can hinder intelligence from passing round. Such slight of hand and cunning some of the convicts possessed, that unobserved and undetected they made in the smiths' shop false keys and other implements to break prison, under the very eye of the overseer. My opinion relative to communication may be doubted, yet it is correct. Discipline and vigilance can neither prevent nor construe significant winks, shrugs of the shoulders, signs, flash words, and figures marked on the work of the convicts, which indeed no one but a practised rogue can possibly understand.

"On the first of April, 1833, as I was passing Teller in the prison yard, he asked me if I knew the situation of the female apartment and understood the mechanism of the lock on the door leading to that apartment from ours, and of the lock on the small door which opened from the hall into the cook-room. I gave him all the information I could in a few seconds, and he passed on, observing that he should one of these days go through there. This first opened my eyes. In a short time we snatched another moment to renew the conversation, when I communicated what I gathered from Reynolds, who had made several of the locks in the prison. He then gave me an outline of his plan, promised to let me out if I would take hold and help, and hastened to his work. In a day or two afterwards he thrust a skeleton key into my bosom while I was white-washing in the hall, and requested me to try it in my door. When I went to my cell to dinner I left the key there, and the next morning, waiting a moment or two behind the others, suddenly put it into my lock and found it fitted as well as if it had been made for it. That day I returned it to Teller and told him it run smooth. Afterwards he asked me for a bit that would go with a brace. I procured for him an inch centre bit,

and at his request I looked for a three inch one, but could find nothing of the kind large enough except an auger. He consequently kept the inch bit. We had agreed to make the attempt on Monday night, the 29th of April, and I waited with no little impatience for Teller's appearance. Towards day-light I began to think we had been betrayed and detected. The next morning he made a signal which I did not exactly understand, but presumed something had happened to delay the execution of the plot. That night I went to sleep as usual, and between twelve and one o'clock, was suddenly awakened by Teller, who, as he closed my door, said in a low voice, 'Cæsar, I've come.' For a moment I was struck dumb with astonishment, and starting up from my pallet, asked 'who's here,' but soon collected my senses.

"After Reynolds had come into my cell, we agreed to seize the guard, bind him and gag him, but not to injure a hair of his head. We liked the old man very much, for he had always treated us kindly, and the thought of killing him did not enter our heads. We had not the least doubt but that the business could be executed without bloodshed, and likewise without the least difficulty. Teller then went out, and when we thought he had been gone long enough, we pushed open my cell door cautiously, signified to Johnson, who was in the cell next to mine, that we were ready, and with him awaited near the corner the approach of the guard and the commencement of the rencontre. Nothing was heard by us but our long and deep respiration, and the slow footsteps of the sentinel as they patted along on the brick floor. Suddenly he stopped—a voice was heard—Teller struck him a violent blow with his fist—he staggered backwards a little—he attempted to say something, but his voice seemed to be choked with terror—as he staggered, his long cane rattled upon the pavement and echoed, it seemed to me, like thunder throughout the area—in a twinkling I seized his legs, tripped him and he fell forwards, held fast by Johnson, Reynolds and myself. Teller then ran to the small door and applied his key. Mr. Hoskins, though old, was a very powerful man, and instead of an easy prey

we found him almost a match for three of us. He struggled manfully, as if for life. My hand had been over his mouth, and I stood over his back pressing him down partly upon his hands and knees, with Johnson and Reynolds holding his legs and feet, but when I slipped my hand one side from his mouth in order to force in the gag, he uttered a half or stifled cry of murder. In a moment my hand was on his mouth again, and in another Teller reached over me, struck him two fatal blows with a steel bar, which fractured his skull, and repaired instantly again to the door.

"By this time Teller had broken off one end of his key in the lock of the small door and was endeavoring to open it with the steel bar. The key consisted simply of a rod of steel about eight inches long with two pieces of steel riveted on both ends for wards, making in fact two skeleton keys. The wards on one end were a trifle longer than those on the other, and Teller had unfortunately tried the wrong end. Had he tried the other, which operated well, we should have escaped, and this confession never been given, but being too much agitated, altogether too confused and in too much haste, he endeavored to force round the large end, and by so doing drew off the wards. As soon as Hoskins had received both blows, he fell upon his face. Blood flowed profusely; he made a few convulsive struggles and then ceased forever. Teller soon felt of his pulse and we concluded the old man was dead. Immediately afterwards I left him, and in company with the rest strove with all my might to make a breach somewhere or other, but no place was weak enough, and we were obliged to desist. During the whole affair I did not act with my usual coolness and deliberation, and after the killing I scarcely knew what I did. A thousand strange thoughts and images rushed through my mind, but yet I did not dream of being convicted of murder or of being called a murderer. When Teller struck the fatal blows, I had not the remotest idea that he was going to do it, or that he intended to strike him at all. The blows were unnecessary, and it was no part of our original design to take life, nor would I ever have consented to

such an act. In five minutes the guard would have been gagged and bound, and then our escape might have been possible. On trial it was proved that my sheet and pantaloons were bloody, and from that circumstance my guilt was presumed. How, when, or by whom that sheet was brought from my cell I cannot say, nor do I know, and I have no recollection of having done it myself."

On the morning of the 16th of May, Teller was brought into court and the verdict of the jury rendered.

While the clerk was calling the jury—while he inquired "what say you, is he guilty or not guilty?"—and more especially when the foreman was in the act of pronouncing the fatal *guilty*, the most breathless silence prevailed in the room. But among that anxious multitude which thronged the room, we saw no one more apparently at ease than the prisoner. Throughout the whole trial he seemed to pay but little attention to what was passing, and when asked to listen to the verdict, he rose and held up his hand in a firm and unflinching manner. Not a nerve or a muscle of his face moved—his eye did not quail, and he resumed his seat after his fate was pronounced, to all appearance as unconcerned as before. But his brow was contracted—his face was pale and haggard—his lips were compressed and bloodless—his eyes glared with a mingled display of despair and vengeance, and his rent and terrible feelings seemed to look out through a countenance, which repeated efforts to master them had rendered stiff and unexpressive."

On the morning of the 18th, an immense concourse of people assembled in the square and the avenues to the court-house, to see the prisoners as they came along in chains under the charge of the deputies, to witness the last judicial movements of the court in relation to them, and to hear sentence pronounced by the chief justice. Probably the crowd never was so large on any similar occasion. The state attorney then moved, that the sentence of the law be pronounced upon them.

Clerk :—"You, WILLIAM TELLER, otherwise called JOHN SCOTT, and you, CÆSAR REYNOLDS, may remember, that before this time, you have been legally indicted for the crime

of murder by you committed and done—that on said indictment you have before this court been put to plead and you severally pleaded *not guilty*; and you have been tried severally by the country, which country has found each of you *guilty*; and now what have either of you to say for yourselves, why sentence should not be pronounced against you according to law, to suffer the pains of death?"

Cæsar Reynolds—"I have something to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me. I am not guilty of the crime charged against me, and for which I have been condemned. In the first place, the law says, that no man shall be convicted of murder unless upon the testimony of two or three witnesses, or that which is equivalent. Such testimony has not been produced. I ask the court whether three witnesses have testified that I had any hand in the murder. I put it to the court whether I have been proved to be guilty by two witnesses. I put it to the court whether *one* witness even has appeared to prove my guilt. Others committed the murder, but the stain does not rest on me. It is true, that blood was found on my clothes, but *was* it proved how that blood came there? No, it was not. My clothes were taken forcibly from my cell after the blow was struck. Was there the slightest testimony to show that the blood came there by my means? The court knows there was not. Is it to be presumed, that I took those garments and dipped them into the man's blood, or that I wiped it up with them from the dust? It has been said that a felony was committed in trying to break out from state prison, but it has not been proved that I participated in the felony in the least degree. Is there any testimony to prove it? I say none. Yet I have been convicted of the murder. Others were concerned in the murder, but they have escaped, because they have too many respectable friends. If I had as many respectable friends as they, I might also have escaped. I am not guilty either of the murder or the felony—whether I ought to suffer death for others' crimes, judge ye."

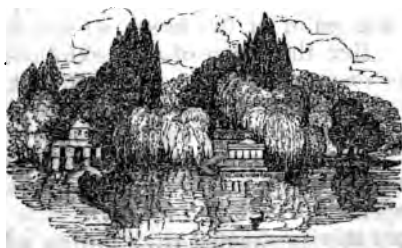
Teller then made a few disjointed and incoherent remarks, in which he repeatedly said that he was not guilty

of *wilful* murder, and that the judge charged the jury too strongly against him.

In June they laid a plan to break jail, which was defeated purely by accident. The following is Cæsar's account of the transaction:—

“For some time I had meditated an escape, and should have succeeded but for a delay to assist Teller. My first intention was to go alone, and my keys were ready. While I was asking a person in the north room about the situation of things below, Teller overheard me and insisted that I should help him. After a while I consented, and then had to prepare keys to unscrew his manacles. Not knowing how they would fit, and being confined in a separate room from him, I placed them in a book, which Mr. Adams, without suspecting any thing wrong, carried to Teller to read at my request. Once or twice he carried them, and sundry notes written in flash language on the back of tracts, backwards and forwards in that way. We agreed to make the attempt on the night of June 24th, but hearing that the sheriff would be out of town the night following, we deferred till that time. Mr. Adams and two watchmen, who were placed in our rooms every night, usually came up about nine o'clock. The watchmen generally passed on to Teller's room, unbolted it and went in, while Adams stopped, unbolted mine and came in to leave something. It was designed, therefore, our manacles being unfastened, that when the watchmen entered Teller's room, he should spring out and bolt them in, while I was to seize Adams and take away the key to the door below, and then, having bolted him in, both of us expected an easy escape before an alarm could be given. Accident alone defeated us. On the night fixed our chains were all unfastened, and Adams, Hartshorn and Friend came up, but instead of managing as usual, they all went to Teller's room, as Adams had something to leave on his table. Teller lay covered up on his pallet. As Adams passed by him, he said, ‘Teller, are you asleep?’ Instantly he sprang up and darted out. Hartshorn had just time to thrust his cane into the door, but after a short struggle it was got out. Teller then un-

bolted my door and took out the bolt. We immediately went down to the lower door and made some tremendous efforts to burst it open, but in vain. We then went back to where Adams was and demanded the key. Teller said, 'Let me have it, let me have it, for God's sake let me have it; this attempt is for life.' Adams replied that he had hove it out of the window, and had not got it. Teller said, 'You have got it and *must* give it up.' Adams again denied having it, and Teller was satisfied only when Friend told him it was out of the window. We then endeavored to break out the grate of the window opening from the passage into the dancing hall, but as the alarm had been given and people had gathered in great numbers, we were driven off by loaded muskets, several of which were fired at us. Teller then tried to beat through the stairs with the large bolt, and while he was doing it, the lower door opened, and the people, being armed, invited us to come out. I was at the foot of the stairs, in full sight, beating about to divert attention and keep out intruders. Once I struck at Biron Adams. Having beat a hole through the stairs, we descended and passed down another flight of stairs to the cellar. The door was locked, and we turned back to the top of the last-named flight of stairs, where there was a door opening into the ante-room. As the last alternative, we beat that open and tried to rush out through the crowd of men with which the room was crammed, in vain. Some one knocked me down with a club, and Teller with a clothes-pounder. We were then secured, carried back and our irons riveted on. Thus ended our last attempt for life.'



TRIAL OF
JOEL CLOUGH,

For the Murder of Mrs. Mary W. Hamilton.

THIS case, which was tried before Chief Justice Hornblower, at Mount Holly, New Jersey, in June, 1833, was one of the most interesting that had occurred for many years.

Clough was a native of New Hampshire, of about twenty-eight years of age. The testimony which is here recorded is of the most thrilling and touching character.

The description of her (Mrs. Hamilton's) delicate person—her amiable character—her piercing shrieks, and her death struggles, while he held and pushed still deeper and deeper the murderous dirk into her bosom, was truly affecting. But when the trunk was opened and the blood-stained dirk, the broken breastpin, her bloody garments, especially her corsets, pierced with ten holes through that part of it which had covered her left breast, and stiffened and red with the cold blood of her that had worn it, as if it had been literally dyed in blood—it seemed too much for every one but the prisoner. He looked upon the bloody credentials with a steady, gloomy gaze, discovering in his countenance, however, no internal emotion, nor in the least changing his position, which he uniformly occupied, reclining on his elbow, and resting his head on the palm of his hand, on which he wore a black glove. But the effect of this exhibition, followed up by the physicians' description of her broken ribs, and almost riddled heart and lungs, produced a gust of feeling and emotion in the crowded audience that could not be suppressed. Every bosom swelled—every eye was suffused with tears—and for a few moments the investigation was suspended.

Throughout this protracted trial, during which an im-

mass of testimony was received, not a blot or stain
xed to the character of the lamented Mrs. Hamil-
r reputation, adorned by every virtue that can
and beautify her sex, was most triumphantly sus-
and she was proved to have been chaste, beautiful,
and lively, and as pure as the unclouded sky.
the recital of the tragic story of her death, many
cheek was bathed with tears, and the affecting
of it by her mother was almost overwhelming.
ect of the counsel, for the defence, was evidently
the insanity of the prisoner.

beth Longstreth, affirmed.—I am the mother of
milton, the deceased. The prisoner at the bar is
ugh. I reside at Bordentown, where I have kept
house two years. The prisoner has boarded in
se, and came there in June, 1831. It has been his
out he has not been there all the time. He left my
ast spring, and I understood he went to New York,
he returned on the 4th April last, and recom-
boarding. He ate breakfast at my table on the
y after his return, (the 6th April) in company
rs. Hamilton, Mary Imlay, and several gentleman
s. I do not recollect to have seen the prisoner
reakfast until after the fatal occurrence. Mrs.
on was all the morning in the front parlor with her
nd the mantuamaker. I observed to her that I
y unwell, and she advised me to recline on the
id she would send me a pillow, and attend to the
erself, and she then left the room. She sent me
by her little daughter, on which I rested my head.
r seven minutes thereafter, my daughter Elizabeth
the door screaming dreadfully, but I could not
nd what she said except the words, "Go to my
ary." I immediately ran, and when I got to the
the frame house back, I saw Mrs. Hamilton
with her hair dishevelled and hands upraised, and
to and fro. She came immediately to me, and ex-
," "Why did you not come? I screamed and
d, and Clough has murdered me!" I asked her
r, and she answered, "Because I would not say

that I would have him; and I could not, mother, I could not." I asked her where she was; she said, "In



his room; he sent for me, and he has killed me!" I discovered that she was leaning, as if about to fall, and I took her in my arms, and led her into a small room adjacent, to lay her on the settee, which she did not reach, but fell, exclaiming, "Oh! mother, mother, I must die! I must die!" and the blood gushed out of her mouth, when they took me from her. When I first saw her, she was about half way down the stairs, coming down. When Mr. Clough left my house for New York, he put up all his clothes in his trunk, settled up for his board, and settled, as I thought, all his business, and I did not expect that he would ever return; that was our opinion. He did not say, when he went, whither he was going. When I met Mrs. Hamilton coming to me, I did not discover any thing

peculiar in her dress, as she was all in deep black, and I did not suppose that she had received a mortal wound.

Cross-examined.—I did not know Mr. Clough before he came to live at my house in June, 1831, and was pretty regularly there that summer. While he was there, we lived in entire harmony together; he was a very pleasant boarder, and respected by all the family. There was not, however, any more kindness practised towards him by us, or by him to us, than to and by others. I believe he would have been willing to have paid particular attention to Mrs. Hamilton, but she was not willing to receive it. I had frequent conversations with her on the subject of Clough's attentions. When absent he often wrote to her, although she requested him not to, and was angry when his letters were received, and threw them in the fire. I have heard her request him not to write to her. I do not know of any presents that she ever accepted of him, except an album, which he purchased in Philadelphia, and in which he got Mr. Worrall and Mr. Thomas to write, and which, after some solicitation, and asking my advice about it, she accepted. She refused a number of presents that he offered to her, among them his miniature and a large breastpin. She let Mr. Clough have *the dirk* last fall or summer, when he was employed on the Schuylkill, on his representing that he wanted one, as he was engaged in working with a rough set of people. *It had* belonged to her brother, and she had another which *had* belonged to her deceased husband. When he set out for New York this last spring, I did not know the hour he started. I know of no feeling of unkindness existing when he left, and I had no particular reason for believing he would not return, except that he settled all up, and had his clothes collected together, which I supposed he intended to send for. He wrote once to us after he left. He frequently did errands for me while boarding with me, and I respected him as a boarder very much. He was generally of a mild, placable disposition, except when angry, and was then very violent. I never heard any thing derogatory to his character for mildness and moderation in the place,

until since this affair. I had thought, sometimes, that he was ardently attached to my daughter; but she did not receive him as an admirer. I believe that she knew, the latter part of the time, that he was attached to her, but I cannot tell at what time his attentions were more particularly marked. The letters she received from him I have frequently seen her tear up and throw into the fire. She sometimes handed them to me to read. Sometimes I read them, and sometimes I did not. Perhaps the letters *did breathe affection* to Mrs. Hamilton. I did not know any thing about his circumstances. The letters came regularly through the mail. Mr. Clough was not generally in the habit of visiting with Mrs. Hamilton. I know of his going to Philadelphia in the same boat with her, but she did not previously know that he was going. He bestowed more attentions on her while there than she wished him to, and which, she said, destroyed much of her pleasure while there. She visited at the house of Mr. Piles, an acquaintance, he accompanying her there; she also went to the museum with a number of her friends, and Mr. Clough was in company.

Mrs. Hamilton had been only three times to Philadelphia since she became a widow, which would be two years in August. The last time she went, Clough remained in Bordentown; she returned on Saturday, remarking that if she had staid until Sunday he would have come after her, which she wished to avoid. About a week, or a short time, after Mr. Hamilton's (her husband's) death, I told Mr. Clough, who was going to Princeton in a gig, where Mrs. Hamilton then was among her relations, to bring her home with him; which he did, and at which she was offended. She never sat up with him at night. I do not recollect any thing ever being said either in jest or earnest about their marriage, although he wrote affectionate letters to her. I think I should know the letters if I should see them. I recollect one day he sent for her into the drawing-room, and she went and returned very cheerful. This was some weeks before her death, and I think before the ball of the 22d of February, but I cannot be certain. She went to the ball, and Clough also went.

recollect his asking her if she was going, to which she replied she did not know; nor do I recollect whether she said she would go if he would subscribe. There were two tickets sent, one for her and one for my youngest daughter; but I cannot tell who sent them, as all the boarders had tickets. I think she refused to go with him. She did not go or return with him, but with others.

When he returned from his visit of a week to New York, he said he had been sick in his absence. He was dull, and looked sunburnt. After his return he laid down once or twice a day. He did not eat much on the morning of the murder, and I remarked to him that he had made a light breakfast. As to his mind I did not observe much difference, except that he was unusually dull, which I ascribed to the circumstance of his being unwell. He exhibited no act of unkindness in the family. When I heard the alarm I ran to her as quick as I could. I have seen the letter which Clough sent to her from New York. When he sent for her last winter in the parlor, the little girl came to her with a message from him. She remained perhaps half an hour. [Some studs for the bosom of a shirt were here shown to the witness, when she said] I do not remember ever having seen these studs, or that they were worn by Mr. Clough. When Mrs. Hamilton returned from Philadelphia, at the time Clough was also there, she had the small gold watch spoken of. It was a watch which Clough had had in his possession for some time. I remember riding out with Mr. Clough in Philadelphia, last autumn, when I was sick, and I recollect that during the ride he spoke to me in very favorable terms of Mrs. Hamilton—praising and extolling her highly; but I do not recollect making any remarks myself in reply. He frequently spoke to me about Mrs. Hamilton, but I always evaded the subject as much as possible. He said that he respected her very much, and would go further to serve her than any other woman, but never told me that he loved her. I have no knowledge of any engagement between them, and I know there was none.

I know nothing about her ever going a sleighing with

him, except once last winter, a year, when she was going to Trenton and thence to Princeton, to see her mother-in-law, when he came and crowded in the sleigh, and she told him there was no room for him, and if he went she must remain at home. He continued in, however, and they rode together as far as Trenton, where he remained whilst she went on to Princeton. She did not return with him; nor did he bring her home. I never heard that he gave her any rings, or saw any in her possession. He gave her little daughter a pair of earrings, a pair of side-combs, and a geography and atlas, on condition of her obtaining a premium at school.

I know nothing of my daughter, Mrs. Hamilton, ever having presented him with a lock of her hair, nor have I ever said that I thought she was attached to him. I recollect Mr. Clough asking me one day if I thought Mrs. Hamilton was attached to any one, and I replied that I thought she was not; he said he thought so too. I do not remember speaking to any one about the apparent change in Mr. Clough after his return from New York, nor do I recollect saying that I entertained fears for him lest he should commit suicide. When I saw Mrs. Hamilton first in such a fright, I thought perhaps he had killed himself, and that she had been in the chamber and had seen it. I thought it might be so from some conversation she said she had had with him the evening before; but not from any thing I saw myself.

Direct examination resumed.—Question by Mr. Scott, of counsel :—You say, madam, that you thought perhaps that Mr. Clough had committed suicide, from some conversation you had had with your daughter concerning him, the evening before her death; now what were those conversations with your daughter that induced you to think so?

This question was objected to by the counsel for the prisoner, as illegal, was discussed with great earnestness and zeal by Messrs. Scott and Southard, on the part of the prosecution, who contended for its legality and propriety; and was opposed with correspondent earnestness and energy by Messrs. Hazlehurst and D. P. Brown.

on the part of the prisoner, and finally was overruled by the court as improper and illegal. To a question by one of the counsel for the prosecution, the witness replied, that the conversation in which the prisoner asked witness whether Mrs. Hamilton's affections were engaged to any one, took place on board the steamboat, three or four weeks prior to Mrs. Hamilton's death. He also said that it was his opinion that she was not attached to any one.

Cross-examination resumed.—I have been in Philadelphia once since the conversation spoken of, viz., about two weeks before my daughter's death. When I was in Philadelphia with him, which is next to the last time I was there, I requested him to write to my family, which he did. The letter I have not seen since the death of Mrs. Hamilton.

Joseph H. Brown sworn: I am acquainted with the prisoner, and have known him by sight since early in the winter of 1832, or the first fall month preceding; and I have known him more intimately since the 25th March last, when I began to tend bar for Mrs. Longstreth, where he boarded, when I went there. I saw him twice on the morning of and before the murder, once about seven o'clock, in the entry, between the bar-room and the kitchen, and again in the same entry about ten o'clock, as he was going up stairs; I also saw him afterwards in the entry of the frame building up stairs. Previous to the murder, I went into the bar-room, and was conversing with two young men, viz., Mr. Henry Segan and Mr. George Miller. The latter touched me on the arm, and asked, "What noise is that?" I listened and said it was some of the girls with some of their fun. The noise continuing, with a scuffle and screech, I immediately opened the door, and thought the noise proceeded from the garret of the frame part of the house, over the bar-room, which I was in. I asked Miller and Segan to follow me, and stepped on the foot of the stairs; the latter and myself went up as fast as we could, and Miller immediately behind us. After reaching the top step I threw my eyes around, and saw Mr. Clough and Mrs. Hamilton on the floor of the entry.

that passes two bed-rooms, one occupied by the black girl Jane, and the other by the cook and chambermaid, Amy Wright and Eliza Applegate. Clough had Mrs. Hamilton down, and his left hand round her back. The door opens into the garret nearly opposite to Jane's bed-room; there is one step on the floor of the entry outside of and under the garret door, which makes the entry narrower in that part; it was between this step and the partition opposite he had her down. He was rather leaning over on his left side, and not entirely on the floor, with his feet drawn up; in such a way that he could recover himself at any time. She was lying with her left side rather towards him, her right side being under, her feet towards the stair-case of the entry, one shoe off, and she struggling. I saw the handle of some instrument in his right hand, the blade of which was in her breast or side, nearest to the right side, and appeared to be in up to the guard; as he held it in his hand he gave it a prying motion laterally, with the appearance of wishing to push it further in. I saw blood on and about her waist in several places, one in particular, where it seemed to be oozing or blubbing out. Immediately I found myself forced to give way, being crowded, and I gave way and stepped back so near the stairs that I found it difficult to recover from falling off. The next I saw of Mrs. Hamilton, she was off the third step going down stairs with her hands uplifted, at the foot of which her mother met her; when she exclaimed, "Oh! mother! mother! why *did* you not come? I called, and called, and called, and Clough has killed me, because I would not say that I would have him, and I could not, mother, I could not—and I must die!" She was then conducted partly by her mother into a small room opening near the foot of the stair-case. I then returned up stairs, and entered the room of Clough. I saw him lying on his bed, looked at him a moment, walked out, and went immediately to the spot where I first saw them lying, and there found puddles of blood on the floor; I also found a silver thimble on the floor, picked it up, and found it crushed, and saw on it the name of Mrs. Hamilton. I picked up likewise her shoe, which I exam-

ined, and found it bloody inside. I then went down stairs to the room where Mrs. Hamilton had been conducted, and gazed at her for a moment. Her arms were supported by a young man named Luke Doughton, assisted by a young lady, to me unknown. I then returned to Clough's room up stairs, saw him still lying on his bed, came out, and saw Mr. Segan, who put a dirk in my hand, covered with blood up to the guard. He said to me, "Look here, what he did it with." I took the dirk, proceeded to the spot where I had seen them lying in the entry, and further along at the garret steps I saw and picked up fragments of sidecombs, then, turning towards the door occupied by the girls, I found a guard chain and watch key, and in stooping to pick them up I discovered a bosom-pin with the large central stone out; I took them up, and particularly examining the bosom pin, discovered that it was pierced with some instrument having a sharp point, which had passed through it. I then went down stairs with the dirk in my hand to the door of the room where Mrs. Hamilton lay apparently lifeless, and whom they pronounced to be dead. Not more than ten minutes had elapsed from the time I first went up until this period; I then went into the bar. [The dirk, which had a blade about four inches long, a silver guard, and a white bone or ivory handle, was here exhibited to witness. It was covered with blood up to the hilt, one of the guards was bloody and bent downwards, the point was bent as if it had come in contact with some hard or bony substance.] The witness said, this is the dirk with which the fatal deed was done. After going into the bar, I locked up the dirk in a drawer, but I cannot recollect how long I had it before I gave it up to Mr. Dayton. I saw no more of Clough until I saw him in the back yard, seated on a bench, back of the kitchen. He looked up and said, "How do you do, Mr. Brown?" I saw him afterwards several times prior to the sheriff's taking him away, but had no conversation with him.

Cross-examined.—Clough for the most part appeared to me a mild and moderate man. When he first returned from New York, I welcomed him home, but observed no

change in his appearance until the Friday antecedent to the transaction. I then thought he looked as if he was vexed, or mad, about something, I did not know what. I did not, however, speak to him about his appearance. The change was not so great as to strike me at once. He was not melancholy or reserved. I did not speak to any one about the change in his appearance; nor did any one to me. He appeared to be about the same on Saturday morning. I knew of nothing to disturb his mind. I cannot describe what my feelings were in witnessing the horrid scene. Clough looked very pale and savage. I did not attempt to lay hold of him, or to speak to him or Mrs. Hamilton, or any person there, and I had not the presence of mind to interfere. I do not know that I was afraid, but I did not like to advance towards Clough when he was armed and I was not. I did not see any laudanum in his room, but saw a phial that was labelled "Laudanum," in his room, and in the hands of another. It appeared to be empty, and uncorked. When in the entry, engaged with Mrs. Hamilton, Clough was in his shirt sleeves. I did not see him strike any blow, and I do not know that he made any effort to escape.

Per Curiam.—In answer to questions, witness said, that in the yard Clough had no coat on, and had blood upon him; his hand, wrist, and wristband were bloody, and blood was discovered on the back of his coat. Arrangements were made soon after the murder to surround the house, to prevent his jumping from the window and escaping. There were persons watching him in the back yard and in the garden, until the sheriff came, near night, who took him into custody and carried him away to jail.

Cross examination resumed.—A young man went up with a pistol into his room, soon after the murder, to prevent his escaping.

Henry Segan sworn.—I was at Mrs. Longstreth's on the day of Mrs. Hamilton's death, and saw the prisoner there. I went there on the 6th April, about eleven o'clock. I was in the bar-room when I heard a noise, with Mr. Brown and Mr. Miller. The noise was screaming, and seemed the effect of trouble. I went up stairs with Brown

and Miller, and saw Mrs. Hamilton lying on the floor, and Clough over her, not quite on the floor. She was on his left, his elbow on the floor under her. He held a dagger in his right hand, the blade was in her body, and he made three movements with it; they were quick and rapid plunges, during which the dagger was not drawn entirely out, but part of it still remaining in her body. I went down stairs, and armed myself with a club that I had perceived before I went up. As I approached the stairs near the bar-room door, I heard Mrs. Hamilton halloo to her mother, crying out, "Mother! mother," as she was coming down, and I sprung and caught her, and brought her down a few steps and delivered her into the hands of some persons near a side door, near the foot of the steps. I then asked for a pair of pistols, and called for a constable. The pistols were brought, and I took one. I then returned up stairs, and saw the dagger in the entry, lying on the right of the place where they had lain, and found Clough lying on the bed. I picked up the dagger and entered Clough's room. I then delivered the dagger to some person to take care of. It did not go out of the bar until it was put in the hand of some authority. I think I heard Clough say, (while engaged with Mrs. Hamilton on the floor of the entry) "Will you, will you?" About the time he made the three thrusts with the dagger, I heard nothing else said. I next saw Clough in the back yard. At the time of the thrusts with the dagger she was struggling. I saw her shoes and a bead guard chain lying on the floor in the passage, where they had been lying and engaged. I found them when I went up the second time. I went into the room and Clough laid on the bed, with one arm extended, with his eyes closed. I did not speak to him, or he to me, before other persons entered the room. I had the pistol in my hand. He opened his eyes, but I cannot say he was looking at me. A physician came in with some remedy to eject the laudanum they supposed he had taken. (Dirk exhibited.) This is the dirk which I found in the entry. It was bloody, and the blood was not quite dry on it then.

The guard was turned down and the point a little bent. When I saw Mrs. Hamilton as I met her on the steps, I discovered blood or moisture on her side, where the wound was inflicted. She held one hand up, and the other on the wound, crying, "Mother! mother." Her hand was also bloody.

Cross-examined.—I was not up stairs the first time more than two or three seconds. [The positions of the parties were again described.] I discovered moisture on her dress, which I cannot say was blood. I was a few feet only from them. I did not observe any person there at that time, except Miller, Brown and myself, and we crowded Miller, in order to get down stairs. It was not the effect of fear of Clough, but he had a dagger, and I went down to get a club, which I had previously seen in the bar, to defend myself with. The pistols were procured from a young man in the house, whose name, I believe, is Doughton. There were no persons guarding Clough when I first went up with the pistols. I know of no arrangements to surround the house to prevent his escape. When I saw him in bed, he was partially undressed, his coat and stock were off. I think he had his frock coat and stock on in the entry, when engaged with Mrs. Hamilton. I did not say any thing to him in the entry, and I did not observe that he or Mrs. Hamilton took any notice of us. I did not see the dirk in any person's hand outside the bar, nor did I see Mr. Brown in Clough's room. I did not see any phial of laudanum; a person came in with medicine, but I cannot say whether or not he took it. When on the bed he looked sick, and in the entry appeared pale and his lips blue. I am almost sure I heard him say to Mrs. Hamilton, while using the dirk, "Will you, will you?"

Eliza Applegate sworn: I lived at Mrs. Longstreth's on the 6th of April last, and saw Mrs. Hamilton, that day, about twelve o'clock; she came into the kitchen to me to inquire if dinner were ready. I told her it was nearly so. She then went up stairs, where I heard her speak to a servant about the dinner. Soon after this, say about four minutes, I was standing in the inside kitchen

door, and heard her halloo. The noise she made was loud, and seemed to indicate being in trouble. She halloed Oh! several times. I cannot tell exactly where she was when she halloed, but I started to go up stairs, and got about half way up, when some one took hold of me and pulled or led me down again. I next saw Mrs. Hamilton coming down the stairs, exclaiming, "Oh! Clough has killed me!" I saw her when she met her mother about half way along the entry, where she fell into her arms and exclaimed, "Oh! mother, mother, I screamed and screamed, and why did you not come and help me! and you did not come." She was then taken into the sitting room, but by whom I cannot tell. I saw her there lying on the settee, dead, about five minutes after she came down stairs. I did not see Clough immediately before Mrs. Hamilton was injured, but saw him about five minutes after, when they brought him down stairs.

Cross-examined.—I live with Mrs. Longstreth, and have lived with her almost two years. I came after Mr. Clough did. I act as cook in the family. I did not hear Mr. Clough call to Mrs. Hamilton, nor did I hear Jane say so. I did not see any person stop Mrs. Hamilton as she came down stairs before she fell into her mother's arms. From the time that I heard Mrs. Hamilton scream until she came down, I saw several persons go up stairs, among them Mr. Brown. I did not see any person carry Mrs. Hamilton down, nor did I see Mrs. Longstreth go up to meet her. Mr. Clough did not appear to be very well for several days. His conduct was generally mild and kind, but he did not display more than usual attachment for the family.

Hannah Herbert sworn.—I was at Mrs. Longstreth's on the 6th of April last, after the death of Mrs. Hamilton. I took off the clothes she had on when she died, left them on the floor of the room, and then I laid her out. [On being directed to do so, she then opened a trunk and took out a black dress and corsets, which Mrs. Hamilton had on when she died.] She said, these I took off her before I laid her out. [The dress contained seven holes, from a half to three-fourths of an inch in length, in the part that

covered the left breast, presenting the appearance of having been pierced with an instrument not sharp, and of the size of a dagger blade. The corsets were also pierced in a similar manner, and dyed with blood in the part that covered the breast.] The witness said, these holes were in those garments when I took them off her. The corsets could not be unlaced, and the cords were cut with a knife. She had one shoe on, and one off. There were wounds in the body corresponding with the holes in the dress, and blood and other matter were oozing from them. [There was no cross-examination of this witness by the prisoner's counsel.]

Dr. Joseph H. Cook sworn.—I am a physician. I was at the house of Mrs. Longstreth about the time of Mrs. Hamilton's death. I examined the body, assisted by Dr. Duer, and discovered ten deep wounds in the body. I introduced the probe into one which had penetrated to the bone of the left arm. The second had struck the shoulder blade, and also penetrated to the bone. The third had struck and fractured the seventh rib, and completely broken it. The remaining seven had penetrated the chest, between the third and sixth ribs. On opening the chest, it was ascertained that seven of the wounds had penetrated the left lung; three out of the seven had gone through the lung and penetrated the left ventricle of the heart. Several smaller punctures were discovered on her body, one of which, an inch long, appeared as if the instrument had slipped or glanced; and there were four or five, apparently caused by the same instrument, which had penetrated only a short distance. The left cavity of the chest was filled with blood. Any one of the three wounds that touched the heart must have produced death. The one which pierced the large artery, which takes the blood from the heart, and circulates it through the system, was inevitably fatal; and those in the lungs might have, and most probably would have, proved fatal. [The dirk was here shown to witness.] He said it would have taken the blade of an instrument as long as this is to have reached as deep as the wounds that were made in Mrs. Hamilton. She was a slender

woman. I have no doubt whatever that the wounds were the cause of her death. A person could walk as far as she did after being wounded in the heart, owing to the smallness of the orifice, which would not permit the blood to escape; and her dress also would intercept its flow. The heart was not taken out, but carefully examined. She would be able to speak after being wounded in the heart, and it is a common occurrence in mortal wounds. She would retain her mental faculties until life was extinct.

Cross-examined.—If a person had the lungs perforated in three or four places, still the voice would be retained for a short time, though it would be much weakened. In this case one lung was left untouched and sound.

Dr. George S. Duer sworn.—I was present with Dr. Cook at the examination of Mrs. Hamilton's body. When I saw her she was lying on a settee, on her back, and was dead. We then removed the dress from about her, and counted the wounds. There was one gash in the left arm, which reached to the bone, and two punctures through the skin. There was one on the point of the shoulder blade, which went to the bone. The seventh or last true rib was broken about its middle, being fractured entirely off, and the outward integument entirely separated from it. With the probe we then examined seven wounds between the third and sixth ribs, and laid open the cavity of the chest. The most of these admitted the whole length of the probe, which was four or five inches in length; two of them did not admit it above two inches. We opened the cavity of the chest by removing the breast bone from the ribs, and found the left cavity entirely filled with blood, so much so that it ran out the moment we opened it. We wiped and sponged out the floating blood into a basin, that we might proceed to examine the wounds more fully. We found seven wounds in the lungs, and three in the heart. Three of the ten had entered into the cavity in the left side; all were in the left side and in the left lung. (The dirk was here shown.) The wounds were as deep as the length of the

instrument, and the probe was as long; it would require the length of this up to the hilt to penetrate so deep; four of them were as deep as this is long. I do not entertain a doubt that either of them might have proved fatal; and I have no hesitation in ascribing her death to the wounds she received, and to the loss of blood directly from the heart.

Cross-examined.—There were seven wounds in the chest, and three of the seven in the heart. There were seven external punctures and ten internal ones. The instrument could not have entered the heart through the lungs, as it appeared from the examination, by a single thrust, owing to their motion occasioned by breathing; it must have been drawn partly out, and then thrust in more than once in each aperture. There were something like thirteen or fourteen punctures altogether, and several abrasions besides. By internal punctures I mean those that have gone through the lungs without exhibiting corresponding external wounds. There might be a number of internal wounds made from one external puncture, by drawing the instrument partly out and putting it in again and again. It is very obvious it might take place: I don't say, however, that it did. There is not the least doubt that each wound would produce death; one would not, however, let off the blood, while three would. It is possible to sustain the voice with seven wounds in the lungs; they would not stop the voice at once. If the person did not die instantly, the voice would be suffocated by blood in the windpipe.

Luke Doughton sworn. I was at Mrs. Longstreth's on the day of Mrs. Hamilton's death. I had been boarding there for about two weeks, and was sitting in the room reading, when I heard the scream of a lady in the upper part of the house, appearing to be in agony, crying, "Oh! mother, mother." The cries appeared to proceed from a room over the bar-room; it was about thirty steps along the entry and up the stairs, to reach the place where she was murdered. I sat about half a minute and thought it might come from some of the children receiving a correction from a parent. I then saw three young gentlemen,

Brown, Miller and Segan, run up stairs out of the bar-room in a great hurry, and I threw down my book and followed them. When I got two thirds of the way up the stairs, Segan called out for a pair of pistols; I went and told the family in the brick house that there was something wrong in the other part of the house. I then went into my bed-room, No. 1, and got a pair of pistols, and gave them to Segan, as he requested. I came down and found Mrs. Hamilton in the arms of her mother, repeating the words, "Oh mother, mother! I screamed for you, and you would not come, and Clough, has killed me because I would not consent to marry him; I must die, I must die!" Her mother took her into a little dining room opposite to the bar-room. The pistols were in my pocket; I did nothing with them then but let Segan have them. After Mrs. Hamilton had been in her mother's arms about two minutes, I took Mrs. Longstreth's place, fearing that she would go frantic. I held her about five minutes, when she expired. Mrs. Longstreth was taken out of the room before Mrs. Hamilton's death. I think Mrs. Hamilton and her mother were on the second step when I came into the room; I did not see Segan at that time, as he was up stairs when Mrs. Hamilton was in the arms of her mother. The pistols were in my way when I held Mrs. Hamilton, and I told Segan to take them out of my pocket, which he did.

Cross-examined.—I was not at Mrs. Longstreth's when Clough left for New York; it was not my place of residence. I boarded there two weeks, during which Clough was absent a week; I do not, however, remember his leaving. He returned, I think, on Wednesday or Thursday, just before noon, previous to the Saturday when the murder was committed; I saw nothing in his appearance different from what it was before; I knew of no illness of his; I have had some intercourse with him; heard of no illness except a slight cold, and I know nothing about his going to bed on account of indisposition. His sickness and apparent condition were not the subjects of conversation; I was in the habit of talking freely with him; Mrs. Hamilton made one remark about Clough after his return

from New York, she remarked how dull I was that morning; I asked her to sit down, as it might be the means of cheering me up. She sat down, and we conversed together; I asked her if she ever intended to marry Clough; she answered *no*; I asked her why; she said, for a very good reason, because she did not love him. I think this was on Friday, the 5th, before noon; I was induced to ask her this question because it was a common report about Bordentown that she was going to marry him; I never had any conversation with Clough in regard to Mrs. Hamilton; he was attentive to her; he appeared always to be mild and pleasant in his manners; I did not see Clough after the murder until two and a half hours had elapsed.

Direct examination resumed.—When I saw Mrs. Hamilton in the arms of her mother, she was within one or two steps from the bottom of the stairs. Clough was not much more attentive to Mrs. Hamilton than is common for boarders in a house; I mean to say that he was polite to her; there was very little difference, except that he was more fond of being in the house than other boarders were; he appeared to be out of business at the time.

Cross-examination resumed.—Clough was polite to Mrs. Hamilton, but not more so I think than other persons; I think I was as polite to her as he was; we were all as attentive as is common, and I cannot say but that our attentions were all as well received as his; Clough was in the room with Mrs. Hamilton more than the rest of the boarders.

By the Court.—My inquiry of Mrs. Hamilton was not at all induced by any thing I saw pass between her and Clough.

George Miller sworn.—I was at the house of Mrs. Longstreth on the 6th of April last; I arrived about eleven o'clock, in company with Henry Segan. We were in the bar with Mr. Brown, the bar-keeper, when we heard a screaming, seemingly up stairs, and we ran up, Brown and Segan before me; I reached the top when they had turned and were coming down; I asked Segan what was *the matter*; he returned no answer, and ran down stairs,

as I did also; I went out and returned, and found Mrs. Hamilton leaning against the wall nearly opposite a door that opens into the bar-room; Mrs. Longstreth was with her; Mrs. Hamilton was looking her mother directly in the face, and had her eyes fixed upon her. Returning through the entry I met Mr. Segan with his hands covered with blood; I think Mrs. Longstreth supported Mrs. Hamilton into the room, half across which she sunk into her mother's arms; Mr. Doughton relieved Mrs. Longstreth, and took care of Mrs. Hamilton; I remained in the room until she died, which I think was from seven to ten minutes after she entered it. I then went into Mr. Clough's room, where there were a number of persons, he was lying on his back in the bed, with his eyes closed, not appearing to notice any person that came in; in four or five minutes I went down stairs; when I next saw Clough he was walking in the yard, leaning on the arms of two gentlemen who were with him; there was a crowd in the yard, and I returned to the house, where I remained until Clough was taken away by the sheriff, near evening.

Cross-examined.—I had an introduction to Clough last fall, and had been in his company twice before the murder; after the scream we started almost immediately to go up stairs, myself a little behind Brown and Segan; when I reached the top they had started to come down; I did not see Mr. Clough or Mrs. Hamilton when I went up; there was no crowd pressing upon Brown or Segan; we were the only three persons there; I did not see Mrs. Hamilton coming down stairs; when she was leaning against the wall no person had hold of her, but almost at that moment her mother took her in her arms; I did not see any one hand her over to her mother, and I think I had an opportunity to see; when I first saw Mr. Doughton he was receiving Mrs. Hamilton from the arms of her mother in the room within four or five feet of the sofa, where she sunk on the floor, and where she died in his arms; she was then placed on the sofa; I was within two feet of her when she died; I did not see Mr. Doughton while there take a pair of pistols from his pocket; and I

do not think he could have done so. When I was passing in the yard after the murder, Clough, who was there, recognised us, and asked us how we had been; Segan made some remark about the affair that had happened, and Clough said he (Segan) should not speak harshly of it; Segan had said of Clough, *in substance*, is it possible he should have committed such a deed? Clough was pale and of a downcast look; his face looked rather mild than otherwise; I did not see any blood in the entry when I went into Clough's room, but when returning from it I did see it in the passage near his door.

By the Court.—When I first saw Mrs. Hamilton in the entry down stairs, and heard Mrs. Longstreth say, Oh! my daughter is murdered, I first knew distinctly of the catastrophe. When Mr. Segan passed me and I first saw the blood, he told me something about it, which I did not understand distinctly; when I saw Clough in the yard, his hands were somewhat stained with blood, and a few spots on his coat, which was of dark green.

Direct examination resumed.—Segan told me where the blood came from that was on his hand; the screams I heard in the bar-room where shrieks of agony; I have no recollection of hearing any other noise; I think the reply that Clough gave to the remarks of Segan in the yard was appropriate, and that Clough understood Segan's question; when I passed Mr. Segan I thought that some rash deed had been committed, but did not suppose it to be murder until after I saw Mrs. Hamilton and her mother in the entry.

Ann Reeves affirmed.—I remember the day of Mrs. Hamilton's death. I was in my own house, when I heard the noise and disturbance. Our houses are about eight feet apart, an alley between. I first heard some person scream, but I did not know who it was. The voice did not seem like the distinct voice of a woman, but appeared as if she had something over her face. It continued for several minutes. The voice appeared to be uniformly the same; in consequence of it, my daughter and myself went into Mrs. Longstreth's house, and into the room where Mrs. Hamilton was, down stairs, where we found

her sitting on the floor, in her mother's arms, and the latter sitting on the settee. My daughter and a gentleman, (I saw here) named Doughton, took her out of her mother's arms, and Mrs. Longstreth and myself went into the front part of the house, where I remained with her; and while we were there, Mrs. Hamilton died; by that time the room was crowded with persons. When I first saw Clough, he was sitting down in the yard. Mrs. Longstreth said, she wished to see him, and that if he had his proper senses, he would know her voice and notice her. After a few words, she also said she supposed his neck must pay for it. I answered that it ought to. Clough then turned his head round, and looking at me, said, I am well aware of that. We then went into the house. Next I saw of him he was walking in the back yard, but I did not speak to him.

Cross-examined.—I did not see Mr. Segan in the room where Mrs. Hamilton lay, when I entered or while I was there, nor did I see Doughton take any pistols out of his pocket. He helped to remove Mrs. Hamilton to the sofa after she died, and I saw him, before she died, take her in his arms; my daughter took Mrs. Longstreth's place on the settee, and they together supported her. I cannot tell exactly how long it was after Mrs. Hamilton's death before I went out into the yard where Clough was, as I was very much frightened; and after the jury came into the house, I saw several persons in the yard, but I knew none of them except my son, who was assisting to support Clough. He appeared to me to require support at that time. When I first saw him he appeared as if he were asleep, with his eyes closed, and looked feeble. He did not open his eyes until both Mrs. Longstreth and myself had spoken.

Jonas Betchtel sworn.—I was at home at work, when I heard the scream of persons; it was not a clear, but a smothered scream. I knew it was in the back part of Mrs. Longstreth's house. I left my work and went into the house. Along the entry, as I went through, I observed Elizabeth, the daughter of Mrs. Longstreth, screaming in the entry. As I got in the door near the back entry, I

met Mrs. Longstreth at the back door. We ran in together, and saw Mrs. Hamilton entirely down, off the step, on the entry floor. I saw some blood coming out of her mouth, her hair was dishevelled and flying over her face. I passed on by her and went to the kitchen door, supposing that men were fighting at the time. I wheeled immediately round to where Mrs. Hamilton was, and heard her say that Clough had killed her. Her mother said, where was it? She answered, in his room. Her mother said, my dear, how came you there? She answered, that Clough had called her. Her mother had her in her arms, and she was leaning on her. As I ran up stairs, I met Mr. Segan half way up the stairs; I ran up, looked into some rooms and ran down again. Mrs. Longstreth then had Mrs. Hamilton part of the way in the small dining room. I took hold of her arm, supposing that she was fainting away, and Mrs. Longstreth wished some person to run for the doctor. Mrs. H. repeated several times, "I must die, I must die." She was so very weak I could hardly hear her speak. Mrs. and Miss Reeves came in and took hold of her, and the latter began to unloosen her clothes, when I saw the stabs in her left breast.

Immediately Luke Doughton came in and took hold of her. Segan then came in or to the door, and asked for a constable. I then saw Doughton give pistols to Mr. Segan, and he then left the room. He shortly after came into the room with a dirk in his hand, and exhibited its entire length. I then went up into Clough's room, and found him lying on his back in bed, where were several persons. Clough's eyes were partly shut; he groaned twice, and asked if Mrs. Hamilton was dead. He then began to converse with Mr. Shinn. Clough's language was, "Is she dead?" No answer was heard by me. Clough then began to state where his mother lived, and gave his miniature to send to her. Mr. Shinn was writing down with a pencil what he said, and I then, turning round to leave the room, picked up two or three pieces of side-comb near the foot of his bed. I then went into the entry, picked up some more side-comb, and a watch-guard with a ring and key attached thereto, and a breast-pin. I

returned to Clough's room, and placed these articles in the drawer of a table, which stood open; considering, however, that they were not his, I took them out again, and laid them on a bandbox on some shelves at the foot of the entry. I then found her shoe, with some blood in it, and a spot of blood on the floor near the shoe. I saw something else in the entry, which I thought was a lady's dress; the entry was somewhat dark; it was near to Clough's door. I picked it up, and found it was Clough's coat. The reason I mistook it for a lady's dress, was because the facing was outward. It was rumpled up, and had the appearance of having been wrapped around some person's head. I immediately remarked that I thought he had had the coat around Mrs. Hamilton. I went into his room, threw the coat down, and saw Mr. Shinn giving him some medicine, as it was said he had taken laudanum. It was a green frock coat. I knew it to be his, for I had seen him wear it. It was the opinion of all who were present that Clough was dying at the time; the medicine was given to eject the laudanum, and save his life. I returned down stairs, and the next thing I saw was two men carrying him. They took him towards the front street, and then to the yard, where they led him about, as the opinion was that he was dying, and he was limber in every joint. One of the men shook him about pretty lively, and after that he walked. Finding blood on my hands, which I supposed I had got of Mrs. Hamilton, I went and washed them. I then saw some persons leading Clough through the garden, and near a building, where he threw from his stomach a quantity of matter that resembled water, without any appearance of medicine or laudanum. After Mr. McKnight came in, there was a person stationed at the back window to watch the egress of Clough. I got out of the lower window, spoke to the man, and returning saw Segan with the dirk.

Cross-examined.—There were no *pure screams* that I heard. It seemed to be those of one person. Within half a minute after I entered, Mrs. Hamilton was lying on the floor, her head and shoulders supported by Dough-

ton and Miss Reeves. I cannot tell what medicine Shinn gave to Clough. It was given before the latter ejected the contents of his stomach in the garden. In searching for the laudanum, I expected to detect it by its color and smell. I shook the coat in the vicinity of the blood that was on the floor, having previously seen the latter, then threw it into Clough's room. When in the yard, Clough was sustained by the arms of Mr. Reeves and Mr. Clift. The appearance of Mrs. Hamilton, and the condition I found the coat in, induced me to believe the coat had been wrapped round her head. The hair was completely deranged and ruffled, and hung over the sides of her head, and the front and sides of her face.

William Reeves, jun.—I was at Mrs. Longstreth's on the day of the death of Mrs. Hamilton. I went there from Bechtel's yard, on hearing screams. They at first appeared like the screams of a child, but continuing, I jumped over the fence, and entered Mrs. Longstreth's kitchen, where I found all the girls screaming. I inquired what the matter was, and they said Clough had murdered Mrs. Hamilton. I then went into the entry, near the foot of the stair-case, and saw Mrs. Hamilton sitting on the carpet, supported by Luke Doughton, and the blood issuing from each corner of her mouth, and also from her side, just above the belt. I asked where he was, and was answered by some one that he was getting out of the back part of the house. I then saw Segan with two pistols in his hand; took one and ran out to the back part of the house; saw several men; re-entered the house, and went up stairs, where I saw Mr. Shinn, who had just entered Clough's room; Shinn caught hold of both Clough's wrists; I went to the bedside, and Shinn yielding one of Clough's wrists to me, I took hold of it. Clough asked, "Is she dead—is she dead?" Skinner said she was. Clough then said, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" He then told Shinn to take his miniature and send it to his mother, which was in the bureau at the foot of the bed. Shinn inquired where his mother was. Clough answered, in Orleans county, New York. Shinn then asked his mother's name, and he answered that it was

Johanna Clough, which Shinn noted with a pencil on paper, putting the miniature and the paper in his pocket. Shinn said he was not so far gone but that he might be brought to, after feeling of his pulse, and sent for some medicine for him to take, which he did not wish to, shook his head and kept his mouth shut. At Shinn's instance I then took hold of his nose, his mouth was forced open, and most of the medicine was forced down him. He then wished to be carried down stairs; I took hold of one side of him, and we carried him down.

While we were walking him about, he again asked if Mrs. Hamilton was dead. I told him she was. He then asked if she spoke after she was stabbed. I told him she did. He then inquired what she said. I answered him that she told her mother the cause of his killing her; and that she declared to her mother, that it was because she would not marry him. He said it was not so. I told him then, that it could not be possible that a woman would assert a falsehood in her last dying words. He said that nothing of the kind had passed between them. George Clift, who also had hold of him, then asked him how, in the name of God, he came to do it? He replied, that he would tell that at some future time. I then told him to look at the blood on his hand, as it was bloody both inside and outside. He then extended his right arm, and said, Reeves, that is an honorable arm, which expression he repeated. I asked him if he was sensible of what he had been doing. He said he was perfectly aware of what he had been doing, and expected to suffer by the laws of his country. We then permitted him to sit down by the side of the barn a short time, when William McKnight came and wished to speak to Clough, and requested me to step on one side, that he might speak to him, which he did. We walked him about, and then took him into the yard, when John McKnight came in, and Clough wished him to sit down, as he wanted to talk with him, which McKnight declined. Clough was then taken into the garden, where, at his request, McKnight talked with him for some time. Soon after the sheriff arrived, of which I informed him, and that he would soon have to

go. He then inquired what kind of accommodations he would have in prison, and whether he would have any thing but straw to sleep on, which I said I could not tell. He then walked to the kitchen yard, and sat down where he was before. He there spoke to several persons, whom he knew, and Captain Shippen in particular. Soon after Mrs. Longstreth came out with Mrs. Reeves. Said he was a poor, miserable wretch, and that his neck would have to pay for it. Clough took no notice of what Mrs. Longstreth said; but when Mrs. Reeves said that his neck ought to pay for it, he rolled up his eyes towards her and said, Madam, I am perfectly aware of all that.

John McKnight sworn.—I was at Mrs. Longstreth's a little after twelve o'clock on the day of Mrs. Hamilton's death. She was sitting on the floor, supported by Miss Reeves and Mr. Doughton. She appeared to be drawing her last breath; blood was coming from her mouth and side, and blood was also on her stocking. Coming out I saw a number of men and requested them to see that no one escaped from the house, and they went out. Mrs. Longstreth soon had hold of me, inquiring what she must do. She asked me if her daughter must die; and I told her I thought she must. I left her then in the care of some females; I went up stairs, and saw Clough lying on the bed, and Mr. Shinn endeavoring to administer an emetic to him, as he had taken laudanum. Some said that he was deceiving them; I told them to treat him gently, not to hurt him, and I went away. Some time after I went over and found him in the yard, and he wished me to sit down by him, which I finally did. He said something which I did not understand until he used the word "causes." They walked with him to the garden fence; I requested the men who had him to stand a little back. He writhed about and said, a man must have strong causes to bring his mind to commit such an act. He put his hand in his pantaloons pocket, and said he had money. He then asked me if she was really dead; I told him she must be quite dead, and he shed tears. He asked if I thought that money would be of any service to him. I told him he might possibly want counsel. He

asked me whom he should get ; I named no person ; and I told him he had committed a horrible act, and that he had better not assign any other causes than had gone to the world, or there would be less sympathy for him. He asked me what were the cause ; I told him that I had heard from Mrs. Longstreth that he did the deed because Mrs. Hamilton would not consent to marry him. He wrung his hands and said, that she ought not to say so. I asked him how much laudanum he had taken. He said nearly one ounce, but it had no effect on him then. I asked him how many times he had stabbed her. He said seven times. When he asked if she was really dead, he said it must be so, for I was calm when I did it. I said something about her having left an orphan, but do not remember what he said in reply. I thought at first he was under the effects of laudanum, but changed my opinion, and thought he was not.

The remainder of the evidence in the case was mostly for the purpose of proving the character of the prisoner to be good previous to the commission of this crime, which certainly did appear. But he rested the grounds of his defence on insanity as his only hope ; and it would seem indeed as if none but a madman could have perpetrated such a deed as is exhibited in the preceding evidence. Who, but a maniac, an insane and deranged man, could have imbrued his hands in the blood of such a victim—could have plunged the dagger into the bosom of virtue, the breast of love itself, and let out the lifestreams of her in whose life and happiness his own was bound up in unconquerable affection ?

But still it could not be considered conclusive evidence of that sort of insanity which exculpates from accountability and guilt, and the judge charged the jury to that effect.

After an absence of about two hours, the jury returned into court, with a verdict of GUILTY, in the manner and form set forth in the indictment. While delivering this verdict, several of the jury were dissolved in tears, and appeared to feel the effect of the high and solemn respon-

sibility that they had discharged. The prisoner, on hearing his sentence, became much overcome by his emotions and feelings, and almost sunk under the contemplation of his condition. His honor the chief justice ordered the prisoner to rise, and addressed him in the most solemn and affecting manner for more than twenty minutes on the subject of his guilty and awful condition, stating the enormity of his crime, the retributive justice it subjected him to, and the punishment he must inevitably receive; and admonished him in the most pathetic strains to prepare for death, which he would so soon be called upon to encounter, and urged him by all the obligations of religion, by a regard for his own soul's salvation, to prepare himself for the awful realities of eternity. During the delivery of these eloquent and pathetic remarks and admonitions, the chief justice was frequently interrupted by his tears, and the contagion of sympathetic feeling extended throughout the assembly, of which the prisoner, absorbed apparently in his own secret thoughts, only partially partook, but which swelled many male and female bosoms with sighs, and flooded many eyes with tears.

The chief justice then called upon the prisoner to know if he had any thing to say, why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him.

CLOUGH said.—“*I hare,*” and with uplifted hands he declared in the presence of the everliving God—“I am innocent.” There was an attachment between Mrs. Hamilton and myself, and we were at one time engaged. She broke it off. I settled up my business, at her request, and left the place. There has been much said here about my character: the most desperate part of which is the occurrence in New York. With regard to Mrs. Hamilton's character I have nothing to say. She was a virtuous and honorable woman, and I loved her. If there is virtue in the Catholic religion I am prepared. I hope Almighty God will have mercy on her soul. I fear she died unprepared. When I left New York my mind was greatly depressed. I threatened to take my own life, and she was aware of it. I went to bed that morning and made up *my mind* to take my life, and I sunk into a swoon, as near

as I recollect. In this situation Mrs. Hamilton came to my room. I did not call her. She shut the door. I layed on my bed, with my face toward the wall. She said, "Clough, what is the matter?" I said I felt very bad, and wished her to give me some laudanum. She asked me how much. I said, what *you* please. She gave me some, and said I must get up. (There was a noise in the entry.) I said, if you have any thing to say to me, say it quickly. I put my hand in my pocket to get out my key to give her—I wished her to possess all that I had. She went out. I went to the door and saw Jane or some one in the entry. I pushed to the door. She peeped through. I was in the act of taking my own life. I had the dirk in my pocket. She came in. I closed the door. I told her I should take my life, and she interfered and put her hand on my shoulder. I told her to go out. I reflected a moment, and after striking her one blow, why did I strike her eleven? Why did I not strike my own heart? I was very weak, and the dirk dropped out of my hand, and I could scarcely get to my bed. I was on the point of taking my own life. If she had stayed out of my room, *she* would have lived and *I* should have been in my grave. I feel that I am entirely innocent of her blood, for I don't recollect what I did. I was lost at the time. I settled up my business, after our engagement was broken off, and went to New York and Albany, and returned. I was not myself, and was on the eve of taking my own life. I never called her to my room. She came in voluntarily. (Here the court proceeded, and as the chief justice was about to pronounce the sentence, he requested him to forbear, and said) If my death is required, I am willing to suffer. (Here the court proceeded, and he again observed) It is not for myself. I do not fear death—I have already suffered death. The honorable jury have not been sufficiently enlightened on the subject. There are many things yet wrapped in darkness. I knew nothing of Mrs. Hamilton's coming to my room. There are things stated with regard to my character, while in Connecticut, which I feel it my duty to contradict. I was appointed, on recommendation of

Mr. Mallary, of N. York, superintendent on the Farmington aqueduct, where Hopkins was employed as engineer. I considered myself master of my trade; and I soon discovered that he was incompetent to take charge of a work of that magnitude. Under my influence, after a violent personal quarrel, he was removed from that part of the line, and always entertained animosity towards me, and thought when he saw me confined in this box, it was a proper time to show his hatred and malignity. I feel that I am not guilty. I do not fear death, but fear that I am not prepared. (Here the court proceeded, and pronounced the judgment of the law.)



Trial of
M A T T H I A S,
The notorious Impostor, for the alleged Murder of
MR. ELIJAH PIERSON.



On the day set apart for the trial of this notorious impostor, the court was crowded to excess with spectators, who had assembled from all parts of the country to hear it.

When the court was opened Matthias was brought in, and allowed to take a seat immediately behind his counsel. He was dressed in an open green frock coat, with frog

buttons, buff cassimere vest, and a red sash round his waist. His beard was of enormous length, and he appeared to occupy himself much in its adjustment.

The counsel for the state were Mr. W. Nelson, district attorney, Mr. H. R. Storrs, of New York, and Mr. Richard R. Voris, of Sing Sing.

For the prisoner, Mr. H. M. Western, Mr. N. Nyo Hall, of New York, and Mr. Mitchel, of White Plains.

In consequence of the absence of Dr. John Torry, who was stated to be a material witness for the defence, the district attorney having consented to admit that Doctor T. had examined the stomach of the deceased Mr. Pierson, and had been unable to discover any poison therein, the court directed that the admission should be reduced to writing, and signed by the respective counsel; which being done, the trial proceeded. Thereupon the clerk proceeded to impanel a jury.

After five challenges on the part of the prisoner, the sixth name being called,

Matthias said he wished to address the court, but being told that he could not, that the management of his case must be left to his counsel, he said that he did not expect to be prevented from speaking. He intended leaving the technical parts of the case to his counsel.

The *Court* suggested that the case should be left to the prisoner's counsel.

Mr. Western said, the last remark might have been caused by his having told *Matthias* that he (*Mr. W.*) must be excused from interfering in any of the prisoner's theological doctrines; and that if such became necessary in the course of the trial, he must attend to that part of the defence himself, and if the prisoner wished to undertake his own defence, he would be willing he should do so. He, however, hoped, that in so peculiar a case, in which his life was at stake, the court would permit him to address them so long as he observed that respectful demeanor due to the court, as when he transgressed it the court would have it in their power to correct his remarks.

The *Court* said they desired to act in a spirit of mercy.

was, then, no such question before them to render necessary for any address on the part of the prisoner.

Matthias here rose, evidently under excitement.

Western, (turning to him.) You had better leave it

Court.—Matthias, Matthias, sit down.

Matthias.—I understood.

Court.—Sit down, sir !

Matthias.—(Remaining standing all the while, and persisting in his right to address the court.) I protest against the proceedings, because I have understood that they commenced by evidence taken in secret before the jury, and because the entire of this business is to be conducted in secret. I object to all secret institutions—they were all dissolved five years ago. [Here he waved his arms, shook his head violently, and raising his voice almost to the highest pitch, continued.] All secret institutions are *cursed of God ! cursed of God !* [with increased vehemence of tone and gesticulation.] All institutions that receive accusations and testimony in secret, are cursed of God, and were dissolved five years

Court directed the prisoner to be removed.

Sheriff proceeded to remove the prisoner, who did not make any resistance, and was, for a moment, silent. On reaching the door of the court-room, however, he again spoke forth, "All secret institutions are dissolved, dissolved, dissolved !"

At this extraordinary scene, and in consequence of the alleged insanity of the prisoner, the court directed a jury to be impannelled, to try an issue, whether the prisoner was of sane or insane mind.

Matthias was again brought into the court, and a jury impannelled. A number of witnesses were called, and the jury returned a verdict that the prisoner was of SANE MIND.

The district attorney then rose and addressed the jury. As they were about to enter on a most solemn and important investigation—it was to pass on the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, who stood charged with one of the

highest crimes known to our laws. If he should be found guilty, he would be visited by the severest punishment that could be inflicted on any criminal, and that was, the forfeiture of his life. The prisoner, at the bar, was charged with having murdered Elijah Pierson. He was charged in this indictment, either with having administered to, or having been concerned in administering to him some poisonous substance. He was, likewise, charged with having caused his death while he was in his house, and when complaining of great weakness of body, by withholding such aid or advice as was necessary to the recovery of his health, or by such other improper treatment as produced his death. Before he (the district attorney) proceeded to state to them the facts, which probably would be disclosed in the course of this trial, it would, perhaps, not be improper to call their attention to the law in relation to the crime of murder, inasmuch as they were to judge of the law. He should give them the legal definition of the term murder, as it was a crime for which he was now on his trial. The facts which were to be disclosed to them, were briefly and summarily these: The accused, as was supposed, and as he (the district attorney) thought they would believe, set himself up, not merely as a religious enthusiast, but a religious impostor. In the course of his career in this assumed character, he met with a gentleman of considerable fortune, a man of amiable temper, but rather weak mind; but, if he (the district attorney) might be allowed the expression, disposed to religious enthusiasm. He became the dupe, the victim of the accused. In the progress of the career of the accused, he was taken to Sing Sing, to a place which became the property of the deceased, and which was afterwards assigned and made over to the prisoner. Matthias there took to himself the character of the Father of a community, consisting of several persons. He (the district attorney) should state to the jury, for the purpose of showing the responsibility of the accused, that he had the most complete control and sway over the establishment—that he possessed absolute power, and that by his means and influence, he compelled them to pay the

most implicit obedience to his commands. He was, therefore, responsible for all that took place in the house at Mount Pleasant. About the first of August last, the deceased was taken suddenly ill; the symptoms of his sickness were rather of a peculiar character, as afterwards appeared, and in consequence, suspicion was excited. It might be proper here to observe, that such was the regulation and rule which the prisoner had established in the house, that nothing scarcely of what was done in it became known to the neighbors in general, or met the public eye of others than its inmates. Mr. Pierson languished till about the sixth August, when he died; he died alone, unattended, and without having had administered to him the common offices of humanity, and was discovered in that situation. His body was taken to Morristown, New Jersey, and there interred. A rumor was soon afterwards spread abroad, that there was something extraordinary and suspicious in relation to the death of Mr. Pierson. This led to the disinterment of the body, when the stomach was taken out of it, and underwent an examination by three eminent physicians. They examined it, he (the district attorney) understood, with great care and particularity, as much so as it was possible to do, considering the time the body had been interred. From the appearance of the stomach, it was very evident, that there had been some sort of poison introduced into it. It would be proved in evidence, that the symptoms which the deceased exhibited during his illness were such as would probably result from having had poison administered to him. From the particular manner in which the accused treated the family, it would be proved, that there were circumstances which went to show that the accused administered a certain species of food, of which he himself did not partake, but which the deceased and another individual did, and that individual was taken ill soon afterwards. It was not necessary, then, to enter into the facts; suffice it to say, that from an investigation of the testimony, before the grand jury, there was not only a well founded suspicion, but they were satisfied

that the deceased had died from poison while under the immediate direction of the accused at Mount Zion. The motive for the conduct of the prisoner might be ascribed to the desire of gain. He (the district attorney) could show, in addition to the prisoner's having possessed himself of the management of the establishment of the deceased, and the entire control of his mind, that he also obtained his property at Mount Zion, for a nominal consideration. He, likewise, possessed himself of all his valuable personal property, in the city of New York. If, even in this branch of the case, the facts should not be such as to satisfy the minds of the jury as to the guilt of the accused, in regard to his having administered the poison, or having been connected with others in doing so; yet there was another statement of facts to be disclosed to them, which would leave no doubt that he caused by his acts the death of Pierson, and *that*, in the judgment of the law, would constitute the offence of murder. Such was the control the prisoner had over Mr. Pierson, and every one in the house, that no one was permitted to do any thing in it without his permission, and scarcely any inquiry was permitted to be made after the deceased. His conduct and rules were extremely arbitrary. And, during the severe illness of the deceased, that medical aid and nursing, which a person in his situation required, were withheld by the prisoner. If they should not be satisfied that the death of Mr. Pierson was attributable to the conduct of the accused, by having administered poison to him, then they would have to inquire whether his death was caused by neglect, and he (the district attorney) might add, by gross ill treatment; and if so, then the prisoner would be made responsible for the murder. The court would now proceed to a development of the facts that would be produced here. The case was now before the jury.

The following witnesses were called for the prosecution:—

Jesse Bishop sworn and examined.—I reside near Mount Pleasant, and know the prisoner. In the summer of 1834 I knew Elijah Pierson. The prisoner resided at Mr. Fol-

ger's, near Sing Sing. My residence was one mile and a half from thence. Matthias appeared to have had the control of the establishment. Mr. Pierson was living there. About the first week in August, perhaps the 7th, I found Pierson in a room in the south part of the house, laid out as a corpse, on a board. He was covered over with a sheet; had a shirt, drawers, and stockings on; his eyes and mouth were open. This was about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. I saw Matthias, Mrs. Folger, and a woman called Catharine, a daughter of Mr. Pierson, named Elizabeth, and a hired man, whose name I do not know, but I believe Lewis or Morris, I do not know which. I should recollect him if I saw him.

Mr. Western called for "Lewis Basil," who having appeared,

Witness stated, I think this is the man.

Cross-examined by *Mr. Western*. I had received a note from Mr. Matthias, requesting me to come. I was met at the door by him, and he said that "Mr. Pierson was dead; and that, as I was more friendly than others, he sent for me to assist in burying him." They were not engaged in laying him out then, but he was partly laid out. Some of his dress was afterwards shifted. I was present and saw his skin. I saw several bruises on the fleshy part of his knees. I did not see any spots on other parts of his body. The flesh everywhere else appeared in a natural condition; one of his hands was closed tight, I think the right hand. I did not perceive any distortion of eye, or a wryness of foot. I did not examine him particularly. I did not see him during his illness. I had understood that he was subject to fits, [epilepsy.] I did not understand the property was common. I understood Folger first owned it, then Pierson, and then Matthias. They lived as usual, Matthias doing all the business. I don't know that Folger acted as a servant. I heard Matthias direct Pierson, as he would a hired man, to do a job of work. I had gone with a load of hay to Matthias, whom he then told to move away some poles, which Mr. P. did; but not doing it promptly, Matthias then said, that "when he wanted a job done, he wished it thoroughly done."

[*Laughter.*] A carriage was kept; Matthias and Mrs. F. used to ride out together in it. Mr. Pierson went out but little; I did not see him ride in it. I have seen Mr. Pierson ride in a wagon. I do not know that Lewis was the coachman.

Re-examined by the District Attorney. I knew nothing of the deceased's illness until I found him dead. I was on friendly terms with him during his lifetime.

By the Court.—Did you preserve the note sent by Matthias? I did not.

I made a proposition as to the time of burying the deceased. I have seen the prisoner and him frequently on the road. I once saw them, and Mr. P. was walking towards their home. Matthias was riding and leading a second horse; he was afoot, and not walking briskly; this was within thirty or forty rods of the house. I simply said, "How do you do, sir?" Mr. P. did not speak. The horse Matthias was leading had a saddle on. They were coming from Sing Sing. The house is two miles from thence, on the road to Tarrytown, thirty or forty rods from the road. When I first saw them they were sixty yards off; then they were as I have described.

Cross-examined by Mr. Western.—The led horse had a saddle on, &c. I did not notice enough to know that the led horse was wet, as if he had lain down. There is a watering brook on the road; I did not know that the horse had lain down in it. They appeared not to be angry with each other.

Re-examined by Mr. Storrs.—This was about ten o'clock, A. M. on the turnpike-road. Mr. Pierson was about fifty years of age.

Cross-examined.—He was not of an age too old to walk a couple of miles. There was not any concealment when I went; he did not attempt to conceal the body from examination, nor was there any thing suspicious in his conduct: he left the burial, and the mode, entirely to me.

Moses Cherry.—I live in Morristown, New Jersey; I am a sexton, and have charge of the church-yard. I knew Mr. P. ten years ago; he was interred there the 8th

of August. I do not know who accompanied the corpse, which I was informed was that of Elijah Pierson. The grave was opened, and the body disinterred, about ten days afterwards. The body was examined by Drs. Condict, and the stomach taken out by them; he had been laid beside his brother Silas, over whose remains there was a headstone.

Mr. L. Condict examined by *Mr. Storrs*.—I have been a physician since 1794, and reside in Morristown. I know nothing of my own knowledge what was done at the first disinterment. The stomach was brought to me by my son, Nathan, on the 18th of August. Drs. Jones, Canfield, Nathan W. Condict, and myself, were present. I did not see it until the stomach was laid open. Drs. Jones and Canfield were with my son; I was by them requested to look at it; I can note the appearances with more regularity in my notes than I can from memory. [Here witness referred to them.] I found an opening in the lower orifice, or the passage leading into the intestinal tube; about a tea-spoonful of darkish brown mucus being the only thing the stomach contained, with the exception of a small portion of what appeared to have been *a whitish powder*. At a short distance from the pilorus, or lower orifice within the stomach, I found a substance resembling chalk, of a dingy whitish color, equal to about eight or ten grains of calomel. The upper portion of the inner membrane, and about one half of the surface of the stomach, were nearly natural in appearance, but the small blood-vessels were increased to the eye. Their color was natural. About the distance of an inch from the pilorus, and on its front, we observed a patch of a bright red color, and about three inches in diameter, irregularly circular. This spot corresponded with a similar patch, less bright, upon its outer or front surface; the color had gone through. It was upon this patch the powder, which I have described, was discovered. About half an inch higher was another spot, of the same description, but one-third less in size. By the sides of these two, were three or four other smaller ones, of the size of a twenty-

five cent piece, and these last patches were of a dark brown color, almost black; and under these dark spots, the inner membrane of the stomach seemed to be very pulpy and disorganized. The coats of it elsewhere were in a state of preservation and soundness, differing very little from the natural appearance of the human stomach. Around the patches, the vascularity was more visible. It exhibited a thickness of feeling, and the blood-vessels were more visible and distended, just as an inflamed eye will show more blood-vessels than a healthy eye. The mucous membrane was somewhat elevated from the under coat, and upon the elevated parts. A little touch of a finger-nail, or knife, would detach it; and when this erosion was made by a finger-nail, there was a dark substance found lying immediately over the pulpy membrane, which seemed to be extravasated blood. The blood was darker than usual, somewhat like a blood blister, though somewhat drier.

In answer to questions by a juror, witness said—I saw no other blood but the extravasated blood. I don't know that there was any difference in this blood and that of another person who should have died suddenly.

Examination resumed.—He had been dead a number of days, and the decomposition must have gone on rapidly.

By the *Court*.—I could not tell what this white substance was; it was soft to the touch. This, and the mucus, was all that was in the stomach. It and the stomach were carefully preserved. On the 21st of March I was invited to attend the second examination. The entire mass of the large intestines, nearly the whole of the esophagus, or gully, was then examined. The lower end exhibited a bright red color, corresponding to the stomach, but less bright than the red patches. On the first view of the stomach, there was the same degree of vascularity as on the red spots. The rest of the esophagus appeared to be healthy, with its usual appearance; the intestines retained their contents. The smell was like that which is found on opening a box of old herrings. Dr. C. first noticed this fact, he being to windward of it. Portions

of different parts of the canal, below the stomach, were taken out, and I believe the large intestines exclusively in connection with the stomach. Their contents were scraped out, rinsed in water, and the surface, when turned inside out, appeared to be sound; no inflammation. We tested, as far as we could, their strength; they were as unyielding and as firm as they are usually after death; the same was the fact with the esophagus and stomach, they were very sound. These appearances may be accounted for in various ways. The conclusion to which we all came, *was that the death was not a natural one. It was not a death from any known natural disease. This was our strong impression.* I drew this inference from the appearances as already detailed. I do not, and did not, undertake to form any opinion, that he died by poison, from any one particular substance. I am unable to say, from my own experience, if the appearances were similar to those of a person poisoned with arsenic. I don't know if the appearance of a stomach in which arsenic was, would be different from other poison, (say corrosive sublimate.) The appearances correspond nearly to those where death has been detected to be produced by arsenic. The circumstances vary in proportion to the dose administered. Professional men differ as to the preserving property of arsenic. I think it has that effect. This I state as the result of reading, not *experience*, and so far as it corresponds with the appearances of this stomach. When arsenic is administered in a state of solution, its effect is more instantaneous than when crude. In one case, it might produce death instantaneously—within twelve, eight, or in some cases in six hours; it might go on for months, slow and lingering, and yet the death be fairly attributed to arsenic. There are instances of persons finally recovering. All depends on the quantity administered. Many cases are found, where deaths have occurred by arsenic, where none has been found. When given in a state of solution, it might be thrown off the stomach, and the effect remain to cause death. The chances for detecting it, when taken or administered undissolved, is as great in a month, as in a shorter time.

When in a state of solution, these are diminished. The symptoms of arsenic are nausea, heat in the throat and passages to the stomach, vomiting follows violently, great prostration, and finally death.

Cross-examined.—The contents, &c. were all preserved, and chemical tests were applied to them subsequently. I know Dr. Torry, by reputation, as of high standing as a professor of chemistry. I did not attempt to test it chemically. The white powder was sent with the contents. I don't know that I should have formed any opinion that it was arsenic; it was found exclusively on the largest patch; I did not attribute the patch to the powder; I did not find any powder at the bottom of the gullet. I have not seen similar spots on persons naturally dying. I have not examined any other case. If any arsenic remained in the stomach, it could be detected. It might produce death, if it had been ejected from the stomach, if some was incorporated. I explain; it does not kill by incorporation; it does as an irritant, causing inflammation. I think enough might be taken to produce death, and yet leave no traces. [Here the doctor detailed its various effects and properties in causing death.] We found the upper coat of the stomach nowhere separated from the under, except under the patches. There was inflammation in the esophagus, and none below the stomach; I found marks of inflammation, but no gangrene. Having known that it was the body of Elijah Pierson who was buried, I inquired into the circumstances of his death, having known him many years. I should be unwilling to swear that the deceased died of arsenic, unless I detected it in his stomach.

By the *Court*.—The appearances of the stomach and the features show that he had died from poison.

Cross-examination resumed by *Mr. Western*.—Death, by poison, would develop itself on the lungs. If the body at that time had not been so offensive, the examination would have been continued further; it would be proper to examine more minutely. A garlic smell is one of the evidences of the presence of arsenic. Under the outer *internal* surface of the dark patch I found no matter

Arsenic would cause death, and yet extend its preserving influence to the membranes. I think the appearances on the stomach were sufficient to account for the death. It did not occur to me that the dark mucus exhibited the appearance of being caused by having eaten blackberries. It was the consequence of irritation. Death, by arsenic, is not invariably attended with an intense degree of inflammation. When sudden death ensues from arsenic, there are no traces of inflammation. When death ensues at the termination of five or six days, it will be attended with inflammation, and often combined with action on the nervous system.

Re-examined.—Inflammation is one of the general effects of arsenic. Palsy is one of the remote symptoms produced before death, by its effects upon the nervous system.

Cross-examined by *Mr. Western*.—If the symptoms before death were such as are generally produced by arsenic, and the appearance of the stomach after death corresponded with those symptoms, witness would consider it a conclusion almost irresistible, that the deceased died by arsenic.

Doctor N. W. Condict, the son of the last witness, being sworn, generally corroborated his evidence, and further testified that the stomach was in the same state when shown to him as when taken from the corpse; it had not gone out of his possession until the other persons named by his father had examined its condition; the appearances were sufficient to cause the death of Mr. Pierson. It was not probable that life could be continued, after the state the stomach was in.

Cross-examined.—I have not known that violent retching would produce extravasated blood. It is possible; but I suppose blood produced in that way would be coagulated in the stomach; it would not be produced between the membranes, or coatings of the stomach, as this was; the coat of the stomach was too soft and pulpy to retain blood; the extravasated blood caused the dark spots on the surface. If the outer integument was as soft originally, as it appeared, it would not have oozed into

the stomach; the spots corresponded exactly with the extent of the disorganization. I suppose the extravasated blood was deposited while the membranes were firm enough to retain it. The appearances were such as only to lead to the indicia, or a suspicion of poison, but to nothing more definite than suspicion. I have examined many stomachs; I have examined those of persons hung, but not with the same particularity. There was nothing like so much vascularity in the stomach of such persons as I had observed in that of Mr. Pierson. It may be occasioned by various causes, whenever depositions of blood are made in the intestines; I do not know any natural disease, at this moment, that would leave similar black spots on the stomach. Livid spots, with rigidity of the limbs, I do not consider as a characteristic of poison; the body had been too long under ground to enable me to discover any thing more than stated. The stomach was in a state of high preservation, which usually follows where poison has been administered; and which led me to suspect poison; it was so complete, that I was astonished to find it so. If arsenic, sugar of lead, or corrosive sublimate was admitted, it would produce violent inflammation; the result of that would be *pus*, or gangrene. I suppose in this case the inflammation never went so far as to produce pus or gangrene; after gangrene, the flesh resolves into its original elements—to absolute dust. I suppose the death of the individual may occur before the death of the part; the spots on the stomach were not ulcers. I do not say that it is impossible that they might exist without poison.

Re-examined.—A party may die from poison antecedent to inflammation or gangrene; I suppose the appearances together indicated poison; they might separately indicate it; I do not know any disease, situated where these were, that could produce them; I do not say the examination was very particular.

Cross-examined.—I do not know that in *all* cases of poison, the smaller intestines nearest to the stomach are inflamed; this is usually the case; I saw none of these *that were so*; I differ with my father in supposing that

the white powder was poison, because, if so, there was enough of it to be detected; it may have been *fatty* matter; it was mostly found on the red spots, but not upon all.

MRS. ANN FOLGER, EXAMINED BY MR. STORRS.

I am the wife of Benjamin H. Folger; last August, I was sometimes in New York, and sometimes at Sing Sing; I arrived on a Saturday at the latter place; Mr. Pierson was taken sick on the following Tuesday; the persons in the house, at the time, were the prisoner, Mr. Folger, Isabella, Catharine Gallaway, Lewis Basil, a man of the name of Anthony, (a Dutchman,) Henry Plunkett, James and John, (sons of Matthias,) one aged between seven and eight, the other twelve years of age, two children of my own, named Catharine and Mary Ann, the oldest eleven years of age, the youngest seven, besides myself. We heard of him a long time before, and were acquainted with him prior to his visit at Sing Sing, and were receiving his doctrines. Mr. Pierson was a positive believer in his doctrines as far as I knew. I also became a believer in his doctrines generally; my husband was more disposed to doubt than Mr. Pierson or myself. Catharine Gallaway was, as far as I could judge, a believer, and acted as such. We regarded him as God the Father, possessing the Holy Ghost, and possessing all holy power to bestow it on whom he would; as having the power to execute wrath.—We regarded him as the last trumpet answering to all the angels of wrath, spoken of in Revelations—that is, the executing angels. We were to obey his commands, in all things, and said “he had a right to be obeyed.” We were called in frequently to testify a willingness to obey in all things. I would sometimes go to him; he would say the Spirit would direct him; I would wait his answer. I would be subject to censure; and then if I acted without his directions, he would say I acted wrong, I would not have his spirit, but I had some evil spirit, which he would not cast out of me. He would be very violent in his manner; you had a very small specimen of it yesterday. He would be very

alarming, and would curse us, and tell us we were lost creatures. We considered ourselves lost creatures, and he would tell us he would save us; "but the way was, that we must get rid of the evil spirit, and have a better spirit." If we asked him to deliver us from this evil spirit, then he told us again he would cast it out of us. Every one that did any thing contrary to his wishes would be accursed, "for they were all responsible to him." There was some ill will between Matthias and Mr. Pierson; it commenced at the house at the time Mr. Matthias was ordered away from Sing Sing to New York. They conversed together on various matters; he reproved and censured him. I cannot recollect the particulars; but he censured him, when he was about leaving for New York, for not tilling the ground.

Q. What claim did Matthias make to the products of the farm?

A. He claimed the fruits of every thing; the chickens—the peas in the garden; and if he was not at home, we used them until he came back.

Q. Do you know of Pierson and Matthias going out together?

A. Yes; and stopped to water their horses at the brook on the road. Mr. Pierson's horse wished to lie down; Mr. Pierson got on a piece of ground to save himself from being wet; Matthias reproved him for it; they both told me this.

Q. Who carried on the farm? A. Matthias; Mr. Pierson was not allowed to put any seed in the ground without orders from Matthias.

Q. I wish to call your attention to the Monday of the week before he died. When did Mr. Pierson die? A. On Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.

Q. On that previous Monday, who partook of tea? A. Matthias and Mr. Pierson went into the field and picked blackberries, which were brought into the house; Matthias was at supper; they were prepared either by Isabella, or —, in the kitchen; I know not positively who; but know that neither I nor Catharine prepared them.

Q. How long had he been in the house before he took tea? **A.** Full one hour.

Q. What took place at the table with respect to the fruit?

A. Mr. Pierson, Matthias, Catharine and myself, were at the table. Hay-making was going on that day; we were waiting for Mr. Pierson to come in, and it was late.

A. Matthias helped Mr. Pierson to a small plate of the blackberries, such as is commonly used for breakfast and supper; he also helped Catharine and myself, with a spoon; Mr. Pierson ate those he was helped to and another plateful.

Q. Did Catharine? **A.** Yes.

Q. Did you? **A.** I ate only two berries.

Q. Did Matthias eat any? **A.** No.

Q. Why? **A.** As was his manner, he had been preaching; when I had an opportunity I remarked to him, "Father, you have eat no blackberries."

Q. How near was his plate?

A. There was one before him, it was very near him, but not directly before him. He rose very angrily, and said, "The Father was not honored in his house, but the sons were honored in the house," "and the daughters would leave the Father." "The daughters dressed themselves, and wanted to leave the Father." He (Matthias) had lost his blessing in the enjoyment of eating blackberries."

Q. What further? **A.** He preached on that subject until twelve o'clock that night. **Q.** What was his manner?

A. He was much offended; and Mr. Pierson appeared to be the subject of his censure that night, because he had helped himself to more than his share.

Q. In what terms did he censure Mr. Pierson?

A. He said that "he had two plates of blackberries, while the Father had none." He considered it a great favor, that *he* picked any.

Q. Did any one help eat of that plate, but Matthias?

A. No: his practice was to set food apart for himself; none were helped before him; all were considered as

"Judases," who dipped their hands in the same dish with him.

Q. What took place next day, in respect to Mr. Pierson?

A. There was nothing unusual that morning; he, after first taking his breakfast, went into the field, and from thence into the barn.

Q. At what time? A. At four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday.

Q. What took place on *that* afternoon? Relate what was done during his illness.

A. My son Edward came to say, he was lying in a fit in the barn; we went there, and found him in that condition.

Q. Was Matthias there? A. He was not there; I sent my son for him and he came.

Q. Was any thing done by you, or any one else, until Matthias came?

A. Nothing; we dared not touch him.

Q. By the *Court*.—Why did you not dare touch Pierson?

A. We dare not, because we would be censured; for this, in other words, would be "robbing him (the Father) of his spirit."

Q. Had Mr. Pierson been subject to fits?

A. Yes; and sometimes Matthias would succeed in inducing him to get up; this was before the fit was entirely broken.

Q. What was done when the fit was coming on?

A. He was sometimes allowed to lie on a couch.

Q. When he did sit up, used he to manifest any consciousness?

A. Yes; he would be helped up by Matthias, and Mr. Pierson would manifest his pleasure, that the spirit would obey him, (Matthias.) He lay on the hay until Matthias came; Matthias told him to get up, but he did not. I was alarmed, and asked if he was dead. Anthony and he took hold of him, one on each side, and brought him to the house; he was seated in the lower entry; he fell down the steps of the kitchen, where they left him, until he would recover from the fit.

Q. He did not then come to his recollection, as in the former time when he recovered?

A. We made coffee that evening; Mr. Pierson was helped to some by Matthias; he put some bread into his mouth, but he did not eat any, and took chiefly coffee. After supper, they went along the piazza, and appeared to be conversing; I went up to them, and saw that Pierson had not recovered, nor were they conversing; they stopped occasionally; I went out and came into the house before dark. Mr. Pierson was in a strong fit in the chair—so strong, that it cracked under it; I went out and called Isabella. Some time after that, he had another fit in the south wing of the house; the door opened between the body of the house and the wing; there was one parlor. I asked Matthias' permission to wash his head—I washed his head, but he remained insensible; he would repeat Amen, Amen, Amen, articulately, and he would move his right hand thus, (describing it,) clenched, to and fro, towards his breast. He was taken to bed; he did not remain there half an hour, until he commenced vomiting and purging. Isabella was with him all that night. He had many fits and turns of vomiting.

Q. How long did the vomits and illness of bowels continue?

A. All through the night, until daylight.

Q. Did he not evince or exhibit pain? **A.** He only made a noise when he had the fit.

Q. What time was he put into bed? **A.** Between eight and nine.

Q. How long did Matthias remain up? **A.** From ten to eleven.

Q. Did he go into the room? **A.** Matthias complained that the vomiting affected his stomach, and that Mr. Pierson's breath was offensive.

Q. What did he do for him? **A.** There was nothing done for him.

Q. Did he get out of bed at all? **A.** Oh, no.

Q. Was any medical aid sent for? **A.** Oh, no, Sir.

Q. What offices of humanity were shown to him?

A. Mr. Pierson was very helpless through the night;

one sheet was obliged to be removed; Isabella changed the sheet.

Q. Was any medicine or drink sent for?

A. No, Sir; he had no medical aid whatever.

Q. From that time, to the next Tuesday, that he died, was there any medicine given him, or medical aid sent for? A. No.

Q. Why not? A. We believed that all sicknesses were so many detached spirits, which Matthias could cast out of him; for this was his doctrine.

In answer to a *Juror*.—I never knew him so affected before.

Q. What took place on Wednesday?

A. Mr. Pierson told me, in the morning, that he was aware that he was in declining health; he knew he had fits—said he had one or two; I told him he had more than two. I asked him if he would have some nourishment; he took some coffee, but threw it up, and had nothing but water all that day.

Examination resumed.—Where was Matthias?

A. The most of that morning he was preaching to a pedlar at the front door; the rest of the day he spent sometimes with Mr. Pierson, sometimes elsewhere. On Wednesday night, I knew nothing particular about Matthias. Mr. Pierson was up on Thursday; Friday and Saturday he felt inclined to lie. He had fits several times, when Mr. Matthias took him to the parlor and bedroom. Sunday he did not get up. Matthias continued preaching that day in the parlor. Matthias showed himself offended that Mr. Pierson should have encouraged that spirit. (Mr. Folger was in New York at the time.) While he was preaching, Mr. Pierson would have fits, and Matthias would shut the door. His doctrine was, he would help no one, unless they asked him.

Q. Would Mr. Pierson be left alone?

A. Yes; Isabella would be told to shut the door, to keep out the noise of Mr. Pierson's fits. Sunday night no one stayed in the room with him; he was not allowed a candle.

Q. *By the Court*.—Was he sensible then?

A. Yes. I was in the kitchen; Isabella was sent for water to wash Mr. Pierson's feet; she expressed some displeasure, saying "the Father (meaning Matthias,) will not like it;" I said then, we must ask his permission; she took the water after some time. As I went up, Isabella and Matthias came out of the room, left a candle outside, passed towards the stairs; they were from a half to three-quarters of an hour conversing together. Matthias made motions, which I did not understand, and I said,—“What, Father?” He then pointed his finger crooked, and shook it; I thought I was interrupting them, and retired. I observed them a second time that night, conversing in a low tone, and I asked him what he wished me to do; he said, “Take the candle away,” which I did.

Q. How was Mr. Pierson on Monday morning?

A. He appeared more ill; I found his daughter rubbing his limbs; I had taken breakfast; Matthias was coming in with Mr. Pierson's breakfast; he had been alone that night. I felt extremely anxious for Mr. Pierson, and would often speak to Matthias about him. I saw his tongue, it was much bloated; he asked me if I would give him an *enema* (injection;) I said, I will, and a dozen other things, if Father will only let me, and I told him I wished he would ask his permission.

By the Court.—What answer did Pierson make to your request?

A. He made no answer. I left the room as Matthias came in. When I left there, through Monday, I saw him lying on the bed; about noon on Monday, he appeared to lose his senses. Matthias came out of the room, and went into the kitchen; when we were at supper, we heard a noise as if some person had fallen out of bed. No person was with him; both doors were open when the noise was heard: Catharine attempted to go first, but Matthias spoke to her, and said “she was always foremost;” she then reseated herself; he continued preaching, and eating his supper; he did not stir then.

Q. Why did you reseate yourselves?

A. We would be liable to his censure, if we stirred without permission.

Q. What was Matthias' conduct?

A. We were not allowed to ask him any questions, for he said "the Spirit of Truth would tell him *when* and *what* was proper. The Spirit would not be questioned; we must be satisfied with what we got,?" &c.

Q. Did he mean himself as the Spirit of Truth?

A. Yes. After supper, we went into the room; I followed him. Mr. Pierson was lying on a pallet, with his face on the floor; he appeared to be asleep, or insensible; I asked Matthias if I should call Isabella to put him in bed, and he said, "No; let him be: I am watching the spirit, and preaching at it," (the devil.) I walked out to the court-yard, and Matthias walked out of the house. At candle-light I returned, and believed he was in the house; I found him in the kitchen, reading a newspaper in a recess. Mr. Pierson remained unaided all the time on the floor. I again asked him if Mr. Pierson was to remain on the floor. He said, "Yes." Nothing was done for him that night (Monday;) he was placed on a bed on the floor. On Tuesday morning, he was in the same situation; his arm stiff, and his head inclined to the right; the arm was out, unsupported by any thing; he had not his senses all that day; he lay with his mouth open. I went in repeatedly to drive the flies from him; I persuaded his daughter to go, as she had liberty from Matthias, and a warm bath was given him. Mrs. Dratch came there about eleven or twelve o'clock. Matthias received her; we were not allowed to receive any one; I told her how Mr. Pierson was; she then expressed a wish to see him; we were then in the parlor. He replied, "that she should see him." At dinner-time she again expressed her wish to me, and he said "she should;" she again asked me to let her see him; I said it could only be as Father (Matthias) said; she asked him in the afternoon, a third time, but he took no notice. I also asked him again that evening, if Mrs. Dratch should see Mr. Pierson, but he kept on preaching, and paid no attention to the request; *he continued preaching a long time. Mrs. D. did not ask*

him, but rose, when I did, and I spoke for her. Immediately after supper, Mr. Pierson had a warm bath; the water was prepared by Isabella; he was then lying on the bed, without power to move. Isabella and Anthony lifted him into the bath; while he was there, there was some appearance of a fit coming on him; Isabella went to his head, *slapped him on the face*, and told him "*to come out of his hellish sleep!*" Catharine and Elizabeth Pierson, Anthony, Isabella, and myself, were present; he had not his senses at the time. He was then taken out of the bath, and was placed again on the bed.

In answer to questions by the *Court*.—It was a hard slap with her right hand. The fit was observed when he was put into the water.

Examination resumed.—Matthias came in, and I asked him again, if Mrs. Dratch could see Mr. Pierson, as he had had his bath; he kept on preaching, and made no reply. In the evening Matthias came into the parlor, and preached until she went to bed, and she did not see Mr. P. at all. He was lying on the pallet on the floor, and made a noise that night and the night before; it arose apparently from a difficulty of breathing. M. on Tuesday night, at eleven o'clock, told Isabella to fetch some water; she brought it in to Mr. Pierson. Matthias then poured the water out of the pitcher down Mr. Pierson's throat. She held up a sheet on each side of his mouth while he was doing it. Mr. Pierson made a distressing noise, which induced me to go out of the room; it was a noise as if he was strangling from the effects of the water.

To the *Court*.—Matthias was standing with the pitcher. Mr. Pierson was lying on the bed that was placed upon the ground; he did not speak when pouring the water at all. After this, Mr. Pierson was left alone that night. I could not sleep much; I had heard him make a noise about one or two o'clock. After the noise had ceased, Matthias went into Mr. Pierson's room. As I crossed the entry, Matthias with a shake of the head said "he was dead!". I had not expected it, and thought it was the last struggle with the spirit, and that he would recover. These were the doctrines of Matthias. The family were

not called up; next morning I lay unusually late. When, however, I got into the parlor, I found Mrs. Dratch there with Matthias. He had told her that Pierson was dead; and she did not see him until after breakfast. We were all waiting for directions how to proceed. The first news I heard was that Matthias had sent Lewis to Mr. Bishop to inform him that Pierson was dead.

MRS. ANN FOLGER CROSS-EXAMINED.

Q. What was Matthias called? A. He was called "The Father."

Q. What were *you* called? A. "Mother." I attended to the regulation of the house; I consulted him from time to time and pursued his wishes.

[Matthias was here observed to show dissent, and directed some questions to be put.]

Q. Did you not consult him in household matters, and then take your own course afterwards? A. I did not.

Q. In regard to the attendance on Mr. Pierson, was not any body at liberty to follow their own spirit? A. No. On the contrary, I was accused by Matthias of being the cause of Mr. Pierson's sick devils.

Q. Did yourself ever forbid any person from going into the room during the last sickness of Mr. Pierson? A. No.

Q. Did you never forbid Isabella? A. No; not that I remember.

Q. Do you recollect reprimanding Elizabeth for being so much in her father's room?

A. No; on the contrary, I urged her to go in.

Q. Did you ever know Matthias refuse him any thing during his illness that he desired? A. I do not.

Q. Was he not so sick as not to need his food? A. His meals were sent to him until Monday, when he became senseless.

Q. Why was not a physician sent for? Was it contrary to your religion? A. Matthias thought that physicians, ministers, and lawyers, were the greatest evils upon earth.

Q. You all believed in the idea that there was no need

of physicians, or medicine, or mortal agency to recall him?" A. Yes; I had no doubt *then*—I have now.

Q. Was not every possible attention shown to Mr. Pierson consistent with your creed?

A. Yes; the idea was to mortify and punish the sick spirit until he made it depart.

Q. Did not every one feel a deep interest in his recovery?

A. We did; but at the same time nothing was done, except giving him food.

Q. Was that done with your best judgment?

A. It was done with my best judgment *then*, but not according to my former experience or practice. I was treated in the same way myself, when I was sick; I was left on my bed unattended to, in sickness; none came near me.

Q. Was it one part of your creed that there should be a community of interests as to property? A. Yes.

Q. Was all the property that was there held for the benefit of the community?

A. All the property that was there was not owned by any one except Matthias. He would frequently say to me, "How dare you say so to me, in my own house?"

By the *Court*.—Do you know what is meant by a community of interests in property? A. Yes, Sir.

Cross-examination resumed.—Who were the individuals who brought property into the common stock? A. Most of the property was our own, (Mr. Folger's;) Mr. Pierson bought the house and furniture afterwards.

Q. Did the *humble* Isabella (the black woman,) bring any thing? A. I believe not.

Q. Did she put in her wages?

A. She came with Matthias as his servant; he would not allow her wages.

Q. Did she bring any furniture?

A. She did; but I understood from Matthias that it was his.

Q. Was she a disciple? A. Yes, before I was.

Q. Had she lived with, or kept house for, Mr. Pierson before that?

A. She did his work; I believe she was not considered as his housekeeper.

Q. Whose coachman was Lewis? **A:** Matthias'; and he was hired by him.

Q. How long before the sickness did Mr. Pierson come up to Mount Zion?

A. I cannot tell.

Q. Was it by land or by steamboat?

A. I think the last time he came from home, Mr. Pierson was alone. I think he was not with Lewis in the carriage.

Q. When Isabella slapped Mr. Pierson in the face, was it intended as a slap at the spirit, or a slap on the body?

A. It was not so offensive to me then as I consider it to be now. On this subject, my fear would be that the devil would enter into me. She also dreaded it might go into her, for which reason she inflicted the slap. Our acquaintance with Mr. Pierson commenced in 1826, and before his wife died. I was not at his house when she died.

Q. Did he labor under peculiar notions as to her resurrection?

A. Mr. Pierson believed in her first and second resurrection, just before her death. Mrs. Pierson was very anxious on the subject of religion; Mr. Pierson also was very much so; he felt peculiarly enlightened; he regarded the signs of the times, and expected her resurrection very near that time.

Mr. Storrs submitted to the court whether any questions upon occurrences as to Mr. Pierson's wife were relevant?

Mr. Western argued that the question was relevant, inasmuch as he desired to show that Mr. Pierson was shattered in mind and body antecedent to his connection with Matthias, and precisely in that condition to fall a victim, from that very circumstance, and become a prey to disease. He felt that he was entitled to investigate into his previous state.

Mrs. Folger here said, "Well, Sir, you will not find it so by any investigation."

Mr. Western.—Very well, Madam, that may all be.

Mr. Storrs replied.—The *Court* decided that the question was relevant.

Cross-examination resumed.—What did take place after the burial of *Mrs. Pierson*?

A. *Mr. Pierson* believed that the days of the Apostles would be revived; that the sick would be restored, and the dead raised. When the physicians had given up all hopes of her recovery, he said, that "God's extremity was man's opportunity," and that the elders of the church should be called together, and his wife anointed. In doing so, he sheltered himself under the word of God, and obeyed that injunction of Scripture, which says, "if there be any sick among you, let them call for the elders of the church, and anoint them with oil, and they will be healed." He had prayers and offerings made for her recovery; and after her death he called on the elders, who attended; one was a Methodist minister: there were prayers, and *Mr. Pierson* anointed his wife. I left the city next day. There is not any person here who was at the funeral; he then expected she would not die; this was before she died. *Mr. Pierson*, however, laid aside these ideas some time after, and did not again recur to them. The first fits that I knew him to have, was the same fall, in the house in Third street, New York.

To the court.—He came to Sing Sing the fall before the summer he died.

Cross-examined.—I saw him in Third street, in fits; the first time he was on the sofa. He then made no noise until the fit was going off.

Q. Were his hands drawn up, or one of them clenched?

A. I did not observe that they were; he washed his face in cold water after it; I asked him next morning how he did, he said, "Very well! very well! very well!" He made the same noise in other fits; they lasted two or three minutes; he kept his position in his chair as if conversing; and when he was seized with these fits, he

would recommence with the same subject that had been interrupted by his being attacked.

Q. Did you remark that these fits increased in strength, or became worse gradually?

A. The first bad one was on the Tuesday before he died.

Q. Independent of this religious belief that he would be saved, did you not dread that there was danger in these repeated fits, and that he might die of them?

A. If I had depended on my own strength and experience, I would have resorted to the means I had been accustomed to heretofore; but *then* my confidence was in Matthias, therefore I thought he would deliver him. We believed that if Mr. Pierson was to cry or call mightily on Matthias he would and could cure him; I asked him to cry out to him, as every one was to cry out for themselves. We were forbid to pray to any body but him. I believe that Mr. Pierson was truly a man of prayer.

Q. Was it in consequence of your considering his life in danger from these fits, that you kindly persuaded him to call mightily upon the Father to be delivered from them?

A. No, Sir; I was taught to believe that Mr. Pierson would live forever; it was not on that account. I was taught to believe that the last enemy to be destroyed was "death," and that Matthias had power and had come to destroy that enemy. [*Great sensation.*] I told Matthias more than once, that Mr. Pierson's health was not good; his tongue was furred, and that he ought to have an *enema*.

The *Court*.—What was Matthias' answer to that? A. He told me "he was attending to his (Matthias) own business, and was watching Mr. Pierson's spirit."

Cross-examined.—How long before his death had he these fits at Sing Sing?

A. I cannot state the time; he had one during the winter; he would have but one, with at first an interval of several weeks; then came two or three within one week of each other, before the last attack.

Q. Did you observe that he had those fits after he had been eating hearty?

A. He generally had them after his dinner, and sometimes in the night.

Q. Was it after a hearty supper? A. No, Sir; we never had hearty suppers; we had no meat, simply coffee and bread; the fits would be sometimes after he had left off eating. Q. On the occasion of the last attack in the barn, had he been working any where that day?

A. He was assisting in salting the hay; I don't know if he had been raking hay in the field; I do not remember if the day was hot.

Q. What were his fits called? A. "Fitty devils." Dr. Payne attended him in New York; I do not know what they were called if they were not epilepsy: there was the same stuttering—the same twisting of the head and hands, a particular contortion of the right arm and leg, and he died that way. Q. What was the reason his bedstead was taken away? A. It was not taken away by Matthias' direction; the mattrass only was laid on the floor; the reason was, that there was a sick devil in him, and he should not defile it. I do not know that the reason of changing was to prevent Mr. Pierson from falling off the bedstead. On the Monday morning that Mr. Pierson was taken senseless, I had an errand to the kitchen; Isabella, Elizabeth, and Matthias, were all talking in the kitchen entry; I observed the door open, and this was generally offensive to him, as he thought the door should be kept closed, in order to confine the sick spirit; knowing that it was so, and seeing Elizabeth talking with Isabella with the door open, I closed the door, and told her if she did not wish Mr. Pierson to hear, they ought to keep it shut.

Q. Was Elizabeth old enough to bring any necessaries that he wanted during his sickness? A. Oh, yes, and capable. Q. Was she affectionate and attentive? A. There is a fickleness in Elizabeth; she was obedient to her father; I would not insinuate that she was disrespectful, for I would not expect that conduct in her as from an

older person ; she was attentive until he became insensible ; I presume then it was unpleasant to her to be confined to his room. She also was a believer ; she knew the bath was given to Mr. Pierson by direction of Matthias. He was palsied on one side ; the leg and arm were twisted. Q. Was it understood that the Father held all the property for the benefit of all those who belonged to "the kingdom?" A. Yes, Sir. Q. Was it Elizabeth or Isabella who washed or otherwise prepared the blackberries that he ate? A. No : although I knew it was Elizabeth's duty. Q. Did Matthias prepare them? A. I don't know ; the berries were brought in by his youngest son, John ; Matthias remained in the field ; I do not remember that they were prepared and waiting on the table before he came in ; supper was not prepared until after he came in ; Mr. Pierson and he sat a good deal in the parlor, as well as the kitchen. Q. How were they prepared? A. With white sugar ; there was nothing unusual, but that Matthias took offence about the plate. Q. Was he as offensive or touchy on other occasions as well as upon this? A. He was indeed.

Q. When he vomited, what did he throw up? A. A very considerable quantity of water. Q. Did I understand you to say you were at liberty to consult the promptings of your spirit, but if the spirit prompted you badly, then it was an evil spirit, and that you were liable to censure? A. Yes ; I used to go to him, and ascertain how I should proceed. Q. When you would follow your own mind, it would not always meet his approbation? Were the others equally permitted to follow their own spirit? A. No : only when he gave them that liberty.

Re-examined.—None of the property was conveyed by Matthias to any other individual. He was severe, and offended if the house and every thing in it was not called his own. I did not know of my knowledge, how Matthias came from New York.

The *District Attorney* produced the lease from Pierson to Matthias of Mount Zion, dated 12th March, 1834, for ninety-nine years, at the rent of one dollar a year. Matthias re-conveyed the lease to the daughter of Pierson on

the 14th of August, 1834. The lot contained a house and twenty-nine acres, subject to a debt of \$3,500.

Mrs. Catharine Gallaway, another of the disciples, was examined.—I lived at Mount Pleasant, or Mount Zion, with the community; I went there the February before Mr. Pierson died; I remained until his death; I was then under the firm belief of Matthias' doctrines, and that they were true; I had previously lived in Cherry street, New York. I have heard Mrs. Folger's testimony to-day, as to the doctrines inculcated by him; they were those doctrines which he inculcated; I entertain no difference of opinion, as to her statement of the house, &c. The witness here corroborated the testimony of the last witness, and detailed her own willingness to go into the room when the bath was ordered for Mr. Pierson, for Matthias; he then looked very hard at her, when she said, "Father, I will go, if you say so." Matthias replied, "I say so;" she accordingly went in, and assisted by bringing in water; she said further, that she was induced to rise, when she heard the noise alluded to, in order to see if Mr. Pierson had fallen. She saw Mr. Pierson after his death; he appeared, when in the bath, to be insensible; knew nothing of any offence being given by Pierson to Matthias, or of any censure passed on him. If any thing was not done right, he would say "he would pronounce a curse immediately." Q. What was his language? "We would be cursed to the bottomless pit, and should not enter into the kingdom." I don't recollect any thing in particular, of this kind, as to Mr. Pierson; these terms were often used; Matthias has spoken harshly to Mr. Pierson in her hearing.

Cross-examined.—We were taught to believe that all sick spirits were evil, and sickness was only to be removed by resisting the sick spirit! No means for this purpose were used, except prayers, and the treatment to myself, when sick, was the same. I first knew Mrs. Pierson at Mount Zion; there was nothing allowed to Mrs. Folger, either, when she was sick; Mrs. Folger was regarded as "mother." Prayers and faith alone were necessary; they were to look to Matthias to relieve them from sickness.

The counsel for the prosecution recalled Dr. Condict, senior, and proposed to put the question directly to him,—“Is it your opinion that the death of Mr. Pierson was caused by the want of care, or nursing, or any of the kind offices of humanity requisite for a person in such a condition?”

Mr. Western objected to the admission of the testimony, on the ground that the doctor was not present in court during the whole of the time Mrs. Folger was under examination.

The Court decided that the question was valid.

The District Attorney having announced that he had no further evidence to present,

Judge Ruggles said—The Court have come to the conclusion, that there is no evidence, in this case, to show that the deceased came to his death by poison. The court cannot undertake to say for themselves, whether the deceased did not die from the disease itself, or that he would have died, if he had had the best medical treatment that could possibly have been procured. The disease with which he was afflicted often produced death, and it may have been so in this case. Unless, therefore, there is further evidence to prove that the death of Mr. Pierson was not produced by the culpable negligence of the prisoner, or by any thing else other than the disease itself, then would I advise you to find him Not Guilty.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

The prisoner's countenance brightened up amazingly, on hearing the foreman of the jury say—Not Guilty; but, for what followed, on the contrary, he was equally as much depressed in spirits. His face underwent a great change, and he heaved a sigh showing most conclusively what were the feelings which agitated his breast at that moment; and he clearly indicated the surprise and horror he felt, when he heard there was another indictment against him.

After the announcement of the verdict of Not Guilty, and when Matthias was, no doubt, thinking that he should be

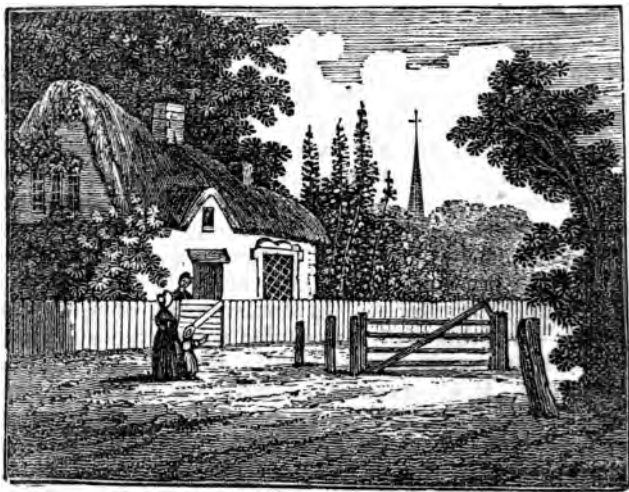
restored to his liberty, the district attorney said he had an indictment against him, for an assault on his daughter, and keeping her in confinement against her will. The prisoner was accordingly arraigned on that indictment, and then remarked, "Well, I suppose this is another branch of the persecution which has been carried on against me!" The counsel for the prisoner (Mr. Western,) produced a paper signed by Matthias' daughter, in which it was set forth that she prayed a *nolle prosequi* to be entered in the case. His daughter Isabella Laisdell appeared in court, and said she did not wish to proceed against her father,—that she freely forgave him. This move evidently took the district attorney by surprise; however, after some little delay, as to how the court should proceed, it was decided that the husband of the plaintiff should be called. Having been called to the stand, he said he was unwilling that any compromise should be entered into, consequently the court decided that the trial should proceed. It appeared in evidence, that Isabella Laisdell, (aged eighteen,) daughter of the prisoner, was married a little more than a year ago, at Albany, to Charles Laisdell. Her mother resided at the same place; but her husband (Matthias,) had not lived with her for four or five years past. At the time of the assault, last January twelve month, he was living at Sing Sing, where his daughter came on a visit, but more for the purpose of protecting her two little brothers, who were invited to come from Albany to see their father. When he learnt that Isabella was married, he was greatly displeased, especially as she had not first asked his consent. He declared that she was too young to marry, and that her marriage was null and void. She said she would not remain there any longer, in consequence of which, he gave her a beating with a cowhide across the shoulders. The next day, complaining to Mrs. Folger that she was unwell, Mrs. F. observed that she did not believe it—that no person there believed in sickness or dying. Isabella said she would rather die, than believe in such a doctrine. This roused Mrs. Folger's ire, and she told Matthias that

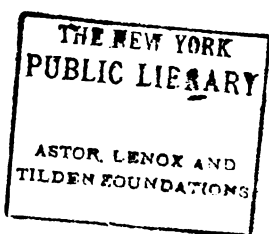
his daughter had said, "she would die before she would obey him," instead of the real story. The prisoner being exceedingly angry, inflicted upon her another beating, a much more severe one than the former, and at the end of five or six weeks there remained a scar on her right arm. This last fact, as well as others, was corroborated by her husband, who after some trouble, as he says, recovered her. The jury found the prisoner guilty of the assault, and the court sentenced him to be confined three months in the jail at White Plains for it, and also one month for contempt of court.

The court, on sentencing Matthias, told him that the times for practising these foolish impositions were past. They were satisfied he was an impostor, and that he did not believe in his own doctrines. They advised him that when he should come out of jail, to shave off his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work for a living like an honest man.

MATTHIAS.—It is not true.

He was then taken out of court.







John Washburn.

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
JOHN WASHBURN,**

The great Western Robber,

*who was concerned in upwards of thirty murders,
and executed at Cincinnati on the 6th
of January, 1837.*

JOHN WASHBURN was born in Rockingham county, in the state of North Carolina, of parents who were poor but respectable. His father was a shoemaker, who died when he had arrived at the age of twelve years. He had very little education, being only able to read, although his parents used their best endeavors to bring him up in the way he should go. After his father's death he was put under the charge of an older brother, a farmer, with whom he stayed one year; but owing to the ill treatment he received he left him in the winter of 1826, and went down the river to Randolph, at which place he remained about three months, employed in a brick-yard. Here he commenced his fatal career of guilt by stealing from his master twenty-five dollars.

From Randolph he went to Memphis, where he again obtained employment in a brick-yard, and worked steady for two months. Here he unfortunately became acquainted with a man by the name of Denny, who persuaded him to quit work, and live by the same means he did, namely thieving, and they became sworn friends. One Sunday evening they went down to the landing and boarded a trading vessel, under the pretence that they wanted passage down the river. Having proceeded about three miles Denny drew a pistol and shot the owner of the vessel, through the head, and threw the body overboard. They then took from the boat six hundred dol-

lars in specie, with goods to the amount of five hundred dollars. The goods they disposed of to a man that kept a store on the bank of the river about twelve miles from where the murder was committed. They then sunk the boat and returned to Memphis, congratulating each other on their good fortune, and seemed to think it was a much better way of living than by hard work.

They then bought two horses, pistols, &c. and equipped themselves for the highway. They travelled about two hundred and fifty miles to a town by the name of Glayden, put up their horses, and retired to a tavern, a short distance from the town, where they remained some time before any thing of consequence transpired, but finally they met with a mail cart a few miles from the town. Washburn caught hold of the reins, and Denny pulled the driver from his seat, and they put a handkerchief over his eyes, and rifled the mail, which they found to contain about fifteen hundred dollars. They then released the driver and returned to the tavern, and before retiring to bed entered a store and stole near two thousand dollars' worth of goods and money. The next morning they went into the woods and buried the money in a jar, and returned to hear the news. They went direct to the store they had robbed, where a crowd was assembled, and Denny stole three pocket-books, the contents of which amounted to seven hundred dollars.

They soon after fell in with a young man by the name of Henry Roberts, and they all three went about seven miles to a farmer's house, where Roberts had once lived. Roberts knocked at the door and applied for lodging for himself and friends. The old man readily agreed to this, and showed them up stairs to a bedchamber, where they laid down but did not undress. After the old man had retired, they got up and Roberts led the way down stairs. Roberts took an axe and went to the farmer's bedside, and cut his head off with two blows. They then plundered the house of eighteen hundred dollars in gold and silver. This murder was committed in the winter of 1827.

Washburn then left his old companions in crime and went to Natches, where he became acquainted with Lov-

ett, Jones and Carter, and commenced business with Lovett. About their first crime was to murder a cotton planter, whom they met coming from the bank where he had been to draw six hundred dollars. They went out of town a few miles, and waited till the planter came along, when they caught hold of the horse's bridle, and both fired at him at the same time—one ball entered his breast and the other his head. He fell and expired immediately; when they took his six hundred dollars, turned the horse adrift, and concealed the body in the hollow stump of a tree and covered it with leaves. This was in the summer of 1828, and during the latter period of that year he was busily engaged in burglary, picking pockets and the like, until January following. Washburn and Carter went to New Orleans, where they led a dreadful dissipated life for three months. One night they went to a roulette table and lost one thousand dollars, but on their return home met a man and robbed him of fifteen hundred dollars. Soon after they broke into a jeweller's shop and stole watches, &c. to the amount of two thousand dollars, which they entrusted to the care of one Henry Wight, who took good care of it, for he cleared out with the lot. For a long time they led a life of drunkenness and debauchery. The most cruel robbery was at the house of a widow lady. They knocked at the door, she let them in, and they then told her if she did not tell them where her money was, they would take her life. She accordingly gave them the keys of her drawers, from which they took all of value she possessed, amounting to twelve hundred dollars.

They then returned to Natches, and on their passage committed a robbery to the amount of twelve hundred dollars on one of the passengers. A great noise was made about it, and every person was searched, but Washburn concealed the book in the blacksmith's shop until the night they arrived at Natches, and as they were going ashore from the boat, stole a box belonging to a Dutchman containing seven hundred dollars in gold.

Washburn stayed at Natches for three months, in all manner of crime; one burglary in particular, where Lov-

ett, who had again associated with him, killed the servant girl by knocking her head, with a large hammer, after which they robbed the store of five hundred dollars in money and goods to the amount of two thousand dollars. They then took up the body of the unfortunate girl and threw it down a well at the back part of the house. At this time there were a number of persons at Natches termed *fences*, that is, receivers of stolen goods. They would purchase property to any amount, and of any person they knew to be a thief. This robbery and murder was committed in the winter of 1829. For this crime they were arrested, and after three weeks confinement, broke jail and escaped. They then went to Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river, where they were again arrested, on the same charge they had been confined for in the Natches jail, where they remained three months, and again broke jail and escaped to Nashville by stage, where they remained concealed for three months, venturing out only in the night, disguised. One night they entered the Exchange Bank, through the back door, by means of a skeleton key, but could not gain an entrance to the vault on account of the goodness of the lock, but they found a package of money in a desk amounting to three thousand dollars.

In the year 1829, he received a letter from his mother begging him to return home, and although he had so deeply entered crime, he seems not to have lost all feeling for his parent, and he accordingly left his companions and went home. On his arrival he had three thousand dollars in money; with a part of it he bought her the lease of about fifty acres of land, farming utensils, and household furniture, and turned his attention to industry. For a time he thrived in his new occupation, after which his mother married a second husband, but he and his step-father not agreeing, he again left his home, and every thing he had purchased.

He once more went to New Orleans to find his old companions, and succeeded in finding Lovett and Jones at liberty, and they all took different boarding houses, and whenever an opportunity presented itself at either of the

houses to commit a robbery, they never failed to embrace it, and the one that obtained the booty always passed it to one that was outside by appointment. By this means, in case a search took place in a house that had been robbed, which was frequently the case, nothing could be found.

In the fall of 1831, they were all concerned in a most inhuman murder. They received the information that the master of a flat boat had sold out his stock. They received their information from a man named Sims. While the master was asleep they went on board, and Carter, with a hatchet, struck the man across the forehead and completely opened his head ; after which he cut the head from the body. This done, they searched the trunks, and found eighteen hundred dollars. Carter and Sims were arrested for this murder, and Sims confessed the truth. The others escaped.

Washburn proceeded to Bayoa Plaquewine, where he became acquainted with two men by the name of Wm. Dugin and George Dickson, and they soon after broke open the cabin of a schooner, from which they obtained twelve hundred dollars in cash, with which they bought a small sail boat and went to a place called "Last Island, where they remained a short time, and set sail for Paddy's Island, seven hundred miles from Last Island, but falling in with head winds they had a rough time, and on the fifth day lost one of their companions, Dugin. They arrived at their destination in thirty-one days, where they remained about a week, and then sailed for Metamoras, where they met with great success, and finally were made constables of. They then wrote to Lovett, Jones and Carter, informing them that it was a good place to make money, and they soon followed them, and commenced their old business of plundering. They boarded at a tavern kept by a negro, whom they found quite an acquisition ; he concealed their plunder in his house, and hoped their stay would be of a long duration, as a more honorable set of gentlemen he never met with. They stayed at this place six months, and still held their situa-

tion as constables, and committed robberies too numerous to mention, and fourteen murders.

They left *Metamoras* in the *Lady Franklin*, with one hundred thousand dollars. Some passengers supposing they had come by the boxes in which this money was in an unfair way, accordingly seized them and said they should be detained until satisfactory proof should be shown that they had been honestly obtained. They affirmed that the money had been intrusted to them by the people of *Metamoras* to place in the New Orleans Bank, and the passengers agreed that when this *fact* was proved, the money should be returned. Carter wrote a letter to the negro, with directions to him what answer to return. At the time expected the answer came, and was satisfactory to them, and the money was given up.

At New Orleans they then opened a coffee house, two dance houses, a roulette and faro bank, and they all entered deeply into gambling and were unfortunate; so much so that in one year they gave up their whole establishment, their money being nearly exhausted.

After giving up these establishments, Washburn and Carter left New Orleans for Pensacola, and they soon after sent for Lovett, who followed them, and they again commenced their career by committing a most barbarous murder. Their intended victim was an Englishman, whom they observed to enter one of the city banks, accompanied by another man. Lovett followed them into the bank and saw one of them present a check for six thousand dollars, which was paid him. After their victims had come out of the bank, they followed them for a number of hours. At length they went down towards the wharf, and suddenly they missed one of them, and it being dark they were not certain which of the two had disappeared. They then ran round a square, and meeting the unfortunate man, Lovett caught hold of him by the collar of his coat; Washburn stabbed him seven times in the upper part of the abdomen, and his bowels gushed out. They then robbed the deceased of his pocket-book and watch. The book contained sixty-five dollars. They

had murdered the wrong man, the one who disappeared having had the six thousand dollars.

A woman witnessed this bloody deed, who was looking from the window of the house close by where the murder was committed. This woman observed them plain enough to give their description, in consequence of which they were all apprehended, tried and sentenced to die. The night previous to their execution, they were all confined in one room. This room contained a window which looked into the yard of the jail, and was strongly secured by six iron bars, but their friends outside furnished them with two small spring saws, with which they cut their leg irons and four of the bars from the window, which made sufficient room for them to get through, which they did, and made all possible haste to their old quarters at New Orleans.

From New Orleans Washburn went to the upper part of the state of Mississippi, where a free negro informed him that a man named Wm. Foster was in the habit of keeping considerable sums of money in his house, which was situated on the bank of the river. Washburn ascertained that his wife was about leaving home for a few days to attend on a relative who was sick, and he thought this would be a favorable opportunity for his bloody purpose, and accordingly went to his house, alone, about eleven o'clock at night. He found the door secured by the latch only; he opened it softly, and found Mr. Foster asleep. Washburn went up to his bedside and in the most deliberate manner stabbed him seven times in the breast. He rifled the house, and in a drawer he found five hundred dollars in bills and specie. He then went into a barn and remained till day-break. This murder was committed in July, 1834. From this place he went to Natches and returned to his favorite employment of picking pockets.

He finally returned again to his mother's, who had then removed to Wabash county, Illinois, and in that vicinity remained, pursuing a very regular course of life for him, until the fall of 1835, when, getting tired of home, he left it, and for the last time.

He went directly to Cincinnati, where he remained but two days, and took passage in the steamboat Pike for Louisville, accompanied by a man named Thomas Wiggins, an inhabitant of that place. The first night after their arrival they committed a burglary at a dry goods store, and carried off six hundred dollars' worth of dry goods. They packed them up and put them on the boat Pike, intending to send them to a receiver of stolen goods at Cincinnati. Wiggins and two of his companions went in the same boat the chest was in, but Washburn went on the boat Eccles. On their arrival at Cincinnati an officer from Louisville was in waiting for them, and the companions of Wiggins were arrested with the chest in their possession; but Wiggins, possessing a keen eye and a light pair of heels, managed to escape with Washburn. Those arrested were tried and sent to the penitentiary.

Washburn then went to work for Mr. Peter Townsend, at his brick-yard on Deer Creek, where he remained steady for three weeks, when he became acquainted with Matthias Hoover, which resulted in the fatal deed for which he was condemned. They, together with one Davies, committed various robberies in that vicinity previous to the murder of Mr. Beaver, for which they were arrested.

They went to Mr. Beaver's house about eleven o'clock at night, and knocked at the door. The old man asked them what they wanted. They replied they wanted something to drink before they retired to rest. Davies entered first, took the key out of the door and handed it to Washburn; Hoover followed him. Washburn remained outside to watch, while he held the key in his hand, and kept the door a little open, so that he could see what was going on inside. Some words arose with Davies and Mr. Beaver, when Davies struck him with an iron pin on the forehead—he fell. Then Hoover struck him seven times on the back part of the head with a heavy stick. They commenced searching his pockets and found a bunch of keys, when they commenced searching the house and found five hundred and fifty dollars in gold,

silver and bills, also a watch, which they put into a shot bag, and Davies placed it in his hat. They then came out of the house, and Washburn locked the door, and left the key in the door. They went about fifty yards from the house, and then sat down and counted the money. Davies was to take care of the whole of it until the following night, when they proposed to meet at Hoover's house to divide their booty.

On Monday morning Washburn got up and went to work at the brick-yard, where he remained until ten o'clock in the forenoon, when he was arrested on suspicion of the murder, and shortly afterwards they arrested Hoover, who immediately confessed that Washburn had committed the murder, and swore to it on trial, by which evidence principally Washburn was convicted.

He was sentenced to be executed on the 25th of November, 1836; but in consequence of a confession made by Hoover, a respite was obtained from the Governor until the 6th day of January, 1837. The substance of the confession was that he admitted that he had sworn falsely against Washburn, and that he was entirely innocent of any participation in the murder or robbery; but he had made so many different statements his word was not believed, and Washburn was accordingly executed at the time set before a vast assemblage of people.

The following are his last words, spoken on the scaffold fifteen minutes before his death.

"MY FRIENDS: I am about to die to expiate a catalogue of the blackest crimes ever committed by mortal man. I deserve to die this death. I have spent my brief existence in perpetrating damning outrages upon my fellow-men. I commenced my career in the days of my youth, and continued it until at last the hand of justice has overtaken me, and why should I not submit to so just a fate?

"Suffer a dying man on this awful occasion to warn the youths who are present to witness this execution, to beware of the manifold allurements which are calculated to lead them to the same ignominious end to which I am brought. The first step towards this is intemperance.

This, my friends, has this day led me to the scaffold. I was turned out upon the world when but a boy ; my first offence was that of intemperance, and from that to robbery, and from robbery to murder in every degree. I was led on from one offence to another until my skill in murdering became my boast !

"I became colleagued with others, and with them I prowled through the country, seeking out the most profitable victims, and many, too many did we find. We strolled from city to city, and from town to town, killing and robbing throughout the United States, and not satisfied with that we went to Metamoras ! There we succeeded to our hearts' content, and returned loaded with our ill-gotten treasure, all of which we squandered in a very short time.

"My friends—I meet my fate willingly. I deserve thus to die on the scaffold ; and I could this moment point out in the multitude before me six or eight who have been my companions in crime, and who also deserve the same fate. I now am done. Let my last words be a warning to boys, young men, and all others, to beware of intemperance, incontinence, Sabbath breaking, and bad company, being the predominating principles which have led me to this unhappy fate.—*Farewell !!!*"



**SKETCH OF THE MURDER OF
MISS REAY,
Perpetrated by James Hackman.**



The following description of the scenes of this extraordinary and romantic catastrophe are related by a person who was an eye witness, both of the murder and the execution.

On the evening of the seventh of April, 1779, I left my lodgings in the Strand, at an early hour, for Covent Garden Theatre. The house was filling, as I sought my box. The play was *Love in a Village*, and the cast for the evening embraced some of the then most popular performers

of the day. There was a continual influx of beauty and fashion, until the dress circles assumed an appearance of absolute splendor. Plumes waved; jewelled hands lifted the golden-bound glass to the voluptuous eye; and all the pomp and circumstance of a brilliant auditory garnished the scene. One "taken" box still remained without its occupants; but at the close of the first act, they entered. A middle aged, but fine-featured and cheerful-looking gentleman, with an Irish physiognomy, handed into her place a lady of such surpassing loveliness, that,—the first glance being taken,—I could scarcely withdraw from her the patronage of my eye. She was dressed in the magnificent fashion of the time; her hair parting off from her temples and forehead like a wave, and falling in two large masses on either side of her polished neck. Her brow was high and clear; her eyes of heaven's own azure; her nose had the fair lines and nostril-curve of Greece; her cheeks and chin softly dimpled, and her ruby lips wearing "a smile, the sweetest that ever was seen." The dazzling creature took her place, and adjusted her scarf with inimitable gracefulness. Her dress, I well remember, was in the height of taste; the white lace ruffles of her short sleeves terminating at the elbows, and showing the perfect symmetry of her hand and arm, as she plied her pretty fan, or peered through her glass at the *Pride of the Village*. I was quite overcome with admiration.

"Pray who can that be?" said I to a friend.

"What a question!" was the reply. "How ignorant you are! 'Not to know her, argues yourself unknown.' That is the splendid Miss REAY,—the fair friend of Lord Sandwich, who is her protector. He has given her the protection that vultures give to lambs. She has borne him two or three lovely, cherub-like children. He is twice her senior in years,—has robbed her of her best treasure,—and it is strongly whispered she loves him not. When in public, as at present, she usually appears without him."

I did not prolong my inquiries,—for the lady herself at-

tracted my sole attention, to the utter disregard of the play. As I was gazing in that direction, I saw a person standing at the door of a box near by, whom at the first glance I took for a maniac. His eyes glared with unsettled wildness; his face was pale as death, and the damp hair hung in heavy threads over his forehead. He was looking at Miss Reay with an expression in which love and hate seemed struggling for empire. He was well-sized, handsome, and of goodly presence. He was dressed in black. I never beheld a countenance in which so much mental excitement was depicted. His livid lips moved as if in a kind of prayer: he would sometimes press his hand against his forehead or his heart; and finally, after a long and lingering look at the lady I have mentioned, raised his handkerchief hurriedly to his eyes and disappeared.

I never remember to have passed an evening in such perfect abstraction as this. The intoxication of beauty overpowered me; and so rapt had been my attention, that I scarcely knew when the play was over. I hurried out as soon as the curtain fell, and stepping to the piazzas, waited to see the fair creature enter her carriage. She passed by me, with her attendant, his epaulets glittering in the lamp-light. A kind of enchantment possessed me, and a foreboding that some doleful disaster was about to happen. I was moving onward, and stood within a few feet of the lady, when I heard the loud and stunning report of a heavily-charged pistol. Another followed,—and shrieks and groans resounded along the arches. I rushed toward the spot whence the deadly sounds proceeded, and found the brilliant being whom I have described, weltering in her blood. The ball had entered her fair forehead, and her vestments were deluged with gore. The sight was horrid beyond description. She was perfectly dead. I penetrated the crowd that had surrounded the murderer. It was the same person whom I had noticed in the theatre, and whose looks were so desperate. His face was white as snow; his eyes dilated, and his lips compressed; but his demeanor evinced a kind of

peaceful tranquillity, or dead stupor; the awful calm that follows a tempest of passion. The blood, and even portions of the brain of his victim were on his sleeve. Never shall I forget the terror of that scene. He had attempted immediately after killing Miss Reay to destroy his own life; but his murderous weapon failed in its effect, and he stood mute before the multitude, a personification of immovable Horror.

The next day, all the events which led to the deplorable deed I had witnessed, were brought to light. The murderer was a young clergyman, named *James Hackman*. He was formerly an officer in one of the British regiments; and being invited on one occasion to dine with Lord Sandwich at Hichinbrook House, he met Miss Reay, and soon became so desperately enamored of her as to weaken his health. He finally,—more probably for the purpose of being near the object of his love, than for any other cause,—left the army, took holy orders, and obtained the living of Wiverton in Norfolk.

Perhaps a more affecting and melancholy termination of unlawful love never occurred than this. Miss Reay had little or no affection for the nobleman who had so foully wronged her; and the first object of her passion was undoubtedly the young military clergyman. In the course of time he completely won her heart, and alienated her regard, if any she had, entirely from her first lord. A series of letters passed between them for several years, printed copies of which are now before me, and some of which, or extracts from them, it may not be improper to give. He ultimately removed to Ireland; and on his return found the heart of his versatile mistress changed forever, and in favor of a third admirer. While, however, in the mutual “tempest, torrent, and I may say, whirlwind of their passion,”—while he was in the constant course of dishonoring the man whose hospitality he had so often enjoyed, (if dishonor it may be called, under the circumstances,) the epistles which the parties addressed to each other breathe the very soul of feeling. Never, perhaps, was there a more awful exemplification, than in

the case of these short-lived lovers, of the truth of Shakspeare's line :

" These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their sweetness die."

Huntingdon, 8th Dec. 1775.

" To Miss ——. Then I release my dear soul from her promise about to-day. If you do not see that all which he can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love, I have done forever. I would purchase my happiness at any price but at the expense of yours. Look over my letters, think over my conduct, consult your own heart, read these two long letters of your own writing, which I return you. Then tell me whether we love or not. And if we love, (as witness both our hearts,) shall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the prize that's due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and he possess the casket? Shall I have your soul, and he your hand, your lips, your eyes?

" Gracious God of Love ! I can neither write nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

" Your own, own H."

This impassioned letter, with others previously sent, induced the following reply :

H. 10th Dec., '75.

" To Mr. H——. Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday, have drove me mad. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value, be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a lord for a commission? *

* * * My soul is above my situation. Besides, I will not take advantage of what may be only, perhaps, (excuse me) a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet you may love me as sincerely as I——

" But I will transcribe you a verse which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, although it's my favorite. It is said to be a part of an old Scottish ballad,—not is it

generally believed that Lady L. wrote it. It is so descriptive of our situation, I wept over it like a child yesterday.

'I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin :
I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.'

"For God's sake let me see my Jamie to-morrow. Your name is also Jamie."

It would of course be useless for me to follow up these epistolary details of passion and crime. At my present age, when "the hey-day of the blood is cool, and humble, and waits upon the judgment," I look upon them as the confessions of two minds alienated from reason by temporary madness. Three days after the date of the foregoing, the reverend lover wrote thus :

Huntingdon, 13th Dec., '75.

"To Miss —. My Life and Soul ! But I will never more use any preface of this sort, and I beg you will not. A correspondence begins with dear, then my dear, dearest, my dearest, and so on, till at last panting language toils after us in vain.

"No language can explain my feelings. Oh, yesterday, yesterday ! Language, thou liest ! Oh, thou beyond my warmest dreams bewitching ! Are you not now convinced that Heaven made us for each other ? * * * Have I written sense ? I know not what I write.

"Misfortune, I defy thee now. M. loves me, and my soul has its content most absolute. No other joy like this succeeds in unknown fate."

To say that the whole correspondence is marked on both sides with good taste, often with learning, and always with enthusiastic but guilty tenderness, is but justice to the memory of the parties. In one of his letters Hackman quotes the following among other stanzas, entitled, "The moans of the forest after the battle of Flodden Field :"

"I have heard a litling at the ewes' milking,
A' the lasses litling before break of day ;
But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

"At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Our lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbin, but sighing and sobbing,
 Ilka lass lifts her leglin, and hies her away."

During the lover's sojourn in Ireland, he wrote to his stress, and in doing so, spoke unwittingly of pleasant male acquaintances that he had formed in that kingdom. This, I have reason to believe, was the first impulse to her arrangement. Her previous letters to him had been overflowing with affectionate sentiments. In one of them, speaking of her devotion, she says,—“I could die, cheerfully, by your hand,—I know I could.” The letter to which I have just alluded, however, provoked the following reply:

England, 25th June, 1776.

“To Mr. ——. Let me give you joy of having found such kind agreeable friends in a strange land. The account you gave me of the lady quite charmed me. Neither am I without *my* friends. A lady from whom I have received particular favors, is uncommonly kind to me. For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irish woman. *Her agreeable husband*, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable, also, for his *feelings*.

“Adieu! This will affect *you*, I dare say, in the same manner that your account affected *me*.”

This latter, with others that followed it, soon brought Mr. Hackman to London. He lodged, on his return, inannon's Court, and addressed an immediate letter to his mistress. The answer returned purported to come from female servant, writing by the sick bed of her lady, and under her dictation. The epistle was humbly written, and loaded with prevarications and cold compliments. By degrees, the melancholy truth of the lady's estrangement was established. Proof of the most positive description was furnished. It drove the lover to despair,—and he resolved upon self-destruction. Information having been communicated to him at his parsonage in Norfolk, (whithere before the full proof of his suspicions he had retired,)

calculated to awaken every dark surmise, he hastened to London, where every thing was confirmed. In his first tumultuous resolve for self-murder, he expressed his fears in a letter to his friend, as follows: "My passions are blood-hounds, and will inevitably tear me to pieces. The hand of nature has heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of love has set the heap on fire, and I must perish in the flames. And who is he will answer for passions such as mine? *At present*, I am innocent." His last letter before committing the deed for which he suffered an ignominious death, was addressed to a friend, and couched in the following terms.

"To Mr. B——. My Dear F——. When this reaches you, I shall be no more,—but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much. I strove against it as long as possible, but it now overpowers me. You know where my affections were plated; my having by some means or other lost hers, (an idea which I could not support,) has driven me to madness. God bless you, my dear F——. Would I had a sum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive the act which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! Oh! should it be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend, J. H."

In the afternoon of the day on which the preceding letter was written, Mr. Hackman took a walk to the Admiralty, from his lodgings in St. Martin's Lane, probably to take a last view of worldly objects, ere he plunged into the great gulf of eternity. Near the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in a coach, with Signora Galli, an attendant. He rushed into the theatre, in the desperate condition I have before described; and unable to control his thick-coming and bitter thoughts, returned to his lodgings, where he procured and loaded the pistols, with one of which he committed his dreadful crime. In his attempt to kill himself after Miss Reay, he was severely wounded. Mr. M'Namara, a gentleman who was assisting the lady into the coach, was so covered with blood, and filled with horror, that he was seized with violent sickness. The

mangled remains of the "beauty once admired" were conveyed to the Shakspeare tavern, near the theatre, to await the coroner's inquest.

The unhappy clergyman was conveyed to Newgate, whence he addressed the ensuing note to a friend :

8th April, 1779.

"To Charles —, Esq. I am alive, and she is dead. I shot her and not myself. Some of her blood is still upon my clothes. I don't ask you to speak to me. I don't ask you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poison; such as is strong enough. Upon my knees I beg, if your friendship for me ever was sincere, do, do bring me some poison !"

This was not furnished him,—and his trial soon came on. I was present. The prisoner sat with his white handkerchief at his cheek, his head resting languidly on his hand. His face wore the gloomy pallor of the grave. The plea of insanity, put in by his counsel, did not avail. When he rose to offer his defence, many an eye glistened with the tears of pity. His words, hollow and sepulchral in their sound, seemed to come forth without their breath from his livid lips; while a large dark spot on his forehead seemed like a supernatural seal of ruin. His defence was brief, clear and pointed. In the course of it he said: "I stand here this day the most wretched of human beings; but I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine, until a momentary frenzy overcame me, and led me to the deed I now deplore. Before this dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid my punishment." This state of mind prevailed to the last. He hungered and thirsted for death. Lord Sandwich addressed him, anonymously, the note subjoined, to which I annex the reply :

17th April, '79.

"To Mr. Hackman, *in Newgate*: If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life."

“ *The condemned Cell in Newgate,*
Saturday Night, 17th April, 1779. {

“ The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he *neither desires nor deserves*. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has: could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured! Oh my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her, (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things,) that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear infants! J. H.”

The rest of his time was passed in a state of mind almost too horrible to relate. Among his writings, were such records as these: “ Since I wrote my last, I caught myself marching up and down my cell, with the step of haughtiness; hugging myself in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, — ‘ *what a complete wretch I am!* ’ The clock has just struck eleven. The gloominess of my favorite Young’s Night Thoughts, which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul’s clock *thunder through the still ear of night, in the condemned walls of Newgate*. The sound is truly solemn,—it seems the sound of death. Oh that it were death’s sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it! And yet, but one day more. Perturbed spirit!—rest till then!”

His dreams were tumultuous and dismal. In one vision, he saw himself in perdition, and having a distant view of heaven, beheld his adored mistress walking with angels, and looking down with a look of peace and joy upon his miseries. She did not seem to know of them. “ I could not go to her, nor could she come to me: nor did she wish it,—there was the curse! Oh, how I rejoiced, how I wept and sobbed with joy, when I awoke and found myself in the condemned cell of Newgate!”

He met his fate at the scaffold with the firmness of despair. Only two or three years before, the criminal had attended the execution of the celebrated Dr. Dodd.

I employ his very description of that scene, as a complete simile of that which attended his own death, as witnessed by me; and with it, close the melancholy tale. "At last arrived the fatal moment. The driving away of the cart was accompanied by a noise which best explained the feelings of the spectators for the sufferer. Did you never observe, at the sight or the relation of any thing shocking, that you closed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, to make a sort of hissing sound? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise must have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with my own."

His agony was soon over, and his cold form conveyed to its last couch of silence and oblivion."



SKETCH OF THE TRIAL OF
**JOHN F. KNAPP AND
JOSEPH JENKINS KNAPP.**



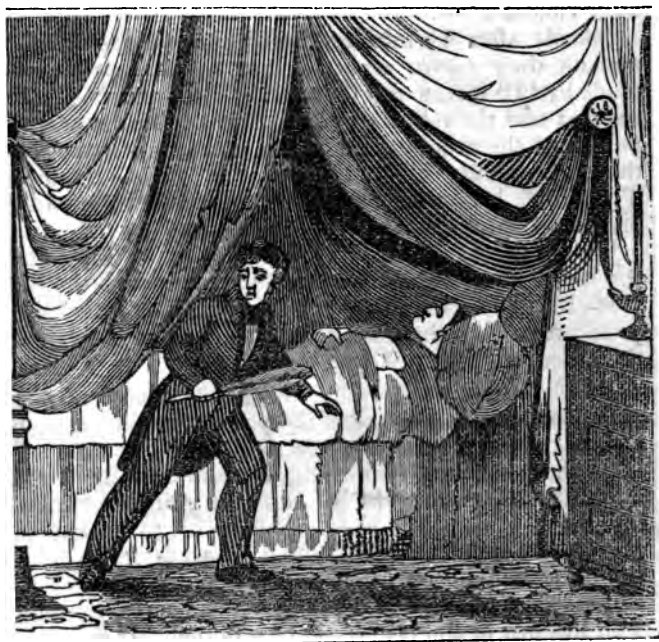
Joseph Jenkins Knapp.



John F. Knapp.

THE murder of Mr. Joseph White, for which J. F. and J. J. Knapp were tried, was one which awakened the wildest alarm in the community. Such utter barbarity had never been known in Massachusetts. Here was no purpose to palliate the guilt of the assassin, and the crime appeared to be wholly premeditated. The culprits could have no object but blood, for nothing was taken away. The government offered a large reward for the discovery of the assassin, and some of the relatives of the deceased offered another.

Mr. Joseph White was a wealthy and very respectable citizen of Salem. On the 6th of April, 1830, he retired to bed at his usual hour. There were but three individuals



in the house at the time. Mrs. Beckford, his neice, who officiated as housekeeper, was absent on a visit to her family at Wenham. Mr. White was found dead in his bed the next morning. He had received several stabs with a dagger in his left side, and his skull was fractured by a violent blow.

Shortly after the murder, the Knapps rode to Wenham, and on their return reported that an attempt had been made by two men to rob them near Wenham pond. They resisted and the robbers took to flight. The newspapers published the account and at the same time vouched for the respectability of the Knapps, and no one doubted it. The people believed that Essex county was infested by an organized band of robbers and murderers.

The first evidence that appeared to excite suspicion of the Knapps, was the following letter, found in the Salem post-office, directed to J. J. Knapp. The father of the young man bore the same name, and took the letter from the office, supposing it was for himself.

"Belfast, May 12, 1830.

"Dear Sir—I have taken the pen at this time to address an utter stranger, and strange as it may seem to you, it is for the purpose of requesting the loan of three hundred and fifty dollars, for which I can give you no security but my word, and in this case consider this to be sufficient. My call for money at this time is pressing or I would not trouble you; but with that sum I have the prospect of turning it to so much advantage, as to be able to refund it with interest in the course of six months. At all events I think that it will be for your interest to comply with my request, and that immediately—that is, not to put off any longer than you receive this. Then sit down and enclose me the money with as much despatch as possible, for your own interest. This, sir, is my advice, and if you do not comply with it, the short period between now and November will convince you that you have denied a request, the granting of which will never injure you, the refusal of which will ruin you. Are you surprised at this assertion—rest assured that I make it, reserving to myself the reasons and a series of facts, which are founded on such

a bottom as will bid defiance to property or quality. It is useless for me to enter into a discussion of facts which must inevitably harrow up your soul—no—I will merely tell you that I am acquainted with your brother Franklin, and also the business that he was transacting for you on the 2d of April last; and that I think that you was very extravagant in giving one thousand dollars to the person that would execute the business for you—but you know best about that; you see that such things will leak out. To conclude, sir, I will inform you, that there is a gentleman of my acquaintance in Salem, that will observe that you do not leave town before the 1st of June, giving you sufficient time between now and then to comply with my request; and if I do not receive a line from you, together with the above sum, before the 22d of this month, I shall wait upon you with an assistant. I have said enough to convince you of my knowledge, and merely inform you that you can, when you answer, be as brief as possible. Direct yours to CHARLES GRANT, Jun. of Prospect, Maine.”

This letter was handed to the Committee of Vigilance. J. J. Knapp on the 16th gave two letters to one Allen, and desired him to put them into the post-office. One was directed to Hon. Mr. Barstow and the other to Mr. Stephen White. That to Mr. Barstow was as follows:

“May 13th, 1830.

“Gentlemen of the Committee of Vigilance.—Hearing that you have taken up four young men on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. White, I think it time to inform you that Stephen White came to me one night and told me if I would remove the old gentleman, he would give me 5000 dollars; he said he was afraid he would alter his will if he lived any longer. I told him I would do it, but I was afraid to go into the house, so he said he'd go with me, that he would try to get into the house in the evening and open the window, would then go home and go to bed and meet me again about eleven. I found him and we both went into his chamber. I struck him on the head with a heavy piece of lead and then stabbed him with a dirk; he made the finishing stroke

with another. He promised to send me the money next evening, and has not sent it yet, which is the reason that I mention this. Yours, &c. GRANT."

The letter sent to Mr. Stephen White was,

"Lynn, May 12, 1830.

"Mr. White will send the five thousand dollars or a part of it before to-morrow night, or suffer the painful consequences. N. CLAXTON, 4th."

Immediately on the receipt of the letter from Belfast, signed Grant, the Committee of Vigilance sent a letter directed according to request. At the same time they despatched a police officer with orders to watch the post-office, and arrest the person who should apply for the letter. In consequence of this arrangement a person by the name of Palmer was taken. He was a man of infamous character, and had been two years in Thomastown, where, as he said, he had been "occupied in cutting stone for the state." In other words he had passed two years in the state prison. Upon the strength of information obtained from this gallows bird, six persons were apprehended, viz., John Francis Knapp, Joseph Jenkins Knapp, his brother, Richard and George Crowninshield, also two brothers, Benjamin Selman, and one Chase.

Joseph J. Knapp made the following confession, which was listened to by a crowded auditory, and several passages of which produced a general shudder, and even some audible groans amongst the spectators.

Salem Jail, 29th May, 1830.

I mentioned to my brother, John Francis Knapp, in February last, that I would not begrudge one thousand dollars that the old gentleman, meaning Captain Joseph White, of Salem, was dead. He asked me why. I mentioned to him that the old gentleman had a will, which if destroyed, half of the property would come on this side, that is, to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Beckford; that with the present will, the bulk of the property would go to Stephen White; that he had injured me in the opinion of the old gentleman, and I had no doubt had also

liced him against all the family, and that I thought it to get the property if I could. I mentioned to also in a joking way, that the old gentleman had said he wished he could go off like a flash. We considered how it could be done. One way was to meet him on the road, but the old gentleman was never out at night. Another was to attack him in the house, but Frank said he did not have the pluck to do it, but he knew who would. He told him who, and he said he would see George and Crowninshield. I told him well; I did not think



Crowninshield.

would, but he could go and see. He got a chaise with Wm. H. Allen and went to their house, as he said, and proposed it to both of them. George declined going to the house, that is, Captain White's house. But he said as Frank reported, that he would meet him anywhere out doors, but would not go into the house. Dick said he would do it, if George would back him. George declined, but Dick appointed a night to meet Frank. Frank met two or three different times: once at the Unitarian meeting-house, as my brother said—once in Salem, by the South Field Bridge, as I understood another, and once at the Salem Theatre—at the build

ing, there was no play that night. At their meetings my brother Francis Knapp told him just what I had said. There was another meeting appointed at Salem Common for the 2d of April. I went on the common that same evening, and met Richard Crowninshield at eight o'clock in the very centre of the common. I told Richard Crowninshield how matters stood, and that I had taken the will of Capt. White either that day or the day before. I took the will out of his iron chest; it had the key in it; I turned the key and took it out—I told him what I would give him, that it should be just as my brother had represented, meaning that I would give him a thousand dollars if he would fix him, meaning Capt. White. Richard Crowninshield then showed me the tools he would do it with, which was a club and a dirk. The club was about two feet long, turned of hard wood, loaded at the end and very heavy. I presumed it was loaded, and ornamented at the handle, that is, turned with beads at the end to keep it from slipping—I took hold of it, I think I lifted it. The dirk was about five inches long on the blade, having a white handle, as I think—it was flat, sharp at both edges, and tapering to a point. I do not know where he got the dagger, but he said he turned the club himself. I asked him if he were going that night, and told him what time the old gentleman went to bed generally, which was about ten or a little before—he said no, he could not do it that night, that he must wait a little—he did not feel like it, because he was alone, and his brother would not back him—but he said he would meet my brother another time—I do not know what evening. It had got past nine, and I left and went home to Wenham. I kept the will one or two days in my chaise-box, wrapped up in hay—it remained there until I heard of the murder, and then I burnt it. I came down on Sunday, and attended meeting. My brother said he saw Richard Crowninshield that evening at the bottom of the common. The old gentleman (meaning Capt. White) went to Mrs. Stone's to tea that evening. My brother told Richard Crowninshield that Capt. White was up there, who said he would catch him there, if he, that is,

Capt. White, did not come home before dark. He did come home before dark, and they were disappointed. He expected to meet him in Chestnut street, and my brother mentioned that Richard Crowninshield said he would dirk him in Chestnut street, if he met him. I went home Sunday night about dark. My brother came to the farm at Wenham, on the next Tuesday afternoon; I told him that my mother Beckford was at the farm, and was to pass the night; she had come up because Mrs. Davis wanted her assistance. I mentioned this to my brother, and told him he had better tell this to Richard Crowninshield. On the Friday preceding, I unbarred and unscrewed the window of Capt. White's house, closing the shutter again. My brother said he would inform Richard Crowninshield; my brother left the farm about tea time, with the chaise in which he came up; my brother made this remark as he went off, I guess he will go to-night.

The next morning, Wednesday 7th of April, Mr. Stephen White's man came up in his chaise and informed us that the old gentleman White was dead, and mother Beckford said she would go right down with him. My brother Frank came up to the farm that day about noon—he asked if we had heard the news; we told him yes, and how we heard it. After dinner he told me aside how it occurred. He said Richard Crowninshield met him, I think, in Brown street, in Salem, about ten o'clock in the evening, and that he, Richard, left him, and came round through the front yard, passed through the garden gate, pushed up the back window and got in by it, and passed through the entry, by the front stairs, into Capt. White's chamber; that he struck Capt. White with the club above named, while asleep, and after striking him he used the dirk, and hit him several times with the dirk, and covered him up, and came off, and met my brother again in Brown street or by the common, I think about eleven o'clock. He says Dick told him before he went in, if he saw any money there he meant to take it. When he came out my brother asked him if he had got it—he told him no, but he had fixed him. They separated and went

home. This is all I know of the affair until I saw my brother again after he had seen Richard Crowninshield again. I came down to Salem on the afternoon of the 7th of April, and staid in Salem a fortnight; my brother informed me that he had seen Richard Crowninshield once or twice, and that Richard Crowninshield having seen the accounts of the number of stabs in the newspapers, said that he had stabbed him but four times, and Richard Crowninshield remarked that he really believed there had been another person into the chamber, because he did not recollect making more than four or five stabs at the farthest.

A fortnight or three weeks after the murder, Richard Crowninshield rode up with my brother Frank to the farm in Wenham; he staid there a little while, and I gave him one hundred five franc pieces, which a few days before I had received from Gaudaloupe, by Capt. Josiah Dewing. While Richard Crowninshield was at the farm, he told me the same story which my brother had done, and said that he had done the deed. He remarked that he was pretty short, and should want some more money soon. He mentioned that it was a great pity we had not got the right will, because he said if he had known it had been in there, he would have had it himself that night. Richard Crowninshield informed me that same evening, that he had put the club, with which he killed Capt. White, under the Branch Meeting-House steps; my brother went to look for it since, but could not find it. I suppose he did not look in the right place.

I wrote a letter, dated, I think, the 12th of May, addressed to the Hon. Stephen White, at the house in Wenham, on Sunday morning, the 16th of May, signed either Grant or Claxton, and another addressed to the Hon. Gideon Barstow, signed either Grant or Claxton, I cannot tell which was which, which letters I brought to Salem, and gave them to Wm. H. Allen, who said he would put them in the post-office that evening. The purport of the letter addressed to the committee was, that I, the person signing the letter, went into the chamber and struck old Mr. White on the head with a piece of lead, and that I

ed him or stabbed him three or four times with a
and that Stephen White gave the finishing stroke ;
he offered me five thousand dollars, and had not sent
part of it.

One of the letters was dated Lynn, I do not know
how. The purport of the letter to Mr. White was that
I must send me the five thousand dollars or suffer the
consequences—I believe that was the amount of it—
there were very few words. These letters I think were
brought into the office in the evening. William H. Allen was
at my house two or three days afterwards, and told me
he had put them in. I do not think he knew the
content of them. I told him that I had received an
anonymous letter, and that this would brush off the effect



**TRIAL OF
JOHN R. BUZZELL**

**THE LEADER OF THE CONVENT RIOTERS,
For Arson and Burglary, by the destruction of
the Convent on Mount Benedict,
Charlestown, Mass.**

This case was tried before Judge Shaw, at East Cambridge, in December, 1834.

At the opening of the court, the attorney general stated that the government labored under a difficulty—which was, the absence of important witnesses. He suggested that their non-appearance was occasioned by a notification threatening with death those who did appear as witnesses against the prisoners.

An animated discussion now took place between the attorney general and counsel for the prisoners; which terminated in Mr. Austin's moving, that John R. Buzzell be now put on trial.

The clerk now read the indictment, which contained twenty-four counts, and included all the prisoners in its specifications, although each prisoner was to be tried separately, to give them a better chance of defending themselves.

The indictment alleged, in various forms, that John R. Buzzell, Prescott P. Pond, William Mason, Nathaniel Budd the younger, Marvin Marcy, Sargent Blaisdell, Aaron Hadley, Benjamin Wilbur, Ephraim G. Holwell, Isaac Parker, Alvah Kelly, Thomas Dillon, not having the fear of God before thier eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the 11th day of August 1834, with force and arms, did feloniously and burglariously enter with clubs and bludgeons the dwelling-house of Mary Anne Ursula Moffat, otherwise called

Mary Edmond Saint George, and steal certain sums of money, break the furniture to pieces, and set fire and burn the dwelling-house of said Moffat, against the peace of the Commonwealth, and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

To this indictment the prisoner pleaded *not guilty*.

The jury were then empannelled. The district attorney then opened the cause on the part of the Commonwealth, and stated the case in a very forcible manner. He remarked that they were not assembled to try the merits of this or that denomination of Christians—whether the Catholic Institution which was destroyed was a good or a bad one, that all sects were viewed in an equal light by the law, and that if when a sect becomes unpopular its property is to be destroyed by a mob, no one was safe.

The Lady Superior sworn. [She appeared in the full costume of her order. A full black gown, with a cross hanging from the girdle, a white linen tucker falling over the breast in front, a white bandage tight across the forehead as low as the eye-brows, another bandage passing from the temples under the chin, and a black crape veil falling on the shoulders and below the waist from the crown of the head, and when drawn forward entirely concealed the face.]

My name is Mary Anne Ursula Moffat. I was born in Montreal, and entered a convent in Quebec at the age of seventeen. After remaining there twenty years I came to Boston. When nuns take the veil they assume a new name. I have the entire management of the temporal concerns of the institution. Miss Harrison was one of the nuns who conducted the selectmen of Charlestown over the convent, when they searched for the "mysterious lady," i. e. herself. I am called mother in the community, but not divine mother; and they do not confess to me, but to the bishop, or some other priest, once a week. The Virgin Mary is not represented by my office. The nuns in their hours of recreation talk about what they please, but do not talk together after seven P. M. Confessions are only made loud enough to be heard by the

priest, who is separated by a wall, with a hole in it to admit the sound through. The bishop does not pardon; he reads the church prayers to them. We meet together once a week, to tell our small faults to each other, when I advise them what to do. The nuns never kneel to me or the bishop; they occasionally ask his benediction. The nuns sleep alone. I know Miss Reed of Charlestown. She was taken into our community out of charity, so as to be able to get her living by keeping school. She had an opportunity of knowing what took place in the convent, with the exception of the school-room. She was much older than the young ladies in it, and very ignorant. She wanted to join us; and we promised, that if she had strength of mind, constancy, and chastity enough, we might take her in, or send her to some other community. She ran off after staying with us four months, because I would not let her take the white veil. Candidates take the white veil in three months, and the black veil in two years and a quarter. Miss Harrison, called the mysterious lady, was deranged two or three days before leaving us. She wanted the doors to be all kept open, kept calling for new instruments, and acting very extravagantly. We endeavored to calm her, and took great care of her. She left us on the 28th of July, and went to Mr. Cutter's. From thence Mr. Runey, carried her in a carriage to Mr. Cotting in West Cambridge. On Saturday Mr. Cutter said the mob would destroy the convent if they did not see the nun. I told him that the bishop's influence over *ten thousand brave Irishmen* might destroy our neighbors. Mr. Cutter after this saw Miss Harrison, said he was satisfied, and wrote a piece for the paper. On the night of the fire, Mr. Cutter and another person took me forcibly by the arm, and endeavored to carry me into his house; but I resisted, and would not go in. He said my life was in danger from the mob. Our community was supported from the profits derived from keeping school. The property of the scholars alone amounted to fifty thousand dollars. I had *one thousand dollars* in money myself. We owed nothing for the lands or buildings at Charlestown.

Mary Anne Barber, [known in the convent as Sister Benedict Joseph. This beautiful young lady gave her evidence with great dignity and propriety. Her appearance and dignified deportment attracted the attention of the whole court, and her loveliness made many a poor fellow's heart ache.] I was born in the state of Connecticut, and am twenty-five years old; have been a nun eight years. On the night of the 11th of August I was awakened between nine and ten o'clock by the Superior, who desired me to dress quickly, and collect the children together, and the young ladies. I tried to tranquillize them. I saw from the window the mob collecting in front of the convent. They used vulgar language towards the Superior, called for the "figure head," and said it was made of brass. When they began breaking the windows, they were all in the building. I conducted the young ladies to the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. I was unable to save any thing.

Henry Buck [an accomplice, and state's evidence.] I came from Claremont, N. H. last April, lived with Mr. Adams at Winter Hill. I heard that the convent was to be burnt down over a fortnight before it was; it was soon after the girl left the convent that I heard it was to be burnt down. Some people met down near the convent, at the school house, in the evening; there were about a dozen present at that meeting; they talked some about sending round to get *help* to do it then, but they separated without concluding on any thing. They had another meeting four evenings after, when there were about *thirty* persons present.

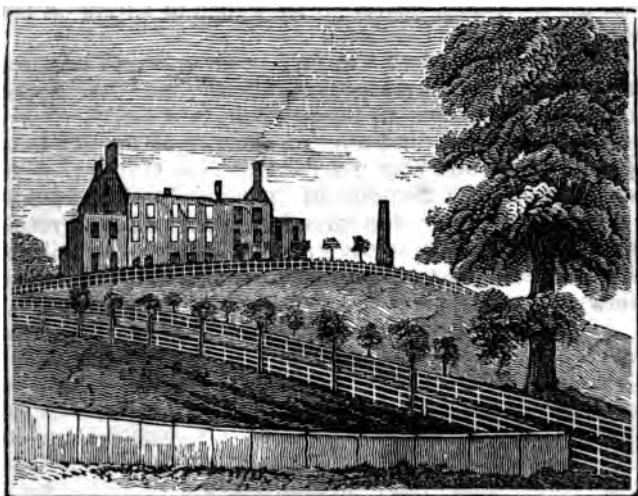
At the second meeting, the same kind of discourse took place; they agreed to notify all they could to come to the next. I did not see Buzzell at either of those meetings; I'm sure he was not at the first one; he might have been at the second meeting, but I don't know it. Mr. Kelly told them that they had better wait till the *three* weeks were out; but said, if any thing was to be done before, notice should be given. This man was at the second meeting. About a fortnight after that meeting, a barn was burnt, in Cambridgeport; it was on Saturday night; a

large mob of people, from that fire, collected round the convent, but nothing was to be done till Monday night.

The next Monday night, I went down alone, about nine; I found a large collection of people there, making considerable noise, Buzzell was there; he had a large club in his hand, and appeared to be at the head of them; he would tell them, every three or four minutes, to give three cheers; some thought there were not men enough there to do it; Buzzell proposed that they should go and tear down an old blacksmith's shop; they did not go; some thought it would be best to build a fire with tar barrels, which would set the bells agoing.

A crowd followed the engine up, and began to throw stones. The first lights were brought from the engine; but they afterwards got candles in the building, and lighted them. When they were breaking in the windows, some one cried out, that the folks were not all out of the house. Two men got into the windows, and one came back to the window, and said there was nobody inside. They then jammed the doors open with pieces of bannisters of the chapel stairs. Nearly forty or fifty then entered; *I was one of them*; I assisted in breaking the door in; I helped to throw the furniture out, and tear down the inside work of the building. Some had pieces of the fence in their hands. I went into different parts of the building; I picked up a small work-box [identified by Miss Barber, one of the nuns;] I saw a number of desks broken all to pieces; I saw John R. Buzzell in different parts of the house; saw him break down the door, throw out furniture; he told the rest to go ahead, and down with the convent; he had a piece of wood in his hand three feet long, and as big round as my wrist. We found candles in the building, and lighted them by the light they got from the engine; they took these lights to search the house; I stood in the house nearly an hour, till the building was set on fire; they found paper in the convent, and piled it up on the chairs, and in heaps in the middle of the rooms, and set fire to it with the lights; *the fire* was applied in four or five places; I did not see Buzzell when they were setting the fires; the fires were

set in the lower and second stories ; the first fire I saw was in the chapel ; I saw a number put things in their pockets ; saw one fellow take a watch, put it into his pocket, and carry it off ; did not see any silver things taken, or money ; if they found a door shut, they jammed it open with clubs. After the fire was set in the main building, I saw a fellow take some fire down into another building, next to the road ; he carried it in, and was going to set the house on fire ; one of the enginemen went to the window, and told him to put it out ; and when he



Ruins of the Ursuline Convent.

came out of the window, the engineman demanded his name, and called out "to stop him." The fellow then cried out "help," and Buzzell sung out to the enginemen who were after him, "Let him alone ; don't meddle with him." I did not see Buzzell after that ; I went right home. I saw Buzzell before he entered the building ; I heard him called by name ; I spoke to him before he went in ; I asked him if there was going to be any more men there ; he answered, "The Charlestown people will

all come as soon as they see the barrels burning on the hill." A good deal of women's clothing was burnt; I remained in the building as long as it was safe to stay.

The prisoner's counsel then offered in evidence one Lorenzo Russell, who swore he knew Buck in Dorchester, N. H. two years previous, by the name of Wm. H. Marsh, and that his reputation was very bad. Buck stole a suit of clothes, and ten dollars from him.

After a long examination of other witnesses, whose testimony did not materially disagree in the main points with the foregoing, the case was argued at length on both sides.

Judge Shaw charged the jury in an able and impartial manner; but the evidence of identity did not appear strong enough to convict the prisoner.

The jury retired, and after an absence of twenty hours returned into court with a verdict of Not Guilty; which was received with thunders of applause by the audience. Mr. Buzzell was now discharged from custody, and retired from the court-house to the green in front of the building, where he received the congratulations of thousands of his fellow citizens.



GIRL AT LIEGE.

A CITIZEN of Liege was found dead in his chamber, shot in the head. Close to him lay a discharged pistol, with which he had apparently been his own executioner. Firearms are the chief manufacture of that city; and so common is the use of pistols at that place, that every peasant who brings his goods to the markets there, is seen armed with them; so that the circumstance of the pistol did not, at first, meet with so much attention as it might have done in places where those weapons are not in such common use. But, upon the researches of the proper officer of that city, whose duty, like that of our coroner, it is to enquire into all the circumstances of accidental deaths, it appeared, that the ball, which was found lodged in the head of the deceased, could never, from its size, have been fired out of the pistol which lay by him; thus it was clear that he had been murdered; nor were they long in deciding who was the murderer. A girl of about sixteen, the niece of the deceased, had been brought up by him, and he had been always supposed to have intended to leave her his effects, which were something considerable; but the girl had then lately listened to the addresses of a young man whom the uncle did not approve of, and he had, upon that occasion, several times threatened to alter his will, and leave his fortune to some other of his relations. Upon these, and some other concurrent circumstances, such as having been heard to wish her uncle's death, &c. the girl was committed to prison.

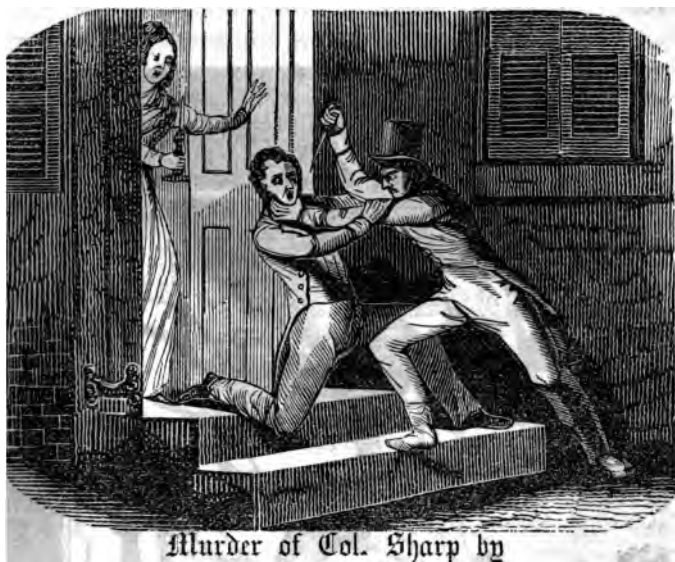
The torturing a supposed criminal, in order to force confession, is certainly the most cruel and absurd idea that ever entered into the head of a legislator. This being observed by the writer of this narrative, who was then at Liege, to a magistrate of that place, on this very occasion, his defence was:—"We never condemn to the torture but upon circumstances on which you in England would convict; so that the innocent has really a better

chance to escape here than with you." But, until it is proved that pain has a greater tendency to make a person speak truth than falsehood, this reasoning seems to have little weight.

This unhappy girl was, therefore, horribly and repeatedly tortured; but still persevering in asserting her innocence, she at last escaped with life—if it could be called an escape, when it was supposed she would never again enjoy either health or the use of her limbs, from the effects of the torture.

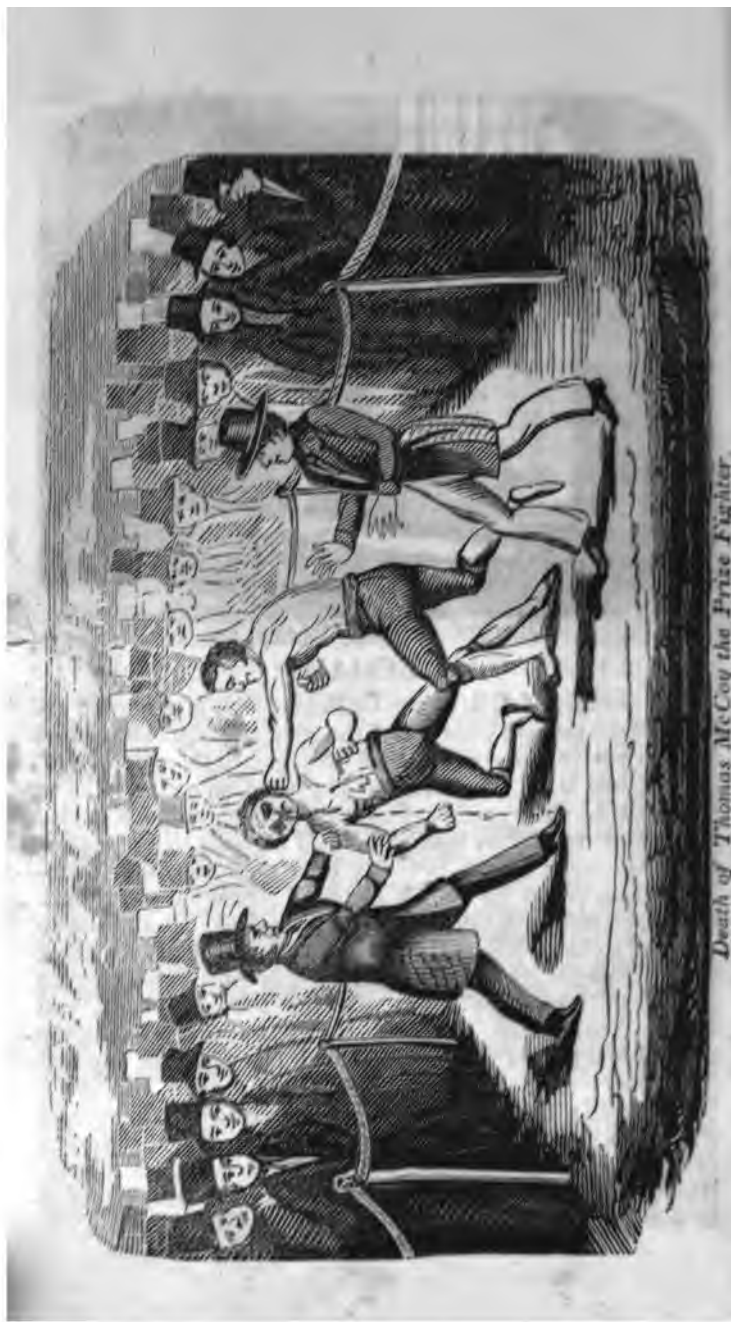
The writer has since learned, that, some years afterwards, her innocence became manifest, by the confession of the real assassins, who, being sentenced to the wheel for other crimes, confessed themselves the authors of this of which the girl had been suspected; and that, several pistols having been discharged at the deceased, they had, intending that it should appear a suicide, laid a pistol near him, without adverting that it was not the same by which he fell.





Murder of Col. Sharp by
BEAUCHAMP.

THE murder of Col. Sharp by Beauchamp is generally acknowledged to have been one of the most horrid tragedies that ever occurred in the world. Sharp had gained the affections of, and seduced Miss Ann Cooke, a most beautiful girl residing in Frankfort, Kentucky, whom Beauchamp afterwards fell in love with and married, first binding himself sacredly to accomplish vengeance upon Sharp. Shortly after their marriage Beauchamp knocked at the door of Sharp's house upon a very dark night in winter, and upon Sharp's appearance, after a severe struggle, stabbed him to the heart with a dirk knife and fled; but in consequence of being disguised, escaped, and was not arrested till some days after. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. His wife who was the incentive to the action, remained in the same cell with him upon the day that the sentence of the law was to have been carried into effect. Upon entering the cell his wife was discovered in the agonies of death, with several dirk wounds upon her person. He was also bleeding from wounds inflicted with the same instrument. He was carried from the prison and hung at the same time that his wife breathed her last.



Death of Thomas McCoy the Prize Fighter.

Death of the Prize Fighter,

THOMAS MCCOY.

THE prize fight between Christopher Lilly and Thomas McCoy, for two hundred dollars a side, was one of the longest and most cruel fights on record. The principals, with their seconds, left New-York in different steam boats for the ground, which was situated in Westchester county, between the Croton Aqueduct and the Hudson river; a beautiful spot, well calculated to please the eye and delight the heart of the lover of nature, but which was made the place of violence, outrage and barbarous cruelty, terminating in death.

The combatants stripped for the fight and presented about an equal appearance, as to strength. For the first fifteen or sixteen rounds McCoy was considered to have the best of the fight; but from this time Lilly punished his antagonist very severely—almost every round giving him heavy blows in the eyes, mouth and neck, so that at the eighty-sixth round McCoy presented a most shocking appearance; both eyes closed and frightfully swelled, his nose broken and flattened to his face; his face and mouth literally knocked to pieces; the blood streaming both from his nose and mouth in torrents; while Lilly was as clear from scratches as when he first entered the ring, with the exception of a slight scratch on his nose; yet the fight was permitted to proceed by the brutes their seconds until the hundred and twentieth round; Lilly at each round knocking down his victim and falling heavily upon him, until the blood gushed from his eyes, as well as his nose and mouth. When time was called at the last round McCoy was unable to move, and in less than fifteen minutes he was a lifeless corpse, literally beaten to death, presenting a spectacle too shocking for the eye to rest upon.

The fight lasted two hours and forty one minutes. McCoy was placed on one of the liquor stands used on the ground and carried home to his old, widowed, and now distracted mother—a solemn warning to all young men that cultivate a taste for this brutal and unnatural excitement. Lilly, as well as all the seconds and leaders of the fight, found it necessary to secure their safety by flight. Lilly succeeded in getting off a long

land in safety. James Sullivan, alias Yankee Sullivan, was arrested, tried, and sent to the state prison for two years. John McCluskey, alias Country, to the county jail for eight months, and to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. James Kenset to the county jail for four months, and to pay a fine of the same amount. Thus ended, for a time, prize fighting about New-York.

The Mutiny on board the UNITED STATES BRIG SOMERS.

THE Somers was as snug a little craft as ever danced on the ocean, and could walk the water with the best afloat ; but her deck has been the stage whereon has been acted a tragedy ever to be remembered by all true Americans. The story is a simple one, and when the reader has perused it, let him judge for himself whether the punishment inflicted was necessary and just ; whether the *inflictor* of the punishment was a *brave man* or a *coward*.

The Somers left the coast of Africa Nov. 11th, 1842, bound for the United States, via St. Thomas : on the night of the 25th of November, Midshipman Philip Spencer disclosed to W. Wales, Purser's Steward, after administering an oath of secrecy to him, that he (Spencer) was leagued with about *twenty* of the brig's crew to take her, and after murdering the officers, and such of the crew as would not enter into their plans, turn pirates. Wales pretended to enter into the affair, heart and hand : Spencer then went on to inform him of the manner in which possession of the brig was to be obtained, which was as follows : On some night when Spencer had the mid-watch, some of his men were to commence a sham fight on the fore-castle ; Spencer was then to call Mr. Rogers, the officer of the deck, forward to quell the disturbance, when the men were to seize Rogers, and immediately throw him over-board ; they would then have possession of the deck ; the key of the arm-chest Spencer could get at any moment ; his men were to be immediately armed and stationed at the hatches,



to prevent any one from coming on deck ; he and a portion of his men were then to proceed to the cabin and murder the Captain, then to the ward room and steerage to murder the officers ; this accomplished, he was to proceed on deck, slew the two after guns around, so that they would command the deck in a raking position ; he then intended to call the crew on deck, and from them select such as he thought would suit his purpose ; the remainder he should cause to be thrown overboard ; this done, he should proceed to Cape San Antonio, or the Isle of Pines, and there take on board *one who was familiar with their intended business, and who was ready to join them* ; the name of this person was not mentioned ; they were then to commence cruising for prizes, and whenever they should take a vessel, after taking from them whatever they should want, they were to murder all on board and sink her, so that no traces of her should be left ; should there be any females on board, they would have them removed to the brig, for the use of the officers and crew, keeping them as long as they saw fit, and then making way with them. At this moment Elisha Small, seaman, (one of the mutineers,) came up, and after talking some time to Spencer in Spanish, said in English that he was glad to find that Wales entered so fully into their plans. Their duty then separated them. But previous to parting, Spencer threatened the life of Wales if he lisped a word of what had passed between them.

In the morning Wales disclosed all that had been told to him by Spencer, the evening before, to the Purser, who immediately reported the same to the commander. In the evening Commander Mackenzie ordered all the officers to be summoned aft on the quarter deck ; when they were all collected, the commander approached Spencer and said to him, "I understand, sir, that you aspire to the command of the Somers ?" With a deferential air, Spencer replied, "Oh no, sir." "Did you not," said the commander, "tell Mr. Wales that you had a mutinous project on foot, that you intended to kill the commander and officers of the Somers, and such of the crew as you could not seduce to your plans, and to enter upon a course of piracy ?" "I may have told him something like it," replied Spencer, "but it was only in joke." "This, sir, is joking upon a serious matter," said the commander, "this joke may cost you your life."

The commander then ordered that Spencer be arrested and put in double irons. Double irons were put upon him, and also hand cuffs, "*for greater security*;" a guard was put over him, with orders to put him to instant death, if he was detected speaking, or making signs to any of the crew; the officers were ordered to arm themselves with cutlasses and pistols, and with rounds of ammunition, for the night.

On searching the locker of Spencer, a paper was found that was covered with characters, which afterwards proved to be the names of the mutineers written in Greek, with which language Spencer was known to be familiar. The following day was Sunday, and there was a general inspection of the crew.

According to the narrative of Commander Mackenzie, he took his station aft for the purpose of watching the behavior of Cromwell and Small. "Cromwell," says the commander, "stood up to his full stature, carrying his battle axe firmly and steadily, his cheeks pale, his eye fixed to starboard; he wore a determined and a *dangerous air*. Small," continues the commander, "presented quite a different figure; his appearance was ghastly, his manner uneasy; he shifted his weight from side to side, and his battle axe from hand to hand; his eye was never for a moment fixed, but always turned from me; I attributed his conduct to fear; though I *now believe the business upon which he had entered was repugnant to his nature*, but that his love for money and rum was too strong for his fidelity."

The result of these observations of Commander Mackenzie, was, the arrest of Cromwell and Small, who were both put in irons. Owing to sundry mutinous demonstrations among the crew, during the three following days, the commander, according to his narrative, "considered the imminent peril which hung over the lives of the officers and crew," and he was impressed with the absolute necessity of adopting some further means of security to the vessel. Accordingly he addressed a letter to the officers, (whom he says he considered as still being boys, and that all the responsibility of the proceeding must rest upon the older and higher officers,) requesting their opinion on what was most proper to be done.

On receiving an answer from the officers, stating that in their opinion the three mutineers already in irons deserved

death, he at once concurred in the justice of their opinion, and made preparation to carry the punishment into effect. Accordingly, all hands were called to witness punishment; the whips were arranged, the officers were stationed about the deck, and the petty officers were directed to cut down every man who should let go his whip, or fail to haul when ordered. This was an awful scene. Spencer, overcome with emotion, burst into tears, fell upon his knees, and said he was not fit to die. Ten minutes was given him to write to his mother. Cromwell fell upon his knees, solemnly protesting his innocence, and calling upon his wife. Spencer himself declared that *Cromwell was innocent*, and begged for his life. Small was asked what preparation he wished to make, he answered, "None; no one cares for me but my poor old mother, and I would rather she should never hear of my fate." Spencer was asked what word he wished to send to his friends, he said, "Tell them I die wishing them every blessing." He then said, "This will kill my poor mother." Spencer wished to be shot, but was told it could not be, he must be hung. Small addressed his shipmates, and said, "Shipmates! take warning by my example. I never killed a man, but only said I would do it, and *for that* I am about to die." Cromwell exclaimed, "God bless that flag, and prosper it." His last words were: "Tell my wife I am innocent—I die an innocent man."

The word was given—the whips were hauled—up went the imprudent son of an honored father and a loving mother—up went the husband, protesting his innocence to the last—up went the only son of an aged and widowed mother—all without judge or jury. Three hearty cheers were given for the American flag—and the "Flower of the Sea" sailed on.

BEATING A WIFE TO DEATH.

A BRUTE of the name of James Bishop was tried at the court of Oyer and Terminer for murdering his wife by literally beating her to death. It appears by the evidence that the woman was attached to her husband, and notwithstanding his abuse to her, always treated him with mildness and respect, nor ever gave him the least provocation for the repeated acts



of cruelty he practised upon her. Coming home one evening and finding her retired to bed with a young child, he ordered her up, she obeyed without complaint, and on her rising he without cause proceeded to beat her severely, inflicting from seventy-five to one hundred bruises, one blow on her head being so severe as to cause death. He was tried in the county of Essex; the evidence was clear and explicit, so that the Jury, after about twenty minutes deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty of murder. The prisoner showed considerable emotion on receiving his sentence, and on Judge Willard's concluding it he clasped his hands and responded, may God have mercy on my soul.

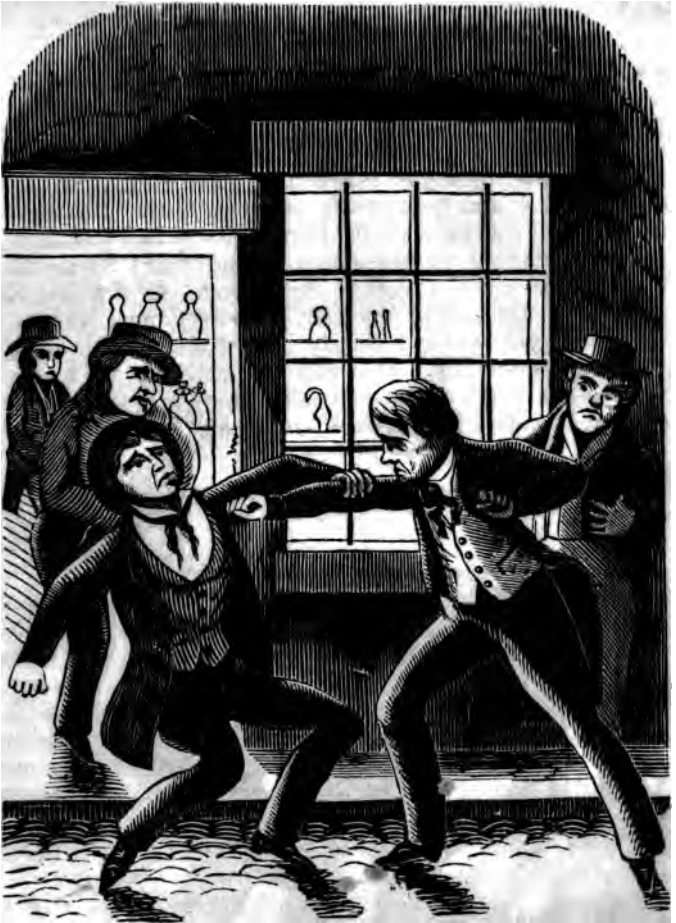


BRUTAL MURDER IN MIDDLETOWN.

A BRUTAL murder was committed at Middletown on the person of Mrs. Bacon, by a man named Hall, who was one of three taken up on suspicion. Hall confessed himself to be the murderer at the trial, and said he could not let the innocent suffer. He says he entered the house and took some money from a desk, before Mrs. Bacon discovered him. She entered the room where he was, he knocked her down with a chair, and beat her to death. He stabbed her with a large butcher knife several times while she was struggling to save her life. The murder was committed about 11 o'clock, A. M. The Jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be hung on the 20th of June of 1844.

A PORTER HOUSE FRACAS.

LAST October there occurred another of those disgraceful brawls with which New-York is particularly blessed. The *unfortunate* subject of the following cut was a young man 28 years of age by the name of James Goodwin, then living on



the 9th Avenue, near 16th street. He was generally sober and industrious in his habits, though he sometimes would go on what is called a "spree;" but on the fatal evening of his death he had no appearance of being excited by liquor. About ten o'clock he left his home and repaired to a Dutch Porter House in the 9th Avenue, but a short distance from where he lived, and kept by one George Teurer. Meeting two or three friends there, they sat down to play a game at dominoes. In

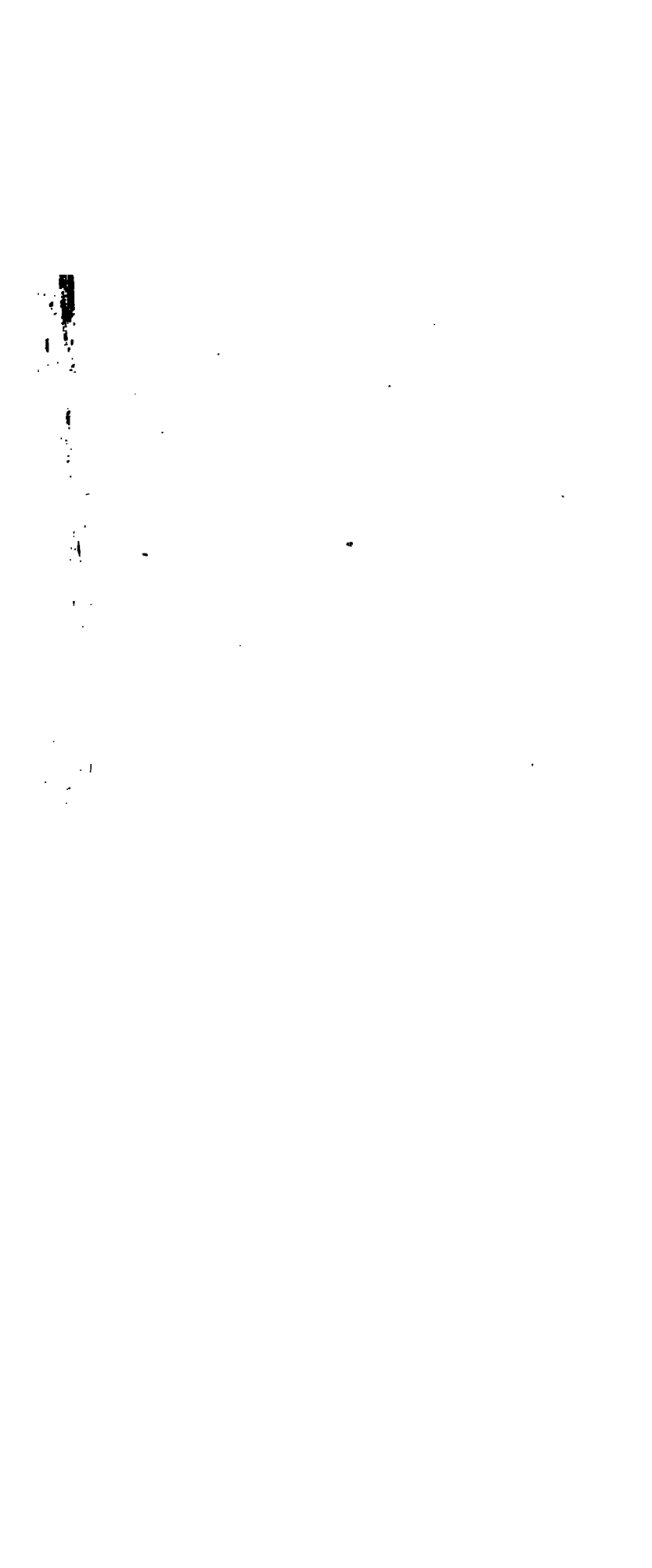
about an hour there came into the Porter House a man named George Conkwright, and very soon got into a dispute with the persons playing dominoes with the deceased. Conkwright was very abusive, and declared he would lick them all round. After bullying awhile, he fastened a quarrel on Goodwin, and they both rose and stepped into the street together. But a short time elapsed and those in the Porter House had just time to follow and behold the two struggling together for a moment, when Goodwin fell heavily to the ground. Conkwright then ran away. On raising Goodwin from the ground it was discovered that he was so seriously injured about the head as to render him insensible. He was immediately taken to his home and received every care and attention possible, but without success, as he lingered about twelve hours and expired.



Murder of Mr. Sweeney by his Wife.

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